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THE
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF

MRS. HANNAH EAYRS BARRON,

Born November 24, 1809.



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PREFACE.

The following poems have been written at various seasons and under different conditions. Some while confined to the bed by indisposition: others under different circumstances, at home and abroad, comprising a variety of subjects, extending over a period of nearly fifty years.

When writing, it has not been with the expectation of having them printed in a body for the public eye. But, by the solicitation of many valued friends, I have concluded to offer them to the public comprising many friends and relatives, to whom the work is respectfully dedicated by the Author.

HANNAH EAYRS BARRON.

NASHUA, N. H., November, 1883.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

With a party of late I did chance to improve.
Was to meet my young friends in a beautiful grove ;
All the children and youth were so blithsome and gay.
On the spot where in childhood I once loved to play.

Every moment improved or it seemed so to me.
For the time in as pleasant a way as could be ;
All the children performed that assigned to their lot.
In a way that I'm sure will not soon be forgot.

And as all with one heart aimed they so did appear.
For to make others happy and add to the cheer ;
The collation was fine and served up as you must know.
In a most happy style and passed off with a gusto.

All the scene was impressive it called up to view.
Things although they were ancient attractive as new ;
As I looked all around on the fields that were nigh.
O'er the meadows and upland in reach of the eye.

Then the brooks that meandered the pastures from erst.
All the herd find sufficient to satiate thirst ;
It was there where the road crossed the brook near the
ridge.

That when seventy years old father built a new bridge.

With the aid of his oxen he built it alone.
As a lasting memento was all built of stone ;
The time that he built it was that and no more.
In the year eighteen hundred and thirty and four.

In the field where the corn and the grass once did grow.
Can be seen what King Solomon never could know ;
Though he said there was nothing new under the sun.
Yet I think could he there see the iron horse run.

Blowing smoke from his nostrils and hear his loud neigh.
Though a king he would gladly get out of the way ;
He would say it was right for old saws to eschew.
And acknowledge a yankee can do something new.

By studying wisdom learn science is might.
Thus Franklin tamed lightning, Morse taught it to write ;
What wonderful feats by the wires are done.
And the news is transmitted ahead of the sun.

Also sound is conveyed on the wires through the air.
At a speed with which nothing but light will compare ;
All so perfect the transmit, so sure and so quick
That a thousand miles off one can hear a clock tick.

And a little beyond through the field handy by.
Is the beautiful river the Merrimac nigh :
There in childhood I rode in the oaken canoe,
Where the boats with their white sails unfurled floated too.

On the brow of the bank grew the wild grass grape-vine
Where the grapes grew in clusters so purple and fine ;
It was not far from there the wild strawberry bed.
With the fruit so delicious, the color so red.

On a patch in the meadow the cranberry grew.
And the pies made from them were a luxury too ;
And there also are standing the same walnut trees
On which lads hung the hives for to catch the wild bees.

There the birch woods were near where the boys set their
 snares.
For to catch the wild partridge and timid white hares :
Where the crows and the hawks claimed a right with the
 rest.
On a branch of the trees for to build their own nests.

On a reed Robert Lincoln would perch in the air,
And would pour forth his notes both melodious and rare ;
And the robins and other birds joined in the choir.
All who love nature's beauties such music admire.

Near, a cool crystal spring on the side of the hill.
Poured its waters and formed a most beautiful rill ;

At the foot of the hill was a nice little pool,
Which was fed from the spring so refreshing and cool.

There the wild pigeons came and their bills there immersed,
For a time they would stop there and quench all their thirst :
After which they would light on the boughs of the trees.
And would prate with delight in the cool shady breeze.

Never knowing that near them so slyly was set,
So to catch and destroy them the treacherous net :
And whenever decoyed by the bait on the bed,
Ere the danger they knew the net sprung o'er their head.

Like a true type of innocence duped and decoyed
By some foe who their virtue or life would destroy.
And up farther along by the hill's sunny side,
Was the orchard which apples so useful supplied :

Those among the most useful I think they might be,
The wine apple, sweet, and the spice apple tree :
There were others for cooking and eating might do,
The red russet and winter and meadow tree too ;

There were many trees more that were void of a name,
But the tree we called Anna's was one of some fame ;
Also up on the flat there was some orchard more,
Both the apples for cider and cooking it bore ;

There was one we called Mother's is all gone for aye,
It is cut from the stump and is carried away,
A good type of old age bringing man to decay,
Health, beauty and usefulness all pass away.

At the head of a run is a beautiful spring,
From which we in our childhood much water did bring
And it ran to the street where a trough it would fill,
Where the cattle and horses might drink at their will.

Oh how sprightly in winter the lambs they would jump,
And did skip by their dams as they went to the pump ;
And the cattle and horse in their turn would appear,
And the dog he delighted to bring up the rear.

The garden was near where the house and barn stood,
It supplied us with vegetables healthy and good ;
The cabbage, the turnip, the onion and beet,
The carrots and parsnips and beans all complete ;

The melons and squashes and cucumbers too,
And the red and white currants in plenty they grew ;
The lilac and rose-bush we loved them most dear,
Had flourished and blossomed for many a year.

The nice pumpkin sweet apples and good wintergreen,
At the end of the garden those trees could be seen ;
In addition to those being some room to spare
And not far from the apple trees, peaches grew there.

Then the oxen they worked with the cart and the plough,
And the butter and milk were supplied by the cows ;
When slaughtered their beef and their tallow were nice,
And their hides when well tanned to make boots did suffice,

Combs were made of their horns, buttons made of their
hoofs,
Their bones make knife handles quite hot water proof ;
And their calves they were slaughtered when young to
make veal,
And that they were quite useful I'm sure all must feel.

And then in the morning ere day would appear,
We could hear the shrill voice of the old chanticleer :
And he seemed to say "early to bed and to rise,
Is the way to be healthy and wealthy and wise."

All so gay in the barnyard the fowls they would crow,
And cackle and signs of delight they would show ;
As though that their part they had done with the rest,
When they added an egg to those then in the nest ;

But the eggs were not all that the fowls could supply,
For their bodies were nice for a thanksgiving pie ;
And when they were well fattened from being well fed,
Their soft feathers were useful to fill up a bed.

The swine somewhat filthy and called by names hard,
And yet they could supply us with good pork and lard ;

And with hams very nice and nice sausages too.
And with bristles for brushes, what more could they do?

And there too was the cat whose soft fur was as silk.
She would come in the morning and call for her milk ;
And then she would twiddle away in a trice.
And sly into a corner and watch for the mice.

And there also the sheep that supplied us with wool.
To make stockings and cloth for to flannel or full ;
And their mutton and lamb were both tender and good.
Were it fried, broiled or roasted and served up for food.

There were also the horses, each one had its day.
The red and the chestnut, the black and the gray ;
And when they with their hay and their grain were supplied.
Then we harnessed them up and went off for a ride.

When our fathers and brothers the labor performed.
They ploughed, planted, hoed, reaped and harvest corn ;
They mowed, spread and raked hay and stored it in barn.
For to feed stock in winter to keep them from harm.

On the scaffold was stored all the best of the hay.
And that grown in the meadows was put in the bay :
As the farm was productive it being well tilled.
So the barn, though capacious, was always well filled.

And then too in the farmhouse our mother was there.
And her daughters partaking her joys and her cares ;
Her labors were many, her cares were the more.
I cannot enumerate half of them o'er.

They carded and spun twisted yarn and knit hose.
They could make and could mend, washed and ironed the
clothes ;
They wove cloth of all kinds and bleached it or dyed.
All bedding or clothing did also provide.

They cooked meat of all kinds, bread, puddings and beans.
And when in the season, cooked sauce that was green ;
Dried pumpkins and apples and berries for pies.
Made butter and cheese and preserves that were nice.

Made soap and boiled cider, if anything more
Can be done by a woman they've done it I'm sure ;
And then there were the cares of a mother beside,
Be it sickness or health or whatever betide.

Were we sick she would smooth down the pillow and bed.
Bathe our temples and soothe much the pain in the head ;
She would watch by our bed-side by night or by day,
And by every means she would try to allay.

All the suffering to which human nature is heir,
What she could not relieve, she was willing to share.
Such indeed were the cares of the husband and wife
Who were joined heart and hand as they journeyed through
life ;

Now their journey is ended, their troubles are o'er,
And life's joys or life's sorrows, they'll know them no more
Yet I love to go there to that bright sunny spot,
For my brothers live there, now my parents are not.

Now, that home has changed owners, how altered the view,
For the house has been moved and remodelled anew,
And the chimneys rebuilt and new places for fires,
And all finished and furnished as owners desire.

On the front and two sides a piazza is made,
And the ground 'round about has received a new grade ;
And when all has been finished, the change and the move
By most all, will be thought to be quite an improve.

But I fondly look back to the days of my youth,
When I first took my lessons in virtue and truth ;
When the fire-place glowed on the blaze burning bright
As I sat by the side, worked or read by the light.

It was then in each corner an old fashioned chair
Occupied by our parents who always were there ;
Then our mother would sew, knit, perhaps smoke a pipe,
And our father tell stories and cheer up the light.

Many stories he told I can call up to mind,
Of the pioneers' hardships and dangers combined ;
He would tell of the bears that then lived in the woods,
How he ate of their meat and considered it good ;

They would come to his cornfield and eat up his grain,
And he watched for their coming so he could have slain ;
My maternal grandfather was 'wakened one morn
By the sound of his hogs squealing loud as a horn ;

As he opened the window with caution and care,
Lo ! the first thing he saw was a noble great bear.
Quite erect on his haunches like one in a gig,
And he held in his paws and was eating a pig :

He had taken for breakfast without asking leave.
Nor did care, not a bit, how its mother might grieve.
Thus the colonists lived, hopes were followed by fears,
From the opening of spring to the end of the year.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTHER

AT THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Calm as the ocean's bosom is
When undisturbed by tempests breeze,
And as the gentle surging wave
Does noiselessly the margin lave :

So was her life—though unadorned
Her spirit like the vernal morn
Was bland and gentle as the breeze
That floats among unfolding leaves.

And, as the sun when near to set,
Appears more dim, though lovely yet ;
And having disappeared at night,
Faith sees him still an orb of light.

Though she has yielded up her breath
And calmly sunk to sleep in death,
So faith beholds her spirit rise
And hailed with welcome to the skies.

This thought contains more balm to heal
(Than all earth's treasures can reveal)
The mourner's heart and does assuage
The tears that flow from youth or age.

THE DEATH OF THE FATHER

AT THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

He whom we loved is borne away,
In silence now he's laid ;
Beside the partner of his youth,
Beneath the verdant shade.

When health and strength permitted him
He sat upon her grave ;
Affection caused his tears to flow,
And the green sod to lave.

Yet calmly on the spot did look,
The place where is his bed ;
Did ask of God in humble prayer,
When all his tears be shed.

He might at last sleep quiet there,
Might have a peaceful rest ;
His soul redeemed ascend to heaven,
To be forever blest.

His prayer was heard in heaven by Him,
Whose e'er attentive ear,
Does hear the voice of humble prayer,
Heard him of fourscore years.

And when disease and death assailed,
His time-worn frame at last ;
Hope was an anchor to his soul,
He unreserved cast

Himself and all at Jesus' feet,
And He when death drew near ;
Was as a lamp to guide his way,
A shield from every fear.

His faith it triumphed over death,
The grave its victory lost ;
His soul passed peacefully from earth,
To join the heavenly host.

For sin no longer now he mourns.
He suffers no more pain :
The loss we deeply feel, we trust
Is his eternal gain.

THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER

AT THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Alas ! and shall we hear her voice
No more, nor see her face ?
We would that she might still be here,
To fill this vacant place.

But she has bid farewell to earth,
And all things here below ;
No more will mingle with us here,
Nor with her can we go.

Methinks I now can see her form
All wasted by disease ;
And hear her speak of suffering,
She could not speak of ease.

But when she spoke of her distress,
She often too would say,
My Saviour suffered more than I,
To wash my sins away.

She called her brothers to her side
And said dear brothers hear :
My sufferings for a long time past
Have been the most severe.

But soon they will be over now,
Nor with you can I stay,
Since human means have ceased to act,
Disease does deeper prey.

All has been done to save my life,
I'm satisfied 'tis so ;
And since all human means have failed,
I'm willing now to go.

Weep not for me, that I must die.
I would not have you grieve ;
For in the bosom of my God,
I trust my soul will live.

I have a hope in Jesus Christ.
That He my friend will prove.
And send His guardian angel down.
To bear my soul above.

That for my soul He has prepared
An everlasting rest ;
And through His grace I trust in God
I shall be always blest.

And now my dying counsel is.
That you my voice may heed.
Attend to your own soul's concern
For *you religion need*.

You cannot ever happy be.
Without a hope in Christ ;
And if on Him you build your faith
He'll give you endless life.

It is with dying lips I speak.
And feeble accents too :
To warn you of your latter end.
And what I feel for you.

I *beg* of *you* to *promise me*.
That you your hearts will bend.
Before the throne of grace, and plead
That God will be your friend.

If you have no conviction now.
Ask God and He will give
His spirit, to enlighten you.
And teach you how to live.

And fear not worldly scoffers for
They need not you alarm.
Come out and be decided, do.
They cannot do you harm.

When her companions called to see
And hear her last farewell ;
She said alas ! they come *too late*.
Nor can my feelings tell.

At length she raised an anxious look.
They to her side drew near.
A gentle whisper from her lips
Fell on their listening ears.

She said to them, you see me now,
All wasted by disease ;
Nor in this world of suffering
Can I expect more ease.

Till death a friendly messenger
Shall take me home to rest,
My soul I trust will go to God
To be forever blest.

And may my early exit now.
A warning be to you ;
Oh, may you solemnly reflect
Your days may number few.

Oh, value not the joys of earth.
They soon will pass away ;
Nor can they make you happy here.
While in this world you stay.

Religion is the only source
From whence true pleasures flow ;
And will you not before the throne
Of grace a suppliant bow ?

Ask *God to teach you what you are.
And what you ought to be ;
To make you happy here on earth.
And in eternity.

Oh, may I not your promise have.
That you will serve the Lord ;
Though you shall hear my voice no more
You will attend His word ?

That you may happiness enjoy,
While in this world you stay ;
And hope when death shall call you hence,
To find eternal day.

Alas ! said she, when they were gone,
All I have said is naught ;
For when my lips shall cease to speak,
All soon will be forgot.

Oh, if they could their danger feel,
As I their danger see ;
They would not rest one single day,
Until their souls were free.

When first I had a view of sin,
My soul was filled with awe :
I felt I justly was condemned,
Tried by God's holy law.

Seven times a day before my God
Did I for mercy plead ;
He heard my prayer, revealed His grace,
And I was blest indeed.

An anchor to my soul has been
The hope I then obtained,
Of vast more worth it is to me,
Than worlds of earthly gain.

And would my friends repent and learn
To serve the Lord aright ;
Then we might hope to meet again,
In worlds of heavenly light.

When death's dread summons did appear,
To set her spirit free ;
She said, dear sisters, *be composed.*
And do not weep for me.

Though now I die, my hope is firm,
In Jesus I am blest :
“*I'm willing now to go.*” said she,
And soon she sank to rest.

No longer now she mourns for sin,
No pain she suffers more ;
No longer will she need our care,
As she has done before.

For her affection sheds a tear,
Her memory cherish still,
And would that she might still be here
This vacant place to fill.

No more the music of her voice
Will fall upon our ears,
No more her black and sparkling eyes
Will look upon us here.

The smiles that played upon her cheek,
Have ceased to play there now ;
Her hands no more the sufferer aid,
As they were wont, to do.

She sleeps in yonder cemetery,
Beneath the spreading shade :
Within the silent tomb she lies,
And rests her weary head.

Methinks I see her spirit rise,
To worlds of heavenly light :
Where she will spend eternity
In rapturous delight.

Lord, condescend to hear our prayer,
When by her side we lie,
Wilt thou a mansion for our souls
Prepare, beyond the sky.

May we with her in heaven behold
The glories of Thy face,
And through eternity unite
To sing redeeming grace.

THE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

The philosopher sees in God's works are His laws.
When he finds an effect, he will search for the cause ;
And His goodness in all things, His wisdom and might.
Whether creating darkness, or creating light.

As the river that empties itself in the sea,
May be traced to its source, on the mountain may be ;
Or the tree that grows high spreads its branches in air,
Trace its source to the ground, and roots will be there.

For God's attributes, pagans created them gods ;
But they could not make matter, though magical rods
Might be turned into serpents, 'twas but for a day.
When themselves and their miracles all passed away.

There was Ceres the goddess who ripened the grain,
There was Neptune the god who could furnish the rain ;
And Osiris was one of the gods of the day,
And Hyperion of night when the light passed away.

There was Houris who measured out time, gave its length,
Hercules was a god and adored for his strength ;
There was Hermes, inspired man to work in the arts,
And Mercury taught music to cheer up the heart.

There were many more, some were the gods of the skies.
All as darkness to light were they to the Allwise ;
In the roaring of thunder, or humming of bees,
In the noise of an insect, or voice of the seas.

In the mountain majestic, snow capped, reaching high,
Or the tiniest insect, perfecting its eye.
Though the whole of the universe sways as a king,
Yet He deigns for an insect, to perfect its wing.

Leaving nothing unfinished excepting for man,
Unto whom He gives wisdom, to finish His plan.
Once this earth was considered a stupendous ball,
Being incomprehensible, deemed as a whole.

And that heaven was a place, small indeed, high above ;
And where only the saints could partake of God's love,
But we now can conceive of more planets than one,
That a star far away is itself a bright sun ;

That God's works are not ended, nor ever will be,
Until space finds an end too, and eternity !
As a dust, a small particle, floats in the air,
With the size of this earth, could the mind thus compare,

So this earth as a speck of dust, floating before,
With God's work of creation compareth no more ;
Were the earth all a parchment, on which one could write,
And each man were a scribe, with a mind to indite ;

And the bed of the ocean, with ink could be filled,
Could each stick on the earth be made into a quill,
For to write all His greatness, the ink it would fail,
And to write all His goodness, the effort were stale.

And all minds would grow weary, and sink in despair,
The endeavor abortive dissolve in the air ;
And for mercies unnumbered and grace He imparts,
With most grateful remembrance should rise from the heart.

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN WHOSE
HEALTH WAS FAILING.

Heaven grant your health and strength may yet return,
Your lamp of life may yet more brightly burn :
To ripe old age, should life to you remain,
My faith is strong, you will not live in vain.

You will not wait to know will it be gain,
If you are called upon to quiet pain ;
Your sympathies by age will not grow sere
If 'round the sufferer's bed you see a tear.

Prudence was mother of the virtues all,
So Epicurus taught his school to call ;
Patience and perseverance, they are two,
Who in a sick room may for nurses do.

Others there are, who may be quite as fair,
Wisdom will teach to find out who they are ;
Among her daughters names, I know are three,
Who are called Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

And to these last named three, it has been given,
To make a ladder, which will reach to heaven.
The first as mother, let her be your guide,
Her daughters, sisters, keep them by your side :

Whate'er you do, where'er your lot shall be,
May God in mercy grant His grace to thee :
And may you live be many blessings shed
By convalescent patients on your head.

And when your life is done, your labors o'er,
And nature needs nought, and can do no more :
Your mother's spirit welcome you on high,
Where you will learn *"it is not much to die."*

A PAGE IN THE LIFE OF A CLERGYMAN.

As a clergyman sat in his study one day,
And a sermon was trying to write :
Till his hand had grown weary, his brain was on fire,
Yet his sermon was not finished quite.

There the volume called sacred it laid by his side,
And he sought by its pages to find,
Some good passage to aid him his text to explain,
Or to fill up a void in his mind.

And he thought of the Sabbath, the day drawing near,
And his people expecting him there :
For to teach them the truth and to guide them to heaven,
And to lead their devotions in prayer.

He then needed some object to take up his mind.
One on which it might rest until clear ;
Which would not soil the fountain nor current confine.
And he then might go on with a cheer.

As the door of his room it stood slightly ajar.
Soon he heard a light step on the floor ;
And he saw a bright face and a white tiny hand.
Which took hold of the latch of the door.

There she waited awhile for to see would he say.
If she might or might not come in there :
Then she silently glided along to his side.
And stepped on to the round of his chair.

So he gently took hold of her bright sunny curls.
Then she ventured to seek a caress :
Climbing up on his knee clasped her arms 'round his neck.
On his lips then imprinted a kiss.

Soon another one older came into the room.
With a bouquet all fragrant and new ;
Here dear papa, she said, I have gathered these flowers.
With my own hands on purpose for you.

Now they chatted, then kissed him, then laughed in their
glee,
And in turn he kissed them and caressed.
By the time they were done and retired from the room.
He was feeling quite hale and refreshed.

Then he took up his pen and soon finished his task.
As inspired from on high he might do ;
Never felt he more sure of the presence of God.
Hope was high and his faith was strong too.

Thus it often occurred in his weary sad hours.
That those darlings would come to his room ;
Like a charm in his bosom his spirits inspired.
Strength renewed would his labors resume.

But the angel of death in his circle around,
With the summons he brought from above ;
Never sparing the aged or innocent child,
Made a call at that dwelling of loves.

Having followed the arrow that Phœbus had sent,
With more speed than the wings of a dove ;
He soon marked for his victim that innocent child,
The one youngest, blest emblem of love.

But a week had passed by and he stopped there again,
Not yet satisfied called for one more ;
And the one that he claimed was the next youngest child,
Yes that darling I mentioned before.

So they placed them in caskets and decked them with
flowers,
What was earthly still lovely were they ;
Then in silent procession conveyed them from home,
Safe and quietly laid them away.

With the wings of a seraph their spirits did soar,
To the regions of light sped their way ;
Where the face of their God they will always behold,
And rejoice in His presence for aye.

Thus the hearts of those parents were stricken with grief,
Yea, that mother those children had borne ;
And that father whose happiness mingled with theirs,
From whose bosoms those darlings were torn.

As if more was still needed to try them for good,
And their souls to make pure did require ;
That fond mother and son were soon tried with disease,
Like as silver is tried in the fire.

Though all thought death was near, he relinquished his
claim,
And as God had decreed by His will ;
They did both well recover, that mother now lives,
Blessing those that remain with them still.

But they hear not the sound of those little feet now,
As they sped o'er the floor of the room :

And the chairs in the corner are vacated now.
Have no occupants when it is noon.

And at evening they hear not those voices so sweet.
And those eyes that did sparkle so bright :
They see not as they said when retiring to rest.
Good night papa ! and mamma good night !

Yet it sometimes may seem as though voices were heard.
Of bright spirits were mingled with air :
Music vibrating chords that entwined 'round the heart.
Of affection when loved ones were there.

And how hopeful this thought of those passing away.
When the presence of loved ones have ceased :
That the tenement only will go to decay.
And they still are not dead but released.

DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN.

The greatest aim of life it is.
To do what good you can ;
It adds new beauty to a youth.
And dignity to man.

Such luxuries I think are few.
As that of doing good ;
The dessert must be rare indeed.
That crowns a meal of food.

However few and small the acts.
If needed you will find :
Has moved a burden from her heart.
Or cheered the widow's mind.

Perhaps the favor is so small.
A thought you scarce bestow :
You may a pail of water draw.
Or clear the path of snow.

May be that she is sick and lone.
And would a doctor see ;
You call and send him up at once.
Ere long her sufferings flee.

Or she may need something of weight.
Moved which she cannot do ;
She asks for aid, you grant the boon.
The thought stays not with you.

She may desire a piece of meat:
To market cannot go ;
You call and send the butcher up.
And thus your kindness show.

Perhaps she has a letter, she
Would to the office send ;
Or wants that you should call and ask
For one there from a friend.

Or be they many favors large.
Or be they small or few ;
Within her bosom thankful thoughts,
Will habit there for you.

You go to take a morning walk.
And breathe the healthful air ;
No great events expect to see,
And little do you care.

A child may fall and bruise his head.
You never saw before ;
He calls his mother but in vain.
You bear him to her door.

Her heart is filled with gratitude.
She never can express ;
Though she may never see you more.
Your memory she will bless.

You may be walking in the street.
Among the young and gay ;
You see a feeble person trip.
And fall across the way.

You feel perhaps it is a cross.
The person may be poor ;
You heed not heartless sneers and scoffs.
But lead him to his door.

At morn or evening on his knees.
Before the throne of grace.
His heart for you among his loves
In prayer will find a place.

Some orphan boy may dress in rags.
By other lads despised.
Because they have the means to dress.
Yet not one whit more wise.

They think it smart to sneer at him.
Or wash his face with snow ;
You take his part nor heed their threats.
But let the orphan go.

If you have means you'll feed the poor.
If strong will help the weak ;
In every act of life will be
To do some good you'll seek.

In every thing you undertake.
The business you pursue ;
Your aim of action raise it high.
And keep the end in view.

The orphan boy whom aid you gave.
And wounded little child ;
Will mark you for the favors past.
In age will on you smile.

Like bread upon the waters cast.
The prophet said of old ;
In harvest may some fifty yield.
Perhaps a hundred fold.

So when your work is done on earth.
And you shall pass away.
The mem'ry of the good you've done
Will mark your name and day.

Like Washington or Franklin who,
Temptations great withstood.
The generations yet unborn
Will bless for doing good.

ACROSTIC.

Pursue the path which pious men have trod.
Heaven marked it out, it leads the way to God ;
Emmanuel radiated it with light.
Be faithful, follow on with all your might.
Enlightened minds find hope and comfort where
Persons who know not God are not aware ;
Who can make soft the bed of death for man.
Relieve the suffering mind God only can.
If God befriend you, nothing need you fear.
Give Him your heart he'll wipe away your tear ;
Hope to your soul an anchor may it be,
That may find a blest eternity.

IF IT COULD BE.

Might earth her varied beauties all retain,
Her verdure and her flowers and fruit remain ;
Her genial suns with her refreshing showers.
And balmy breezes with regaling powers.

Could man retain youth's beauties in old age,
In his primeval vigor yet grow sage ;
And no disease from frosts of nature feel.
All circumstances aid his general weal.

Nor evil passions rise within his breast,
Then all might still be happy being blest ;
This earth would be a paradise indeed,
God's works-would ne'er be clad in sorrow's weed.

Alas ! it is not so nature's decay.
Her verdure and her beauty pass away ;
The hand of winter binds with frosty chains
The rills and rivers o'er the wide domain.

This is not all why we have learned to sigh.
Youth wanes too soon, old age is sure to die ;
Sin, disappointment and disease unite
Our every hope of bliss on earth to blight.

And my young friend may you in youth engage,
To study wisdom and improve in age ;
And when your body dies, your spirit may
It wake to life in one eternal day.

THE YEAR 1861 IS GONE.

Another point of time has past,
Another shade on life is cast ;
Another year which will but be
A milestone, in eternity.

The earth revolving is the wheel
By which alone, our senses feel,
We progress onward, and each day
See some new object on the way.

The sun sends up a golden ray,
An omen of approaching day ;
And when his light in full is due,
In splendor rises to our view.

Progressing on, he marks his way ;
The morn, the noon, the close of day ;
Each hour and moment all combine
To mind us of the flight of time.

The moon too with her silvery light,
And stars that sparkle in the night ;
Each marks its point, and makes us feel,
They all are spokes in one great wheel.

As I have viewed each passing hour,
I've noted too time's conquering power :
No *monarch can* with him compete.
His conquests always are complete.

Those who have journeyed long and far,
Weary, and worn, within his car,
Have stopped at last, as God thought best.
To take their everlasting rest.

The aged are not those alone,
For whom the living now do mourn :
The rosy cheeked and sparkling eyed
Have like the lily drooped and died.

Twelve months ago thou new born year,
Wast ushered in with heartfelt cheer :
Parents and children seemed to be
A unit of hilarity.

Some of those hearts are stricken now,
For death has laid a loved one low :
No music now will touch that ear.
Its sleep will know no waking here.

Some cups appear to fill with joy,
To human view, without alloy :
While others seemed to overflow,
With disappointment, care and woe.

Thou hast thy mission well fulfilled.
Hast done thy part for good or ill ;
And like the years have gone before,
Hast done thy duty and no more.

Like as a friend we wish might stay.
Their visit ended hie away ;
Time being spent, we are compelled
To bid adieu, a sad farewell.

So eighteen hundred sixty-one.
Thy days are numbered and are done :
Thou canst no longer with us dwell.
So we must say farewell, farewell.

THE LAST OF 1863.

I beheld a young lad, who came running along,
With a face fresh and healthy and looking quite strong ;
But on nearer approach, unlike those of his years,
He was sad, looking thoughtful, his eyes dropping tears.

He performed all the duties which fell to his lot,
Never shrinking from labor, though pleasant or not ;
Though surrounded with laughter, yet something like fears
Seemed still lurking within, he was yet shedding tears.

As he grew up a man, he was willing to bear
All the crosses of life, to do good was his care ;
Food bestowed on the hungry, and clothes it appears,
He supplied for the naked, yet kept shedding tears.

And I saw him when old and his head turning gray,
And I asked him why sorrow thus marked all his way ?
Why said he, death and carnage destroys all that cheers,
And he bowed his head low to die, still shedding tears.

Do you ask me the name of that youth, man, and sage,
Who so wept in his childhood, and wept in old age,
But a speck in eternity only was he,
Weeping year eighteen hundred and sixty and three.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

As here alone I sit me down,
To write on something new :
My mind reverts to days of yore,
And friendships, pure and true.

The school-house standing on the hill,
Where I was wont to go,
I seem to see my playmates there,
As forty years ago.

The school-house stands *not* on the hill, .
Where once it used to be ;
Though large enough and room to spare,
For fifty more and me.

Two districts now are formed of one,
To each the children go,
Though all united went to one,
Some forty years ago.

Upon the school-house playing ground,
There stood a lovely tree ;
The man who planted it, long since
On earth has ceased to be.

To Peru's court, by Congress sent,
One died, though sad 'tis so,
Who chopped a limb and maimed that tree,
Some forty years ago.

Though wild in youth a noble man,
He climbed the hill of fame ;
And worthy of his ancestry,
He honored well the name.

His son the Navy graces now,
And history will show
The name has stood in bold relief
Twice forty years ago.

A stranger hand has cut that tree,
And nothing now is found,
To mark where stood the school-house once,
Except the rise of ground.

Not far away an oaken tree
Has weathered wind and snow ;
Upon whose limbs the children swung,
Some forty years ago.

When school dismissed, what hosts of fun,
They made the welkin ring :
As down the hill they haste away,
To reach the crystal spring,

The cider mill and aqueduct.
Where too we used to go,
I well remember how they looked
Some forty years ago.

Among the many funny things,
Were some which were more sad ;
When some who had superior strength
Abused the weaker lad.

'Was fun when boys the gauntlet run,
All pelting one with snow ;
Those boys, now gray, how swift they ran,
Some forty years ago.

Those pretty girls how joyous then,
They laughed, and danced, and sung ;
And many new devices sought,
If only it were fun.

They learned their books and needle-work,
Some specimens I know
Are well preserved in good repair,
Wrought forty years ago.

Not so are many then so fair
With hearts so light and gay ;
For some are not, those living changed,
Their heads are turning gray.

Some, homes have sought in distant lands,
But some remain to show
They love the farms their fathers owned,
Some forty years ago.

A black eyed girl who loved her books,
Rewards of merit won ;
Has gone from here, far, far away,
Her home is Oregon.

Some braves have gone to fight in war,
Whose parents well I know,
Who used to meet in that old school
House, some forty years ago.

We read the Bible in the morn,
Some teachers they would pray ;
Then teach us of our duty, how
To learn the better way.

Good morals, from our copies wrote,
In wisdom's ways to go ;
Of lasting worth those precepts were,
Learned forty years ago.

I never yet have known a youth,
Who went to school that time :
Was ever in a prison shut,
Or punished for a crime.

Six mothers only now survive,
The records cannot show
Of one surviving father, who
Lived forty years ago.

One teacher whom we used to love,
A missionary went :
The pagans taught to worship God,
With them her life she spent.

The Sandwich Islands was the place
Where she was called to go,
Oh, how we loved to hear her talk,
Some forty years ago.

Above, below the school-house, there
Six brothers used to live ;
Their father once did own the whole,
To each a farm did give.

Two miles, the lovely Merrimac
Beside that farm did flow,
It washes now the bounds as then,
Some forty years ago.

Three only of those houses stand,
In which those brothers lived ;
And none live there to bear the name,
Though some elsewhere survive.

The house in which the old man lived.
Is burned, and naught I know.
Except the barn remains, which seems
Like forty years ago.

The cider mill and water trough,
Where once we used to play ;
For many years long since unused.
Have all gone to decay.

The flock of geese we used to see.
Some brown, some white as snow :
We had their quills to make our pens.
Some forty years ago.

Down on the street a tavern stood.
Capacious house and barn ;
The country teamsters 'round their fires
Would spin adventurous yarns.

At early dawn they harnessed up,
Nor stop for wind or snow.
With merry bells what lines of teams
Went forty years ago.

The landlord and his wife are not.
The premises are sold.
The horse-shed has been all removed
Because decayed and old.

How often when we went to school.
In going to and fro ;
I've stopped to warm me, by their fires,
Some forty years ago.

When scholars met their elders then.
They dare not do as now.
For every lad must doff his hat.
And make a handsome bow.

And every lass a courtesy.
Though standing in the snow :
To every stranger passing by.
Some forty years ago.

Although the school-house now is gone,
And ancient people too ;
Though some old houses have been razed,
Their place supplied with new :

And different hands now till the soil,
Those farms I think will show
As much of nature's beauty now,
As forty years ago.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

TO PARENTS, TEACHERS AND FRIENDS AT THE UNION PICNIC
IN A GROVE AT THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

SPOKEN BY ONE OF THE SCHOLARS.

Although the sun is fixed in yonder sky,
He giveth light and heat to all we know ;
Our Heavenly Father though He lives on high,
He made that sun and stars and all below.

He made this grove and grass beneath so green ;
The herd upon the lawn that roam so free ;
And every thing that by our eyes are seen,
He made you all my friends, and He made me.

He planted in our hearts a germ to grow ;
'Tis friendship, let us nourish it with care ;
May each one of us to his fellow show,
That as his joys, his troubles we will share.

And you our friends to-day who join us here,
We bid you welcome to our joys and fare ;
Partake of our repast and general cheer,
Accept the assurance, that our love you share.

And may we never know in times like now,
A district number eleven or number four ;
But a true friendship formed, in future show
Like as our parents did, in days of yore.

Parents and teachers please accept this day
Our heartfelt gratitude for favors given ;
Though for your great solicitude, we cannot pay.
Oh, may you find your sure reward in heaven.

THE CLAM BAKE.

When the Great Universal Creator of all,
Had quite finished the earth and it rolled as a ball,
Had made man, and made also enough for his food ;
Looking on with complacency called it all good.

But yet Moses declared there must be some mistake,
For all kinds of food was not good to partake ;
There were birds, *many kinds*, which were not fit to eat,
And of animals too that were not good for meat.

If an animal's feet were not cloven in two,
It was surely unclean and it never would do ;
If it chew not its cud it was even as bad,
So much food to be wasted might seem rather sad.

But an animal perfect, that chewed his cud well,
And with feet that were cloven, with favor would tell,
So the horse was rejected ; though some have belief,
That it makes a good substitute even for beef.

And a swine when well fattened, some people conclude,
That a steak, or a roast, or the lard is quite good ;
That the meat when well salted is good with boiled greens ;
And without it one scarcely can cook any beans.

And the fish of the waters, that too ever fails,
To be fit for to eat, unless covered with scales ;
And though Moses did tell the Jews not to eat hams,
Yet he never has said any thing about clams.

Though he taught them be sure how to make a short
cake,
But he never has told how to make a clam bake,
And if I should attempt it, most likely that I
Should indeed make a failure, but yet I can try.

It was not long ago, that a man had a mind
To inform us, to demonstrate, 'twas very kind,
On the bank of the Pennichuck notice was given,
That his friends might go there and examine his oven.

We arrived at the spot, and there soon it was found
That a nice excavation was made in the ground,
Was perhaps a foot deep, or it might have been more,
And sufficient dimensions for what was in store.

When the earth was dug out the next thing to be done,
Was, to pave it, the sides and the bottom, with stones ;
Then to kindle a fire, and to pile on the wood,
For two hours and a half, keep it heating up good.

When sufficiently heated then rake off the fire,
And as all things were ready which one could desire,
Then, the clams first were emptied into the hold,
Quite enough and to spare, were two barrels I'm told.

Then potatoes in quarters, both Irish and sweet,
Then green corn, with few husks on, to keep it all neat ;
Then to make up variety, perfect the dish,
Were (each sewed in a cloth) a nice lot of fresh fish.

When the whole was piled on, it was all done with
speed,
Then a canvas to keep it all clean, it did need,
Next to that, were two barrels of rockweed I deem,
Over all some wet leaves, for to keep in the steam.

As the pile while a baking it needed some care,
For to keep down the steam, so the gentlemen there
Watched it closely, with weapons, and made themselves
fun,
And in just half an hour it was all nicely done.

All additional fixings were ready before,
And a table sufficient for thirty or more ;
With enough melted butter to eat with the clams
None could wish aught to add had they chickens or lamb.

Shall I speak of some pepper, first course not last,
Which for no other name I will call pepper sauce ;

For the dessert were melons fresh picked, very nice,
So that all who desired could eat a suffice.

Do you ask who the guests were who helped eat the
clams,

Well sir they were the children of old Uncle Sam's ;
All his children are sovereigns as all men do know,
They are known the world over wherever they go.

Massachusetts she furnished one man for the work,
And he got up the treat, not a bit of a shirk ;
Other things he can do with success and with skill,
Can make chemical compounds or roll up a pill.

He's a dealer in drugs, and if any would know,
Then give Lawton a call and the fact he will show.

From the old state of Georgia, there also was one
Who assisted in work full of wit and of fun ;
He makes cloth for the thousands, thus Cogin does good,
And may leave it for others, to cater for food.

And as one would expect, from New Hampshire were
more.

On some other occasions we've met them before ;
There is Baldwin makes drawers, the merchant's relief.
And it holds his cash safely secure from the thief.

There was Parker, the statesman, we know well his face,
And wherever he is he presides with a grace ;
If he makes one a coat or has one made to sell,
Or resides on a farm, what he does he does well.

There were Spaldings, two brothers, and men of some
fame,

And their talents and characters honor the name ;
There were Eayrses who work at the drugs with the mill,
They all know the trade well and they do it with skill.

There were doctors, the first Dr. Graves I will name,
For his age and experience has given him fame,
Looking healthy and fair as a midsummer's day,
May he live to grow old, and do good all the way.

And among the physicians was one Dr. Eayrs,
He is skillful in practice and surgeon of care ;
He is also a dentist, makes teeth extra good,
And much better than old ones to masticate food.

And another young man, Dr. Currier too,
A successful practitioner honest and true ;
May his life through the future be one of success,
Have such care of his patients that all convalesce.

There were others perhaps I might mention some one,
For to furnish good milk surely Bowers has done ;
And the ladies and lasses all pleasant and fair
Are not often excelled, for the number were there.

UNCLE SAM.

When Uncle Sam grew up a stately lad,
He claimed a right to call himself a man ;
His mother thought, because she always had,
That she might *always* lead him by the hand.

He had the means to make himself a home,
And thought he had a right to till his farm ;
But she insisted that he must not roam,
To buy his clothes and tea it would do harm.

She said he should not put his breeches on
If he should get them made without her leave :
But he should still wear petticoats quite long.
That mortified him much and made him grieve.

He bore the wrong because his mother said
It would be wicked should he disobey ;
She sometimes sent him hungry off to bed.
Or tied his hands, lest he should run away.

One day she fixed him up a dose of tea.
So strong it tasted bitter to his taste ;
Provoked to madness, snatched the cup away
And threw its contents in his mother's face.

That raised her indignation up so high,
 She threatened him with punishment severe ;
 He told her, she had better mind *his* eye,
 For now his whiskers grew, from ear to ear.

So wisely as *she* thought, to make a show,
 Ordered her clerk to make her out a writ ;
 She put it in the hands of sheriff Howe,
 Gave him a posse, and a good outfit,

So he approached one corner of Sam's farm.
 With an intent to take it all away ;
 Or fill the youngster's heart with such alarm.
 As make him yield obedience to her sway.

Sam showed he had the stature of a man ;
 Had right to rule his servants and his farm ;
 Thought he could wisely execute or plan ;
 Nor would be governed even by his marm.

So with some other reasons good and true,
 Were grounds for the defence he went about ;
 He organized his plan, *he had men too*,
 His plan could execute and carry out.

He had a host of men whom he could trust,
 Knew how to make his ditches, walls or fence,
 Each ready with a will, to be the first
 To raise his arm in Uncle Sam's defence.

His servants they were brave and men of fame,
 And history recorded good and true ;
 I can't enumerate one-half their names,
 But surely they were neither small or few.

A few perhaps I may from memory name,
 One was called George, so good and true was he ;
 Brave and a civil engineer of fame,
 He gave him power his farm to oversee.

As all were willing George should take the head,
 To take his good advice they all agreed ;
 Willing to follow where the chieftain led,
 And fight their foes until the farm was freed.

Among those many worthies I could name,
Willing and wise ; could work with head or hands,
But common names ; Ben, Thomas, John and James
And Alexander all could work or plan.

Some held the plough, the toughest sward to break,
While others planted seed, helped make it grow ;
While some could swing the scythe, perhaps the rake,
While others might as wisely use the hoe.

Those ploughing turned the furrows deep and wide ;
Some gathered stones, and made walls strong and good ;
Others dug ditches, water turned aside,
The soil could then bear fruit and grain for food.

They drove the intruders from the farm away,
And then, they went to work and built a house ;
A goddess came there from her home of day,
Showed Uncle Sam she would his cause espouse.

A germ she brought, though tender, without harm ;
She planted it, and soon it grew a tree ;
Ere long all those who worked upon the farm
Could share its fruit, she named it Liberty.

So wisely did she oversee the house,
His servants trusty worked so well his farm ;
His confidence more firm, than first aroused,
Assured him, he could live without his marm.

He grew to be more wealthy and more wise,
Then looked around for land that he could buy ;
As often as the chances did arise,
He purchased land, were it remote or nigh.

As his dominions grew so very large
It needed wisest heads to oversee ;
So faithful those who had the farm in charge,
Made it a home for the oppressed and free.

Sometimes the stones got loose upon the wall,
And seemed as all would topple to the ground ;
But all his servants faithful to his call,
Soon readjusted it and made it sound.

Though he has lived a hundred years or more,
His constitution being strong and good,
Has seldom needed treatment heretofore
As many with less faith and courage would.

His servants made his carriages with skill,
He buys and sells what merchandise he please ;
Can circumnavigate the earth at will,
Or choosing, stay at home and take his ease.

He looks quite fresh, is even looking fair,
He holds his head erect as in his youth :
One might expect him stooping with gray hair.
But he is neither gray or bald in truth.

God bless our Uncle Sam, long may he live.
Do good to all as he has ever done ;
And may his neighbors learn of him to thrive,
And try to reach the goal that he has won.

His mother might perhaps of him learn much.
Though she lived to be old ere he was born.
His breeches which he donned are even such
As keep the texture good, have never torn.

AN OLD TABLE.

I will tell you a story, as well as I'm able
Of my forty years life in the house with five gables ;
Of my life before that no one knows it so well.
And I ken no one living, my history can tell.

But suffice it to say, a young bride and bridegroom,
Took a fancy to me and provided me room ;
Then their hearts young and gay in the morn of their pride,
Always constant at meals, always sat by their side.

They had one little daughter, young, happy and fair,
By my side she would sit in her little high chair ;
She would chat and look happy, not knowing regret,
Always ready I held up her plate when she eat.

But as things that are useful by fashion arranged,
It *was so too with me*, and my duties were changed,
For my size was diminished, I donned a new dress,
Yet I served not at meals, that was my time to rest.

But I always continued supporting the light,
And the paper and ink for my friends who would write.
And I think I may claim more than many my betters,
I have helped to write more than a thousand good letters.

Then if any would read, I assisted them too,
While the others had sewing or knitting to do ;
Or if nothing to do they sat down for a chat,
I was always thought useful by this one or that.

If any were sleepy I held up their head,
Or if too sick to sit up, I sat by their bed :
Held specifics and nourishments day or by night,
But I never neglected to hold up the light.

I assisted the doctor to make up his pills,
Having good understanding helped make out his bills ;
The lawyer, while student, his lessons to get,
And though far, far away, he remembers me yet.

Now my master and mistress and daughter are dead,
The doctor too sleeps in his low narrow bed ;
Things as useful as I now have found a new home.
And the house with five gables is empty alone.

When I left that loved dwelling some friends still were there
Who regretted my leaving, for me shed a tear ;
Now a friend of my mistress has taken me home,
And by serving her well, shall repay for my room.

I will faithfully serve her by day or by night,
But the best of all service is hold up the light ;
And if all were as willing as I to do right,
How much evil would vanish, much more would look
bright.

Those are some of the merits for which I have fame ;
You may like now to know how I look and my name ;
I have no claim to beauty, my color is sable,
I'm an *old fashioned octagon three legged table*.

THE FARMER'S WELCOME.

My friends, I have a pleasant farm,
Convenient house and good sized barn ;
And when my farm is all well tilled,
My house and barn are both well filled.
Come my friends, come and see
What a nice farm belongs to me.

I have a wife so kind and good,
Who makes my clothes and cooks my food ;
My joys and sorrows both she shates,
And helps to lighten all my cares.
Come my friends, come and see
What a nice wife belongs to me.

Two darling children, girl and boy,
They fill our cup to brim with joy ;
At night I take them on my knee,
How dear those darlings are to me.
Come my friends, come and see
The children that belong to me.

I have the best I find of cows,
I feed with grass or from the mows ;
Their hair is red, and soft as silk,
They yield me plenty of good milk.
Come my friends, come and see
What nice cows belong to me.

When I go out at early morn,
To feed my fowls with oats and corn ;
The rooster marching to and fro,
Rears up his head and loud does crow.
Come my friends, come and see
What nice fowls belong to me.

The turkey gobbler comes along,
And gobble, gobble, is his song ;
The old hen turkey here may sit,
And she jumps up and sings quit, quit.
Come my friends, come and see
The turkeys that belong to me.

I have some ducks, the canvas-back,
They always sing their quack, quack, quack ;
I have both white and colored geese,
They sing quaw, quaw, and then they hiss.
Come my friends, come and see
The ducks and geese belong to me.

I have a few merino sheep,
To furnish wool I always keep ;
And every year I shear a crop,
And save the meat for mutton chop.
Come my friends, come and see
What nice sheep belong to me.

My dog he tends the sheep and cows,
To make them mind he says bow ! wow !
I have a faithful malta cat,
She catches up the mice and rats.
Come my friends, come and see
The dog and cat belong to me.

I keep good swine, I bought a pig,
And brought him home in my own gig ;
The pig did squeal, the horse did run,
The boys all laughed to see the fun.
Come my friends, come and see
The porkers that belong to me.

I raise good fruit of every kind,
To satisfy my taste and mind ;
My every want and need they serve,
For eating raw, or make preserve.
Come my friends, come and see
What nice fruit belongs to me.

I've plenty too of table sauce,
And every kind of grain or grass ;
All that I raise of each is good,
For man or beast which needs for food.
Come my friends, come and see
The plenty that belongs to me.

My wife makes cheese and butter too,
Which can't be beat I'll prove it so ;
She made some up with such nice care,
She won the premium at the fair.
Come my friends, come and see
The butter and cheese belong to me.

She makes good bread both white and brown,
As any housewife in the town ;
And makes good pastry of all kinds,
As any lady you can find.
Come my friends, come and see
What a good cook belongs to me.

When I am sick she makes my bed,
And bathes my burning, aching head ;
When both are well each wills to share
The burdens of each other's cares.
Come my friends, come and see
What a good nurse belongs to me.

We always keep a bed to spare,
Our friend may come and always share
The welcome that my house affords,
In actions quite as well as words.
Come my friends, come and see
The welcome that belongs to me.

If poverty approach my door,
His wants I'll answer from my store ;
Nor shall one say when I am dead,
He *never gave the poor a bed*.
Come my friends, come and see
The pity that belongs to me.

We envy not the king his crown,
We ask not wealth or great renown :
Continue blessings as before,
We need not nor would ask for more.
Come my friends, come and see
The blessings that belong to me.

MY LITTLE PARTY

ON MY SIXTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

'Tis not a mirage I have seen,
So cheering, looking bright and green ;
But an oasis found to-day,
To cheer me on my lonely way.

Oasis, never sound was heard,
More welcome than that hopeful word ;
Where weary travellers tread the plain,
'Neath burning suns no hope for rain.

This is my birthday getting late,
My years now number sixty-eight ;
Approaching near my journey's end,
Toward that goal my footsteps tend.

Though many blessings I've received,
From Him who has the power to give,
But in my home I am alone,
No child whom I can call my own.

Two lads my friends I like to greet,
Had been my neighbors on the street,
Called in and asked might they invite
The children near, I said they might.

To have a social time and play,
On this my sixty-eighth birthday ;
They came, nine darlings, bright and fair,
As blossoms making sweet the air.

Some had black eyes and some had blue,
And all looked happy, good and true ;
I played with them, I thought it meet
To make their happiness complete.

The barberry bush we danced around,
Did all that in that play is found ;
Played button button, that, and more,
And dropped the cushion on the floor.

They spoke some pieces, sung some songs,
In harmony both sweet and strong ;
And each and all did well their part,
It pleased the young, and cheered my heart.

And when they came to say good bye,
Each looked at me with their bright eyes ;
And reached their lips up for a kiss,
Could I help being pleased with this?

Now friends do you not think it is
A bright green spot, an oasis?
Strength to my weary mind will lend,
To aid me toward my journey's end.

When the last milestone I have passed,
And lay me down to rest at last ;
Please kindly think of me when seen,
Lay on my grave an evergreen,

An emblem that of purity
As well as immortality ;
And may we meet when life is o'er,
Where friendship lasts forevermore.

THE ARTS.

When Hermes paints within the brain
Of genius, an inventive thought ;
That fount of motion can't regain
Its quiet, till the plan is wrought.

Then other gods are soon invoked,
To help accomplish the design ;
If Vulcan be the one provoked,
He pales the metal from the mine.

Then may be heard the bellows blow,
The music of the anvil's din ;
The sweat now from the brow must flow,
If man the prize expects to win.

Vulcan alone works not to-day,
As when he made Achilles' shield :
The muscles must the brain obey,
Or win no laurels in the field.

A mind of genius should not let
A thought lie dormant in the brain ;
Its promptings should at once be met,
Lest it should never prompt again.

As on my brain these thoughts are traced,
May be the Muses sketched them there ;
This passing moment I embrace,
And pen on paper what they are.

When anchor 's weighed and sails unfurled,
A vessel starts upon the seas.
How smoothly will she glide along,
When Boreas favors with a breeze.

But should he grow irascible,
And wake old Neptune from the deep,
Like furies they will grow the waves,
Until they look like mountains steep.

Then how she dashes o'er the wave,
Or sinks again quite out of sight ;
Oft o'er her decks the briny waves
Rush, as if vengeance ruled from right.

Then how the sailors pale from fright,
Their strength grows weak from toil and care.
And when Hyperion hides the light,
Their minds are tortured by despair.

When Iris comes with various hues,
She's always dressed in gay attire.
She ever fills the tar with hope,
Her beauty all the gods admire.

Boreas and Neptune though enraged,
When she appears so good and brave ;
The former quietly retires,
The latter sinks and lulls the waves.

The ship may then with safety glide,
With rigging righted, sails unfurled ;
And ere she reach her wharf again
May circumnavigate the world.

When in the spring the seed-time comes,
The farmer plants and sows his grain ;
Apollo, Neptune, each in turn
Supplies the earth with warmth and rain.

And when Apollo's influence cools,
And Ceres comes to have the sway,
Then less of Neptune's service needs,
Then hearts of harvest men are gay.

Then ply the sickle to the grain,
And garner up the golden ears ;
Of pinching winter have no dread,
For plenty has no want to fear.

NEW YEAR'S DAY MORNING,

JAN. 1ST. 1880.

I'll ope the windows for the light,
Come kiss me sun, you look so bright ;
You've driven all the stars away,
Nox had to leave when chased by day.

Though I am old and left alone,
God's sun through all my day has shone ;
Still lights my path and cheers my way,
On this bright morn, this New Year's Day.

Last night when died the closing year,
No one to speak to me was near,
But God came, *with His still small voice*
Spoke peace my soul might still rejoice.

Look at the moon, He seemed to say,
She's smiling with her silvery rays ;
Not equal to the sun's rays quite,
But better for your rest at night.

Small blessings rightly understood,
Are dealt out to us for our good ;
I need not fear to trust whose hand
Supplies my wants. *He understands.*

A PET KITTEN.

Now my pretty little kitty,
She is dead and gone for aye ;
And it seems so sad a pity,
That I cannot see her play.

I had thought if she kept growing,
She would soon be a big cat ;
And that she would be so knowing,
She would catch the mice and rats.

She was treated just as kindly,
As a petted child could be ;
And perhaps was just as blindly
Killed with kindness, that may be.

Now she is not any better
Than a once loved worn out hat ;
Or a cherished old love letter,
Or some other lost pet cat.

SUNNY JUNE.

This is sunny June indeed.
Just such weather as we need ;
Mostly sunshine, sometimes rain.
Good for man, and grass, and grain.

Sun is shining bright and fair,
White clouds floating in the air ;
Sky is lovely, looks so blue.
As just dyed with azure hue.

SOME THINGS HARD TO BELIEVE.

And must I suffer when I die,
For not believing that which I
Cannot, that once the sun stood still.
To see the Jews and Canaanites kill
Each other, and that Joshua,
Who was the General of the day,
Had so much power before the Lord,
The sun and moon obeyed his word.

That God commanded Joshua,
That all the people he must slay :
That male and female, great and small,
Should by the sword of Israel fall ;
That God told Joshua the priests
With horns of rams for trumpets haste,
Around the walls of Jericho,
For seven successive days should blow.

That they should on the seventh day
Go seven times round, and blast away ;
And when they shouted loud and bawled,
Down tumbled all the city wall.
The prophet Jonah in a gale
Slipped down the gullet of a whale,
Which was no bigger than an arm,
Without receiving any harm.

He lived secure, three days and nights ;
And breathed no air, and saw no light.
And then ejected on dry land,
A wiser and a healthy man.
When Hezekiah king was sick,
God told Isaiah to go quick
And tell him he should surely die,
Nor did he give the reason why.

But Hezekiah did not choose
The ties of life so soon to loose :
He turned his face to God and prayed ;
And God repented what he said,

He heard his prayer and saw his tears,
Prolonged his life yet fifteen years.
To prove the fact his mind to ease,
He turned the sun back ten degrees.

NEARING MY JOURNEY'S END.

Now all my friends are dead,
And all my tears are shed,
And all my hopes are fled far away ;
Old age is on the gain,
And life is on the wane,
And soon I'll reach life's closing hour of day.
Lord make thy lamp grow bright,
Dispel the dark of night.
And faith dispel the dimness of my eyes.
As through this vale of tears
I've walked these many years,
And hoped to gain a mansion in the skies.
No merit of my own,
Thy mercy 'tis alone
Through which I hope in heaven a home to gain,
I know that Thou art near
An humble prayer will hear
And answer in Thine own good chosen time.
And when my life is past
And I get home at last
No more I'll need to pray but praise be Thine.
When I get to life's shore,
Can step on land no more,
The river may look dark to human eyes ;
Then make it bright to me
And give me faith to see
Celestial light reflected from the skies.

A YOUNG WIFE.

A lovely girl became a bride,
With hopes and prospects fair and bright.
Her father's joy, her husband's pride,
Too soon those hopes began to blight.

I lately saw her on her bed,
With suffering pictured on her brow,
I questioned, must she soon be dead,
Must die so soon, must leave us now?

Her husband, must he give her up,
And journey on again alone?
That only daughter, father's hope,
Must pass from earth, so soon be gone.

A still small voice I heard reply,
"She's ripe for heaven, and 'tis my will,
Nor need you ask the reason why,
But say to sorrow, peace be still."

God laid His hand upon her brow,
And death has sealed her lips for aye,
Her spirit gone to heaven now,
Her home where is eternal day.

Then dry your tears ye mourning friends,
And hope that when your days are o'er,
That God will grant you'll meet again,
In union live forevermore.

TO MINNIE.

I am thinking now of Minnie,
That blessed, darling child,
Sitting upon her mother's lap,
So innocent and mild,

As when the other day I saw,
I seem to see her now.
The embodiment of peace and love,
Depicted on her brow.

May she be spared, long may she live
To bless her parent's life :
Nor have to tread life's thorny way,
Nor mingle in its strife.

But be as pure as she is now.
As angels sent from heaven.
To bring the tidings God has sent,
His peace to mortals given.

THE TEMPLE OF LIBERTY.

Our own Temple of Liberty, noble and grand ;
It was not built at random, or set on the sand ;
But the old Revolution it graded the ground,
And the frost walls laid deep that they might remain sound.

The cement, it was made of the blood of our sires,
And was dried by the heat of those patriot fires :
All the work was laid out by the compass and square,
And they used, too, the level, the plumb and scale there.

It was Hermes who sketched on the brain of those men,
All the plan for the building, and Houris, the when
The first stone should be laid : July Fourth it was fixed,
In the year seventeen hundred and seventy and six.

The foundation when laid was prepared to receive
Such a structure as wisdom combined could conceive ;
So a broad Constitution was formed which should blend
Both utility, beauty and strength to the end.

The apartments when finished were only thirteen,
With transparent partitions uncurtained and clean :
And a hall in the centre which lighted the whole,
As the body receiveth its life from the soul.

As the goddess presiding, new vot'ries inspired.
With the love of her beauty, her favors desired ;
When they wanted admittance new rooms were prepared,
With such favors and light as the others had shared.

Of the heralds of freedom, she sent many forth.
Each proclaiming a welcome to south and to north ;
From the east to the west she would have them combine.
Seek a home in her temple and near to her shrine.

So new rooms have been added in years that have passed,
Of such form and proportion from first to the last ;
Lighted each from the centre, rights equal and free.
And the number at present is thirty and three.

A CROSS MADE OF HAIR.

When you look on this memento,
Which these aged hands have made
From these locks combed from my temples ;
Time has turned to different shades.

May it help you to remember.
How I loved you when a child ;
As you taught me to be patient,
I would teach you to be mild.

When God wills it I shall leave you,
Though sometime I may survive ;
Sixty-two, my years now number.
And your age is only five.

Twenty-fifth day of November.
Eighteen hundred seventy-one ;
Life with me is nearly ending,
Life with you is just begun.

May you prove a lasting comfort.
To your parents God has given ;
Always try to do, and be good,
By and by we'll meet in heaven.

We shall know each other darling,
When we meet in heaven above ;
Where God's glory is eternal,
And eternal is His love.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

Here we come as friends and neighbors,
Bringing tokens of regard ;
We would not increase your labors,
Neither make your lot more hard.

Some may feel and do declare it,
Friendship long ago is dead ;
She has not been dead but sleeping,
May be in her quiet bed.

She has 'wakened, I believe it,
She's awake, at least, this day,
Has inspired these friends and neighbors,
To proclaim it, in this way.

We believe you'll bid us welcome,
Open hearts and cordial hands ;
Ah ! I know that you will bid us
Welcome, as a friendly band.

We have not been forced to come here,
But are happy thus to do ;
And believe we'll place new laurels
On the brow of friendship true.

Such a gathering friends and neighbors,
In the journey of our days ;
Like Oases in the desert,
Brightens life in many ways.

Were it not for social greetings,
Many hearts would sink with grief ;
But how oft in saddest moments,
Happy smiles will bring relief.

Oft I've proved the wise man's proverb.
When he was inspired to say
Better is a friend and neighbor,
Than a brother far away.

Oft in sickness and in sorrow,
Neighbors near have made my bed ;
Done me many deeds of kindness,
And have bathed my aching head.

Dear to me are all my neighbors,
One and all am glad to meet ;
And I wish not for a better
Place to live than Granite Street.

Let us while our lives continue,
Aim to do what good we can ;
So we when our life is ended,
Not regret what might have been.

When we will not look with sadness.
On the days of long ago ;
Hope to meet again in gladness.
Friends that we may leave below.

THE BENEVOLENT SEWING CIRCLE.

A band of sisters here we meet,
Rejoicing each a friend to greet ;
Our aim is one, our end the same,
Though many members but one name.

We wish distinction not to know,
Partiality would never show ;
Be it the aim of every one,
In goodness not to be outdone.

And may we set our standard high,
Of action, point to the sky :
Though we perfection may not gain,
Yet to that mark should be our aim.

And may the means that we possess.
Be used to mitigate distress ;
No luxury obtained from food,
Compares with that of doing good.

May never prejudice be known,
Within a bosom of our own ;
Each aim to imitate the best,
Have charity for all the rest.

And may each meeting always prove
That it is harmonized by love ;
May each some new idea find,
Worthy to treasure in the mind.

In every heart be found a place,
Where germinates some heavenly grace ;
Which being fostered day by day,
Its leaves and branches will display.

Extending through the heart and mind,
So that their influence combine
To root out all obnoxious weeds,
Which to disgrace might ever lead.

Pride will put on an humble dress.
And quiet vanity to rest ;
Modesty dress in her attire,
Which virtue always does admire.

May envy never enter here,
Nor one of Hydra's heads appear :
Nor aught arise, which can alloy
The peace and friendship we enjoy.

When we on earth shall cease to meet,
May we again each other greet,
In that abode beyond the skies,
Where sin lives not, nor virtue dies.

OLD AGE AND CHILDHOOD.

I like to look back to the days of my childhood,
When I went to school on a long summer day ;
How we sought for a shade from the sun 'neath the wild
wood,
And we gathered wild flowers or plumbs by the way.

Every child has all the trouble,
He can bear from day to day ;
Thou it be a bursting bubble
He is blowing, for his play.

Children match themselves for running,
All are happy when begun ;
But to feel that one is beaten,
Puts a damper on the fun.

Some go coasting down the hillside,
Scarcely does the play commence ;
Unexpectedly the sled goes
Butt, against the tree or fence.

Age looks back when they were children,
Tell how happy they were then ;
Children are not more contented,
But will be when they are men.

So we live anticipating
Something good, some future day ;
When we ought to sip what nectar
Is afforded on our way.

How much more we might be happy,
If the good with single eye :
We but gather in our progress,
What is not good pass it by.

TO A FRIEND WHO IS GOING FAR AWAY.

May faith fill the sail that shall waft you along,
And hope be the anchor both weighty and strong ;
Your breastplate be righteousness, shining and bright,
Your girdle be truth, fitted firmly and tight.

Your sword be the spirit and tempered like steel.
God give you the strength such a weapon to wield ;
And though we may not meet again here below,
God's blessing attend you wherever you go.

And when you arrive at your haven at last,
Your troubles are over, anxieties past,
May all your dear loved ones who went on before,
There meet you with Jesus to part nevermore.

A RICH GEM.

On one morn stood a Peri quite disconsolate,
And he sued for admission at Eden's bright gate ;
But was told that an entrance there could not be gained,
Not without the best treasure that could be obtained.

It must traverse the earth and procure a rich gem.
If approved would secure it a sure passport then ;
The proposal accepted thence onward it went,
On securing its object became quite intent.

It explored all the seas and the earth to its poles,
And at last found a lump of pure unalloyed gold ;
With aerial fingers he grasped the bright prize,
Struck its pinions to reach the celestial skies.

Yet the gold was rejected, again it was told
It must go where the earth does its treasures unfold.
For a gem of more value than this he must give,
Ere permission to enter those gates would receive.

Then it roamed over mountains, amid silver streams,
And through fields of bright verdure, where blossoms
were seen ;

To the dire fields of battle perchance it impart
The last drop of fresh blood, from a young warrior's heart.

This it thought was a gem, indeed precious it was,
For true liberty spilt and his dear country's cause ;
This the Peri soon grasped and with some other gems
To that happy abode struck his pinions again.

But this too was rejected at Paradise gate,
Till a gem still more precious again it must wait ;
So it roamed many days, till near weary, but when
About passing an autumn clad, dreary, dark glen,

That a sweet sleeping infant he there did descry
In its innocent beauty and loveliness lie ;
And absorbed in admiring its beautiful face,
Thought it sure was a treasure that Eden might grace.

Was about to take hold of and bear it away.
When he looked and approaching to where the babe lay,
Was a haggard old robber emerged from the woods,
Who advanced to the spot, and there motionless stood.

As he looked on the face of that beautiful child,
Now so harmless and loveable, placid and mild ;
While admiring, he thought of his infantile days,
Of his innocent childhood, once happy and gay.

And his heart adamant, he contrasted now,
And his life so degraded, his virtues so low ;
His own path filled with sin and with sorrow replete
With the innocent sleeper that lay at his feet.

Now moved with contrition, his heart heaved a sigh,
The angel beheld a tear drop from his eye ;
He eagerly caught it, nor longer did wait.
And he soared away swiftly to Paradise gate.

Soon he offered the boon, it was penitence's tear.
Earth affords not a gem so acceptable there ;
It secured it a passport where spirits divine,
Do forever in union and harmony shine.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT W. H. HARRISON.

How great the changes, human fate,
He is laid low who ruled in state ;
How frail are all things here below,
How vain is human pomp and show.

One whom our country wide and long,
His praises chanted in their songs ;
And sons as well as aged sires,
His many graces did admire.

And men of science did proclaim
Unequalled merits of his name ;
A hero in the battle-field,
To foes he scorned through fear to yield.

A patriot, an American,
Philanthropist and people's man ;
One who would vindicate their rights,
His country's service his delight.

Who of all others was the best,
Nor yet disparaging the rest,
The constitution of our land,
To guide securely nor yet strand.

Though breakers might be seen ahead,
Which inexperienced men might dread,
Yet with his giant intellect,
Our happy country would protect.

The sovereign people of our land
Acknowledged him to be the man
Of their own choice ; one who would be
A surety for their liberty.

Thus to his skill did they confide
Our constitution's helm to guide ;
To him the nation did look up,
With all due confidence and hope.

Thus honored he by fortune gained
The highest pinnacle of fame ;
His head a wreath of laurels wear,
With which no Monarch's crown compare.

Yet God who governs all things right,
By whose Almighty power and might ;
Nations do fall and nations rise,
The Great Eternal, the Allwise.

When earth's formation was begun,
He spake the word and it was done ;
He now displayed his sovereign right.
Our nation's fondest hopes to blight.

For on the bed of death he laid.
Our country friend acknowledged head ;
That he might to the nation show
His power to bring the mighty low.

When wrecked with sore distress and pain.
No human means could him sustain ;
His dying lips his country blest.
And quietly he sank to rest.

Our statesmen clad in mourning are,
And thousands weeds of sorrow wear ;
For him who was our country's pride,
Whom they were willing to confide.

'Tis now the counsel of the wise,
In consequence of his demise,
That all unite with one accord,
And humbly bow before the Lord.

To ask of Him whose eye can scan
A nation, as a single man ;
To grant that his successors be,
As wise, discreet, and good as he.

May christians to God's throne repair,
Pour out their souls in humble prayer ;
That those who fill that vacant place.
May this republic ne'er disgrace.

May truth and righteousness prevail,
Our peace no enemies assail :
May no oppressive tyranny
E'er rob us of our liberty.

THE STRAY LAMBS.

Near to a mountain's rugged side,
Down which the rippling streams do glide ;
Beside a glen upon a green.
A shepherd with his flock was seen.

He watched them with an anxious eye,
When needed he was always nigh ;
Fresh fields of green did he provide,
And led them by still water's side.

Two lambs while grazing in the night,
Carelessly wandered from his sight ;
When morning dawn the landscape cheered,
He found those lambs had disappeared.

He sought them over hill and dale,
Until his countenance grew pale ;
He persevered but all in vain,
No information could he gain.

When the sun 'rose bright orb of day,
And chased the gloom of night away ;
The wanderers found the vale they'd crossed,
And hopes of peace and plenty lost.

They travelled in the paths that wind
Around the mount, but could not find
The path, that led them to the field.
Which sweet supplies of verdure yield.

They wandered on, 'till close of day
Convinced them they were far away ;
Frantic with fear, hungry and dry,
Nor was there food or fountain nigh.

Around the mount the gathering clouds,
The vivid lightnings thunder loud ;
The howling wolves which they could hear,
Served greatly to increase their fear.

Thus trembling in the frightful storm
They lay, 'till the approach of morn ;
One onward ran nor did refrain,
Until the summit he had gained.

And hastening down the side to go,
Fell headlong in the gulf below ;
The shepherd long his fate deplore,
For he was never heard of more.

The other made resolve again,
If possible to find the plain ;
Where was the flock, and also where
The shepherd with his constant care.

Carefully now he travelled down
The paths, his wandering feet had found ;
They led him to the vale below.
Which some bright hopes of safety show.

Despairing, hungry and distressed,
About to lay him down to rest ;
He raised once more his anxious eyes,
And in the distance did descry

The shepherd ; folding in his arms
A tender lamb, secure from harm ;
Too weak alone to reach the place,
But he desired the shepherd's grace.

Though feeble from fatigue and fear,
His bleating reached the shepherd's ear ;
Lo ! how the shepherd's heart rejoiced,
To recognize the wanderer's voice.

He ran directly to the vale,
And with a sympathetic hail,
Extended forth his gracious arms,
And pressed him to his bosom warm.

He put him in the fold secure,
And gave him food and water pure ;
He from his presence night or day,
Was never after known to stray.

So the good Shepherd of our souls
Protects his saints within his fold ;
He knows them and they know his voice,
While in His presence they rejoice.

But if for want of faith and pride,
One cease to follow by His side,
Passes humiliation's vale,
And in the world of sin regale ;

Pass heedless on from day to day,
Nor stop to ponder, watch and pray,
Will find e'er long, the path he's trod
Has led him far away from God.

Darkness will gather 'round his mind,
Peace for his soul he cannot find ;
The threat'nings of God's wrath severe
Will sound like thunders in his ear.

Though he may win a worthy name,
Ascend the pinnacle of fame ;
Yet he will find at last a fall,
In losing God, he loses all.

But he who would return to God,
And shun the justice of his rod ;
With faith must lift his eyes above,
There sits the Shepherd full of love.

Repenting, he again must tread
The paths his wandering feet have led ;
Humiliation's vale's the place,
Where God reveals His smiling face.

The humble soul with broken heart,
Will find the smiles His grace imparts :
His arm of mercy does reveal
A balm for every wound he feels.

The bread of life will God bestow,
Salvation's springs like waters flow ;
Nor will he ever after stray,
While he delights to watch and pray.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Beneath a cool and spreading shade,
There is a fountain clear and pure ;
A fountain nature's God has made,
And one which ever will endure.

And from its sides a rippling stream
Flows gently through the vale below ;
Its margin yields bright germs of green,
Blossoms and fruit there also grow.

It is a cool and safe retreat,
Where thirsty travellers repair ;
The waters are so pure and sweet,
Their raging thirst they quench it there.

And many a man has blest the day,
Though fortune good or ill he share ;
When nearly famished on the way,
He turned and drank those waters there.

'Tis never hot, is never cold,
No tributaries enter there
To cause it e'er to overflow,
Nor yet its purities impair.

So doth the mighty power of God
O'ershade the fountain of His grace ;
And fresh supplies will it afford
For all who seek to find his face.

It is a fount which never dries,
A soul refreshing, safe retreat ;
Who seek aright will find supplies,
Which makes his happiness complete.

Within humiliation's vale,
Spring up the germs of righteousness ;
Producing fruits most pure and hale,
When watered from the fount of grace.

The christian who desires to grow
In knowledge of the truth and grace ;
Must learn of Him, who, meek and low,
Benignly shows His smiling face.

THE OLD PHYSICIAN OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

Alas our aged friend is gone,
His mem'ry will be cherished long ;
For him affection sheds a tear,
And would that he might still be here.

He who has watched the sick bed-side,
A safe specific to provide.
With sleepless eyes and anxious care,
No effort to relive did spare.

In storm or sunshine, cold or heat,
He aimed the wish of friend's to meet ;
The poor who had no means to pay
Obtained his aid by night or day.

For eight successive nights he said,
He watched the sick and dying beds :
And with unerring hand and skill,
Ne'er failed his duty to fulfill.

His fame will live though he has gone,
Which public services have won ;
Nor will his counsels be forgot,
So wisely given and often sought.

In consultation he was frank,
Among his compeers first in rank ;
The faculty will long revere
His memory, though he is not here.

And many will his memory bless,
The widow and the fatherless
Have often found his ready hand
Has satisfied their want's demand.

When last I saw that worthy man,
His silver locks and trembling hand
Bespoke his end was drawing nigh,
I saw and heard him heave a sigh.

But he will heave a sigh no more.
Nor his infirmities deplore;
Nor longer will his hands provide
For those around his fireside.

No more his hoary head will bow,
Crave God his blessings to bestow;
Nor shall we ever see him there,
As once he sat in his arm chair.

The earth supports his weary head,
Beside his consort he is laid;
And though he sleeps beneath the sod,
We trust his spirit lives with God.

A BEREAVED HUSBAND.

Why couldst thou here no longer stay,
To cheer me through this vale of tears?
Why has thy spirit fled away,
And left me nought my path to cheer?

My grief from cares thou didst assuage,
And made my labors light for joy;
Thine every effort did engage,
And every means didst thou employ

To make my dwelling happiness;
When I was sick my bed did smooth.
Thy face lit up with cheerfulness,
My aching heart did always soothe.

My life is now a gloomy round,
My troubles I must bear alone ;
Thy voice I ne'er may hear the sound,
I feel alas ! that thou art gone.

But God in wisdom caused it so,
From murmuring feelings I'll refrain,
When I have done with all below,
May I behold thy face again.

DEATH OF A YOUNG HUSBAND AND FATHER.

Our friend beneath the spreading shade,
In yonder cemetery now sleeps ;
To earth a long farewell he bade,
His friends are left behind to weep.

A son obedient and docile,
A brother who was loved most dear ;
Firm were his friends who'll cherish still
His memory, though he is not here.

How suddenly are rent those ties,
Which bound him to his friends, his home ;
How unexpected his demise,
Which calls so many hearts to mourn.

Why heaven has called, we know not now.
Nor why so soon he's borne away ;
He who was loved, yet God will show
What he designed some future day.

He was of noble mind, and bland
His spirit, as the vernal morn ;
His presence graced the social band.
His talents did the bar adorn.

His friendship pledged was lasting sure,
Not but a name a friend indeed ;
As lasting friendship which is pure.
His never failed in time of need.

On Sabbath in the house of God,
Where christians join in humble prayer.
And listen to the preached word,
They always found him present there.

And when his daily toils were done,
He met his wife and children dear ;
His smiles which their affection won,
Dispelled their every rising fear.

But now those eyes which beamed so bright,
Those smiles which played upon his cheek,
Those lips which once expressed delight
Have ceased to cheer, have ceased to speak.

That circle which the other day.
Its peace had nothing to impair ;
Gladness and joy have passed away,
Husband and father is not there.

Perhaps the children cannot feel
How great is their bereavement now ;
The mother anguish does reveal,
There's grief depicted on her brow.

Friend of her youth, her bosom friend.
No earthly object was so dear ;
May God in mercy condescend
To calm her mind, assuage her tears.

Though drinking from affliction's cup,
Which God has sent her from above ;
The surest test to try her hope,
Inspire her soul with heavenly love.

May He who sits to purify
Mens hearts, with His almighty grace ;
As silversmith with anxious eye
Watches the silver till his face

It does reflect, in perfect form ;
So may her Saviour's image shine,
And may His grace her heart adorn,
He be her friend who is divine.

Many will visit now the grave,
Where rests the friend they loved when here,
Many that sacred spot will lave.
There grief will shed the heartfelt tear.

A YOUNG FRIEND PASSED AWAY.

A golden ray of morning light,
Had pierced the Oriental night ;
Like Jacob's ladder, long and high,
It made a passage to the sky.

An angel pure, who long had shone,
Received a message from the throne ;
And mounting in his golden car,
Which shone in heaven, like as a star.

Shines to our view ; yet far more bright,
Descended on a ray of light,
Down to this Earth—where mortals are—
And waited for a passenger.

Within a cottage chamber, there
Was a loved female, young and fair—
That feeble tenement of clay—
By Phœbus smitten—helpless lay.

Death finished what disease begun,
Ere the full light of morning sun
Had o'er this Earth, his perfect light,
Diffused, and dissipated night.

So when the golden thread was loosed—
Her spirit, which to Earth was used,
Was the first ready passenger—
And took a seat within the car.

Drawn by celestial steeds of night,
Ascended on a ray of light.
Where heavenly music greets the ear,
As earthly mortals cannot hear.

The mortal portion—which was left,
And of a soul, was now bereft,
Was graced with flowers of purity,
Beauty and immortality.

Friendship had wreathed around her head,
She still was beautiful, though dead ;—
Within a precious casket lay,
Is now at rest—to sleep for aye.

Yet, shed no more the bitter tear
Ye weeping friends, though she was dear ;
Yield not, to comfortless regret.
But think, though gone, she liveth yet.

THE POOR BEGGAR CHILD.

Will you give me some cold victuals m'am if you please ?
I want something to eat which my hunger will ease ;
Yester night I had nothing to eat even bread,
And so I was obliged to go hungry to bed.

There are some never know, from the feeling I'm told,
What it is to be hungry or suffer from cold ;
And who never from poverty, winter must dread,
Or for want of a supper go hungry to bed.

So I too might not want did my father still live,
For before he grew sick, he had plenty to give ;
And my mother would smile and when I was well fed,
She would kiss a good night when she put me to bed.

Now my father is dead and my mother is poor,
And she weeps all the time that she sees him no more ;
Often shivering with cold when our prayers have been said,
For the want of a lamp go in darkness to bed.

Now my mother grows sick and I fear she will die,
But she tells me that there is a home in the sky.
Where we'll never know sorrow and tears never shed,
Or for want of a supper, go hungry to bed.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND HARRY.

A year ago, I had a little friend,
His name was Harry an only child ;
He used sometimes to come and with me play,
I loved him dearly cause he was so mild.

He never would be angry when at play,
And never teased me as some others would ;
We rode my rocking-horse and marbles rolled.
He was not selfish but was always good.

Sometimes we dressed ourselves in old clothes,
And in our gambols had a lot of fun ;
But when his leave to stay, was past, went home,
As cheerful as before our plays begun.

One day I heard my little friend was sick,
So very sick they feared that he must die ;
I knew he could not come again to play,
I felt so badly that I had to cry.

He died ; they made a casket for his bed,
And placed within his hand a blooming rose ;
His mother wrapped him in his little cloak,
And then that jewel in that casket closed.

I wished he had lived till summer time,
When many roses bloom and flowers are bright ;
I'd like to place some in his little bed,
And kiss him as I said his last good night.

I do not think that all he was is dead,
Although his spirit gently passed away ;
His Heavenly Father loved him so he said,
And he loved God he also used to say.

The blessed Saviour said when here on earth,
Hinder them not, let children come to me ;
Such little children sing God's praise on earth,
In heaven their angels may God's glory see.

THE ROSES SUGGESTED BY THE SUD-
DEN DEATH OF TWO CHILDREN.

I saw two roses bright and fair,
United to the parent stem,
Their fragrance wafted on the air.
And crystal dew drops rest on them.

It seemed as though no chilling blast
Could wither them, they looked so bright :
Beauty and fragrance long might last,
They long might look as lovely quite.

But ere the vernal sun had set,
Beneath the western horizon.
I saw and lo ! with deep regret
Some hand had plucked them, they were gone.

Where are they gone I asked one near,
Those roses recently so gay ;
He said mourn not, dry up your tear,
Though they have bloomed but for a day.

The hand that caused them here to bloom.
Dress'd in fair nature's gay attire ;
The Author of their life and doom,
Here placed them for us to admire.

He has assumed his perfect right,
To take them when his will should choose :
He who made them, when here, so bright,
Has taken them for his own use.

The parent stem did bow her head,
Who of her roses was bereft ;
Submissively and calmly said
I have indeed one comfort left.

It is that when the vernal suns
Shall clothe anew fair nature's face
With verdure, I shall clad in turn
And roses too my head shall grace.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

This is a day when many hearts
Beat joyfully and gay ;
When many friends will meet to part,
It is thanksgiving day.

Yet when the sun did greet my eyes,
With his resplendant rays,
My heart was sad, and with a sigh,
Did greet thanksgiving day.

I thought of those I loved so dear,
Who now are far away ;
My heart did with their presence cheer,
On last thanksgiving day.

My brothers with their wives were here,
The boys did sport and play ;
All did unite the scene to cheer,
On last thanksgiving day.

My mother in the corner sat,
Where she was wont to stay ;
The vacant seat we now regret,
On this thanksgiving day.

Then with a smile she welcomed home,
Her children from away ;
She smiles no more, we are alone
On this thanksgiving day.

Her aged consort sheds a tear,
And plaintively does say,
There is no such enjoyment here,
As last thanksgiving day.

But faith looks up to joys above,
May heaven permit we may,
Meet there and spend with those we love,
A long thanksgiving day.

THE LITTLE SHAVING GIRL.

A little shaving-pedler girl,
Called at my door one morning ;
She looked too pure for this cold world,
The plebeian class adorning.

She said she had no breakfast eat,
And she was faint and chilly ;
Beside her on the steps there sat,
Her sis and brother Willie.

They had no shoes upon their feet,
Or cap or bonnet either ;
And all their clothes were incomplete,
For such inclement weather.

Please buy my shavings. please ma'am do,
I've plead in vain of others ;
Then I will buy a loaf, then go
And take it home to mother.

She has no food until I go,
She's pale for want of sleeping ;
My father died long time ago,
I left her sad and weeping.

When I was small, as little sis,
And Willie was a baby ;
I had a father then to kiss,
And mother was a lady.

My father was a long time sick,
One day said he must leave us ;
He grew so pale and died so quick,
Oh ! how the sight did grieve us.

Then mother had to leave our home,
With me and Sis and Willie ;
Where now we live it seems so lone,
In winter, drear and chilly.

And those whom mother deemed her friends,
When she had home and fashion,
Have all deserted her which lends,
A pang to her low station.

So please to me some pity show,
And take my load of shavings ;
That I to mother soon may go,
With bread to ease her cravings.

Those who have homes and plenty now,
And cheerful friends to light them ;
Feel not that all their hopes may go,
Those friends may help to blight them.

AN ACROSTIC.

God who has made the sun so bright,
Each star and moon that shines by night,
On us he sends refreshing rains ;
Removes the clouds, sun shines again.
Gives life and health to you and me,
Each bird that flies and beast we see,
Spreads on the earth the verdant green,
Each flower that blooms, his eye has seen.
And all that grows for us to eat,
Yes ! bread and all the fruit and meat ;
Reigns in the heavens beyond the sky,
So good from all eternity.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS AND SEA SHORE.

I'll tell you of a pleasant trip,
Our friend and I and others
Have lately taken in the cars,
As happily as brothers.

No incident of worthy note,
Perhaps that I need mention ;
To write what no one cares to know,
It is not my intention.

The morn was fair as one could wish,
The air was clear and balmy,
And cheerfully we took our seats
Contentedly and calmly.

A picnic party joined the train,
Conductor soon appearing,
A talk about their tickets soon
Commenced, not very cheering.

Discussion lasted for a while,
Then gathering up their tickets,
He left the cars, still looking sour,
As ever tired picket.

The iron horse still sped along,
Scarce stopping for a minute.
When tightly curbed it snorted loud,
As though the deuce was in it.

But never mind we sped along,
By village and by city,
And had we not enjoyed ourselves,
It would have been a pity.

The valley of the Merrimack,
Our chosen road to travel,
Had no obstructions for the wheels
Made up of sand and gravel.

We passed by woodland, farms and lakes,
And pleasant scenes and fountains,
Pemigewasset house at last
We found among the mountains.

The driver stopped the iron horse,
And all went up to dinner,
And there we found the fare was good
Enough for saint or sinner.

Refreshed we started on our way,
Not changing our relation,
Until we reached the place to leave. -
Which proved to be West Runney station.

Whom would you think our friend should take,
And kindly make his protege,
She was a lady quite advanced
Towards the years of dotage.

He always proved to be a gentleman.
At no time any other,
And every act of kindness showed,
As he had been a brother.

On board the cars he found a man
Who owned a span of horses,
He promised to convey us through,
Without delay or losses.

We waited at the station long,
For Jehu to be coming,
But he came not and might as well
Been in the woods out gunning.

The first we knew of his treachery,
A little man who knew it
A little buggy backing up,
A horse frame harnessed to it.

The horse had served his master well
For thirty years and over,
When in his prime might have been fast,
If fed on oats and clover.

Our friend protested but in vain,
He had to grin and bide it.
We took our seats with baggage packed,
The small man walked beside it.

The driver had the reins, no whip,
I cannot quite well tell it,
He shouted "get up! go long!" and more,
Alas! I cannot spell it.

But horses know the language used
I've seen and often heard on't.
But soon was proved the talking vain,
The horse could not hear on't.

You should have seen his honor's face,
To know the situation,
We think, if he had ever swore,
He would on that occasion.

He asked for a switch, one was procured,
But that one was so brittle,
However skilled the driver was,
It aided but a little.

By dint of jerking reins and switch,
And all the skill and power,
We think perhaps he might have made,
A mile in half an hour.

The case appeared so desperate
When coming to a stable,
The page exchanged the horse for one
More speedy and more able.

He found a little stool and then
He took the seat as driver,
His conversation proved to be
Desponding soul's reviver.

He told how he cleared his land
Up there among the mountains;
And also showed us where he built
A mill up by the fountain.

His wife worth more by far to him
Than mill or farm or fountains,
All kinds of work knew how to do,
Cause—reared among the mountains.

She knew how to milk the cows and make
Good bread and cheese and butter.
She could spin and weave and knit and sew
And would not scold or mutter.

She helped to rake and mow the hay,
Raise squashes or tomatoes,
And later in the season husk,
Pick apples or potatoes.

When clearing land, she helped him, too,
The limbs in piles to gather,
No fear to soil her hands, or fear
The hot or colder weather.

She reared herself a monument,
The act seemed very funny,
She laid a large stone on a stump
Upon the hill-side sunny.

He pointed out some hedgehog fences,
He said she helped him make it,
If I may judge he would not like
To have the cattle break it.

He has a daughter, but a child,
Six years of age not older,
Who rides on horseback to town,
As well as those much bolder.

He sometimes worked for "Uncle Sam,"
And carried bags of letters,
And served him just as faithfully
As many of his letters.

We passed by glens and waterfalls,
And precipices, frightful !
At last surmounted Youngman's Heights.
There found the scene delightful.

Our friends were so happy we had come.
All sadness and all tearfulness,
If ever clouds had passed that way,
All sunny now and cheerfulness.

Their tables loaded too with food
Farmers alone can furnish,
Exceeds the hotel fare as much
As gold, rough cast, when burnished.

What cream ! so sweet with berries fresh.

We ate it with more relish,
Better than costly viands which,
More stately boards embellish.

Our visit finished we returned.

Where mountain scenery ceases,
And started for the sea side, where
We felt the ocean breezes.

Our friend and wife from Youngman's Heights,

They joined in our excursion,
Our object and our aim the same.
Health seeking and diversion.

We had a palace car prepared,

Our party all were seated,
And every comfort we could wish.
Sit or recline, completed.

At Boston had to wait awhile,

And went to do some shopping,
With dining at the Parker House,
Took all of our time of stopping.

We went to Portsmouth where we found

The best accommodations.
The cooks and waiters both excel
Most others in their stations.

I'd tell of something of the house,

The Rockingham of fame is ;
The landlord much a gentleman,
Frank Hilton that his name is.

New Castle is an island town

Two miles from Portsmouth city,
Commanding Portsmouth Harbor views,
Both picturesque and pretty.

The Wentworth House deserving note,

The landlords, Chase and Campbell,
We found a pleasant sea side home,
Sea views, it does command well.

An artist had been stopping there,
Sketching the views surrounding :
Many were finished up with care,
With beautiful tents abounding.

We went to Rye's extensive beach,
Where billows roll much bolder ;
They lash the shore with foam and roar.
Exciting to beholder.

We put up at the Sanborn House.
Quite homelike for a stranger ;
We felt a freedom from restraint,
And also free from danger.

Our lady friend grew very sick,
We feared she'd have a fever,
And telegraphed for Dr. Hall
Of Portsmouth, who relieved her.

Levi T. Sanborn was our host.
His wife as kind as may be,
Old folks and children made the group,
The "rosebud" was the baby.

The sisters of the hostess fair,
And competent and able,
To furnish comforts for the guests,
Politely serve the table.

The guests were gentlemen of taste,
Experience and travel ;
One was expert in sleight of hand
Not easy to unravel.

Showed Chinese curiosities,
One god of the deep ocean.
One his satanic majesty,
Who claimed man's true devotion.

Some other curiosities
Were brought by Hesse from China,
But none to represent that God
Who thundered on Mount Sinai.

Cross made of wood from Olivet,
A Jewish mite and shekel,
A piece of cloth which Phillip's throne.
French Emperor bedecked well.

Some wood from California's tree,
Four hundred feet it numbered
In height, and its circumference
It measured feet one hundred.

The heart decayed, cleaned out with fire.
To make the opening wider,
A horse went in and turned around.
And on his back a rider.

Thirty young lads and lasses fair,
Met on the stump together.
And danced and had a jolly time.
Fine California weather.

The weather growing chill and damp,
The summer season ended,
The guests prepared to separate,
And various ways they wended.

Two wished to sail around the earth,
But one who so intended,
Suddenly passed to spirit land,
Before the week was ended.

Some started for the Sunny South,
Where summer lasts forever,
While others went to Northern homes.
And more inclement weather.

And all in all, our time has passed.
With changes ever pleasant;
So I will bid this theme good-bye.
At least so for the present.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LONG AGO.

AN ALLEGORY.

An old man lately travelled along the lone way,
And his head was quite bald, and his beard turning gray ;
Yet his eyes looking bright, and his memory so,
That he talked of the scenes, which were long, long ago.

Of the Colonies when they were weak and so poor,
People lived in log houses, wood hinges for doors ;
Leather strings to the latches, which whittled from wood.
And they answered all purposes, even were good.

When outside of the house, there was no bell to ring,
And they rapped on the door, heard a voice *say walk in* ;
Then they knew they were welcome, to open the door,
Which they did, when they drew the latch string, nothing
more.

There was room in the house for the loom, that was so,
And a wheel to spin wool on, and cotton, and tow ;
And a wheel to spin worsted, and flax, there was room,
And behind the board door hung the green hemlock broom.

The stone chimney was large, and the fire burned bright,
With a light from a pitch-pine knot blazing at night,
Could all over the room see to knit or to sew,
And no kerosene bursting the lamps up you know.

But the white tallow candles that set on the shelves,
Made from home-slaughtered beeves, mothers dipped
them themselves,
They were careful to waste none, they burned them with
care,
For if sickness should come, there would be *none* to spare.

Often torches were made of fat splinters of pine,
Though they smoked the house some, were thought best
for the time,
One could see to draw cider, or see to split wood,
Were for great many purposes, even called good.

Once an accident happened ; a man kept a store.
Had a barrel of brandy, he wished to explore ;
So he drew out the bung, held a torch near the same.
And the brandy took fire left him nought but his name.

For the owner was killed, and the house was burned
down,
Nothing left for the family, saving the ground ;
Was a sad loss to mother and children that night,
They escaped from the flames, with few clothes in their
fright,

In those days when the hunter could roam through the
woods,
And perchance meet a bear which they shot for their food.
Then the farmers kept hogs, to make pork that was good,
With a ring in their snouts, they could roam if they would.

On one morning at just at the break of the day,
Quite too early to mow down the grass to make hay,
And too early for even the singing of birds,
Was a sound of distress by a family heard.

So the man made a rush, and he opened the door.
Peering into the darkness, the cause to explore ;
When he saw an old bear, in the wood left his den,
And had stolen his breakfast, out of his hog pen.

Though the bear felt secure, yet the sequel will show,
That the punishment due to that crime, did not know,
When the owner of pig made a rush for his gun,
Found a scant ammunition, and bullets but one.

But he chopped up some spoons, making shot out of them.
And he shot at the bear only laming him then.
But he went to his neighbors who heeded his call,
And they took with them guns, also powder and balls.

And they shot at, and luckily killing the bear,
And when dressed and divided each one had a share.
Such rejoicing they felt, having slain the wild beast,
They called in other friends, to partake of their feast.

A TOAD AND SPIDER FIGHT.

One summer day when Sol was hid from view,
The air was damp, the leaves were clad with dew ;
Which people thought an inauspicious day.
For mowing grass or drying it for hay.

Yet such an one as tillers always know,
Is quite as good for them to wield the hoe ;
A man of industry quits not his toil,
Because it is not needed on the soil.

A farmer had a little plot detached,
And cultivated for a cabbage patch ;
Among the cabbages were growing weeds,
If unsubdued would ripe with noxious seeds.

He had two lads whose time he would employ,
One, he had hired for help, one was *his* boy ;
He bade them take their hoes, they might go down
And cut the weeds and lighten up the ground.

They worked and talked as boys are wont to do,
Till they were tired, then sought for something new ;
The first thing to amuse them caught their sight.
Was a pitched battle, toad and spider fight.

The toad would spring at spider, aim a blow,
And all the hatred of his species show ;
The spider in return at toad would start,
Inflict a dangerous wound with venom dart.

The toad when wounded would at once refrain,
And seek an antidote to quell the pain ;
Then straightway to the combat would return,
When both inspired by vengeance seemed to burn.

Boys watched the toad to see what he had found.
To cure so quick what seemed a fatal wound ;
They saw him straightway to a spot repair
And eat some plantain, which was growing there.

As oft a wound the spider did renew,
The toad repaired to where the plantain grew ;
And when sufficient of the leaf had chewed,
Returned and both the deadly strife renewed.

Not quite divining what the reason was,
Or why the toad should know effect from cause ;
While toad and spider were at deadly fight,
They plucked the plantain, threw it out of sight.

The toad received a wound producing pain,
Directly sought the antidote again ;
But fatal proved the battle he had fought,
In vain he sought the plantain, it was not.

As nature did no other cure provide,
The poison swelled him, soon laid down and died.
The spider then to whom the toad did yield,
In triumph marched victorious from the field.

HARMONY OF THE ELEMENTS AND THE SEASONS.

Apollo and Neptune together once met,
To talk of their duties the light, heat and wet ;
Decided Eolus if he were but there,
Their deliberations together might share.

When came the next meeting Eolus went too.
Was willing to learn and his duty to do ;
All being desirous to do the most good,
Each doing his duty as all understood.

They talked of the Earth where God's creatures do live,
The aid and the comfort they all helped to give ;
Would always do best for them now and again,
While man should be satisfied and not complain.

When winter came round and claimed absolute sway,
They yielded a while let him have his own way ;
He covered the Earth with his frost and his snow,
And lingered till all nature wished him to go.

He never attempted to go no not he,
Was stubborn and crusty as all hard hearts be ;
Attempted no move until Sol came that way,
He softened his heart and he started away.

The aid which Eolus had given so long,
With life at the north pole was now not so strong,
The love he had cherished for winter of late,
Essentially changed now was turned into hate.

He left his old home and off to the South,
The blasts that he blew were all warm from his mouth ;
So mildly both worked drove cold winter away,
Eolus and Sol now both had their own way.

Cold winter whose rule had caused so many fears,
So grieved at his fate that he melted to tears ;
So full were the fountains from tears that he shed,
That rills, brooks and rivers filled more than their beds.

But Sol smiled so sweetly now winter had fled
They soon were effaced like the tears for the dead ;
Sol smiled, oh ! so sweetly, so brilliant his light,
One while in his presence could never see night.

Eolus returned to his home when he could,
Assumed his right place where his mill always stood ;
Caution and Prudence they ground with such care,
One scarcely would know that a mill had been there.

Sol's smiles kept so pleasant his light was so warm,
That Neptune was called for to furnish a storm ;
The place of his home and his place where to sleep,
Was always secure in the bed of the deep.

The call for his presence soon earnest and loud,
He 'rose from his sleep in the form of a cloud ;
He was not quite sure but he'd fail in disgrace,
Unless he could manage to cover Sol's face.

He needed some help for to spread out a veil,
Alone if he tried it he knew he should fail ;
So called on Eolus to come to his aid,
And help him to carry the plan he had laid.

He left his own home and went round to the East,
The veil helped make broader its thickness increase ;
So thick and so broad that it covered the skies,
Completely obscuring Sol's face and his eyes.

The veil growing thicker which Neptune had made,
It kept growing darker and gloomy the shade ;
So heavy it grew that it could not retain
Its original form so it dropped down in rain.

The ground had been sleeping and taking its rest,
Though covered with snow yet it still had been blest ;
And lately so wet it was now dry again,
And thirsty and ready to drink all the rain.

In gardens and fields soon appeared germs of green,
Quite soon tiny buds and bright blossoms were seen ;
The farmers soon planted, sowed broadcast their grain,
And summer came smiling and blooming again.

As summer and Sol had been always near friends,
They toiled side by side both would reach the same end ;
As all vegetation grew rapid and green,
In fields and in meadows prolific were seen.

And by and by Ceres with sickle in hand,
She gathered and garnered all grain in the land ;
As man had now plenty of food to be fed,
And animals too had no hunger to dread.

If winter should come with his white spread of snow.
They bade him quite welcome till ready to go ;
The lads and the lasses were joyful to go,
And have some fine sleighriding over the snow,

And merrily mingled their joy and their song,
With music of sleigh bells while gliding along ;
So winter he triumphed again for awhile,
'Til Sol showed his power to conquer with smiles,

Demanded that he abdicate as a king,
And give up his throne to his daughter the spring ;
So spring to the summer in turn gave her way,
And Summer to Autumn each had its own day.

COMMENDABLE ECONOMY.

The young man did not take a hack,
In consequence his shoes
Were somewhat tarnished by the mud,
And did not look as new.

Commendable economy,
He thought it was no sin,
The lady said—who is your friend?
You ought to ask him in.

Who may it be you speak of sir,
With whom you choose to walk?
Commendable economy,
Of whom I heard you talk?

I think he must be worthy sure,
If such a man as you
Can like him for your company,
And find him good and true.

Where does he live, please tell me where?
Some mansion it must be;
Or you would not associate
With such a man as he.

And does he keep a span of grays,
Barouche and driver too?
And yet he leaves them all at home,
To take a walk with you.

He must be good, I'm sure he must,
I'd like to see him so,
I wish you would invite him in,
I'd like him much I know.

And has he not some sisters, young
And fair, and lovely too?
I'd like to have their company
For me, with him and you.

Yes, he has sisters fair and good,
Their names perhaps you'd know ;
So I will tell you of them all,
Because I like them so.

Forethought their father's name is called,
And Prudence is his wife ;
Their daughters, Caution and Discreet,
All lead a virtuous life.

They also have a daughter Hope,
A son called Charity ;
Another little daughter Faith,
As bright as one can be.

Each tries to do their part in life.
And Plenty he lives there ;
And after they have all they want,
He still has some to spare.

So when you say I'll ask them down,
To make a visit here ;
The more you see you'll like the more.
Your daily life they'll cheer.

Your labors will not be increased,
With all that family ;
For Plenty he will also come,
You'll like him well as me.

Some old long cherished friends, you may
Be forced to set aside ;
And would it not your feelings crush,
To crush your old friend Pride.

Perhaps it might, but then I know
Your judgment good and wise,
As it is called for, I will try
To make the sacrifice.

And there is Fashion he has been
A tyrant cherished long ;
And will you also part with him.
And do yourself no wrong.

Fashion has ruled me long I know.
I also will decide,
He may go too, for he can find
A welcome home with Pride.

All necessary comforts they
Will make with us a home ;
For such amusements as we need,
Will not be forced to roam.

Contentment too, I've long desired,
To welcome as a guest ;
For well I know where she resides,
That family is blest.

That I will set my house to rights,
Shall be my aim and end ;
So you may give my blest regard
And welcome to your friends.

They came ! and strange to say they all
Had room enough and more ;
All was harmonious and peace,
Yet joyful as before.

Forethought looked forward to old age,
When all need home and friends ;
If in the past he made mistakes,
The future tried to mend.

Prudence what surplus plenty gave,
Were anything to spare,
Except what charity might need
She laid it up with care.

Their daughters, Caution and Discreet,
Were always by her side,
For every necessary want,
They helped her to provide.

Spendthrift were two in company,
They caused them to divide ;
They sent off Spend, retaining Thrift.
Cause he cared less for Pride.

Waste had been tolerated there,
But was not wanted now ;
And he went off to live with Pride,
To Fashion make his bow.

That family did not grow old,
Though time went swiftly by ;
They always kept him company,
This was the reason why.

When Time went 'round the earth with Sol,
And night gave place to day ;
Forethought's whole family were up,
To join him on the way.

They never had to run behind,
Because they started late ;
Or failed obedience to God's laws,
And charged the ill to fate.

Walking in wisdom's pleasant ways,
The lady and her friends
Found all the path, a path of peace,
From starting to the end.

A BEREAVED HUSBAND AND FATHER.

Pity that man of three score years and ten,
Whose youth and early manhood once had been
Buoyant with hope, and prospects quite as fair,
As most young men, with loves to sweeten care.

Lovely and fair and best of wives was his,
With sons and daughters adding to their bliss ;
But soon a boy and girl grew sick and died,
In two days only laid them side by side.

Thus in their golden days, were dark alloys
But more were given to increase their joys ;
They still did thrive, by industry and care
Their flocks increased, their cottage neat and fair

Seemed a befitting place, to make them sage,
And a most happy home for good old age ;
But ah ! how like a mildew or a blight,
That cometh when uncalled for in the night ;

Death to that dwelling unexpected came,
And for that wife and mother, laid his claim ;
And from his fatal grasp no power or skill
Could shield her, and she yielded to God's will.

That husband in the churchyard laid his bride,
Two tender infants, laid there by her side
His heart seemed broken, sorrow, grief and care
Weighed down his spirits nearly to despair.

But reason came, and hope to his relief,
And taught him that he must not yield to grief ;
They taught him that he was not quite bereft.
He had *four lovely sons and daughters* left.

For their support and comfort still must strive,
Comfort from their affection must derive ;
His work seemed light when he was sure to meet
His loved ones, bounding with their welcome greet.

Death was not satisfied with former claims,
But ere three years had passed came round again ;
And made his mark ; not only one or two,
But all that father loved, none less would do.

The throat distemper, terrible disease,
And scarlet fever gave them no more ease ;
Skilful physicians, careful nurses too,
Called to their aid, to save them tried to do.

He watched them day and night with anxious care,
Nor any means to give relief did spare ;
While ministering to one, another called,
While that, perhaps he hears papa from all.

And every effort adds but to his grief.
Each case is desperate, there is no relief ;
His darling daughter called him to her bed.
To him in feeble accents, *papa*—said.

I now am very sick, and I must die,
And soon must say to you a last good bye ;
Where shall I go, to papa? is it far,
To Heaven, where mother lives beyond the star.

Shall I go to her, never more to roam,
Has God provided for her child a home?
Your mother, darling, is a saint in heaven,
A home for all her children will be given.

Her little brother first was called away,
That best of daughters followed the next day ;
In twelve days more, his last and only son
Did cease to live, his suffering was done.

He still had left one daughter, pure and fair,
Who with the rose and lilly might compare ;
His cup of sorrow full, he still did dread,
What came in eight days more, *she too was dead.*

He felt that all was gone, no comfort left,
Of all he loved on Earth he was bereft ;
Where should he seek for comfort where indeed,
Who now could know his sorrows feel his need?

He roamed through woodland, over hill and glen,
And sought a place to weep away from men ;
His manly limbs shook like an aspen leaf,
His mind so tortured, and so weak from grief.

When he approached again his cottage home,
No voice of welcome said, *papa* has come !
No little arms to give him an embrace,
No lips to print a kiss upon his face.

How could he live within that cottage more,
And call it home, as he had done before,
Alas ! he could not feel content to stay,
Sold all to strangers, left and went away.

For many years he shared a stranger's home,
But growing old, and wishing not to roam,
He bought a home ; and married a new wife.
In quiet spending what remains of life.

Though every comfort competence can do,
A wife he loves, and one who loves him too ;
Yet, when a retrospective view he takes,
He grieves and weeps, as though his heart would break.

Though at temptation's door he sometimes halt,
It is his weakness, though it seemed a fault ; .
Have patience then and bear with him awhile.
And think to care for him, he has no child.

He has no child to raise him should he fall,
And none to answer to a father's call,
That God who gave them, when his heart was gay,
Had right and took them ere his locks were gray.

Then show him kindness, you who have the power,
Kind actions die not in the passing hour ;
And should he not reward you in his day,
Some others may, when he has passed away.

LADS PLAYING IN THE SNOW.

The sun shone bright, the sky of azure hue,
The air was chill, the snow was pure and new ;
In every sense a nice December day,
Such as young lads do like to spend in play.

Some youngsters met where months before had been,
In summer time a pleasant field of green ;
They met as friends for exercise and play,
Such as are found in a cold winter's day.

All who have lived beyond their youth do know,
How much of fun is furnished by the snow ;
For lads are never wanting in their prime,
For games and feats to pass away their time.

They rolled up snow and built themselves a fort,
Made images of various kinds for sport ;
Plunged in the snow, washed each the other's face,
Pelted with balls then each the other chase.

Each tried to drive the other from the field,
All were courageous and refused to yield ;
And when with feats like these they all got tired,
With thoughts of something else they were inspired.

They held a council as boys often do,
When they would learn to act on something new ;
An open field snow clad, all shorn of wood.
Except one lone tree in the centre stood.

So they agreed to make that tree their goal,
And each should take his course from that to stroll ;
One face the north, one south, one east, one west,
Each walk in a straight line to do his best.

Each thought it easy, nothing else but fun,
That he could make a path straight as a gun ;
First, Peter started off not doubting he,
But what the path he made quite straight would be.

He fixed his eyes alone upon the ground,
Walked on awhile then turned himself around ;
To see what progress and what his success,
Found his path crooked and his courage less.

Then Thomas started off to make his track,
But often turning 'round and looking back ;
He also found his path was crooked too,
And called on James to try what he could do.

James thought to have an object was good sense.
So fixed his eyes alone upon a fence ;
Marched on with confidence, but soon he found
The object useless, 'twas too near the ground.

And turning 'round that he his course might see,
He saw a crooked path from fence to tree ;
Each did his best and each failed in his turn,
Who followed might a lesson from them learn.

Walking ahead still looking on the ground.
Carefully walking often turning around ;
Having an object fixed upon the mind,
Without that object should be well defined.

Now it was time for John to show his skill,
 And that he might excel he had a will;
 An object to absorb his mind and eye,
 Were better far away and very high.

A mountain in the distance he espied,
 A point upon the top he took for guide;
 It was his mark, toward that made his way.
 No object else his vision led astray.

With one idea deep the plan he laid,
 Success soon crowned the effort he had made;
 And when he took a retrospective view,
 He saw his path as straight as it was new.

His good success might teach the others too,
 To do like him and be successful too;
 So every youth should set his standard high,
 Its final point no lower than the sky.

Aim at perfection, aim at nothing less,
 The nearer its approach more God will bless;
 Never once say because you can't go higher,
 That you'll be satisfied with low desire.

Never give up, its all the world to you,
 To walk the right way honestly and true;
 Never give up, the example which you lead,
 Will to your fellows be a precious mead.

TRUTH.

* WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.

Will *you* go, work to-day in the vineyard of God?
 It is *you* who are called, then attend to His word.
 Will you go, then commence in the morn of this day,
 While the sunshine of youth maketh joyful the way.

Will you *work* in God's vineyard, there's *work* to be done.
 Cut the weeds in the morn they will wilt in the sun.
 In my vineyard saith God where your labor shall be
 For all work from good motives is all done for me.

Then commence in the morning of life with good sight ;
It is better to labor in sunshine than night ;
For your eyes will grow dim, and your strength will decay.
And your life like the daylight will all pass away.

Do you ask me what work God would have you to do ?
To prepare for his work first be honest and true.
You must put on an armor of *want to do right*,
And whatever your hands find, then do with your might.

Let no dissimulation mar ever your youth,
Make a firm resolution to battle for truth ;
Yes, let truth be your object, whatever you see,
Speak the truth, have the courage wherever you be.

For companions to help in the culture of truth,
Learn of Prudence, Patience, Temperance and Truth ;
Bear in mind who most honored and lasting their fame.
Were most truthful and honest, and bore a good name.

There are noble young men in our parish I'm told,
Who will not tell a falsehood for silver or gold ;
May there never arise a temptation so strong,
As to lead them astray, or persuade them to wrong.

I've a high estimation of young ladies too,
And believe that they aim to be honest and true ;
And that they would as soon nearly part with a tooth,
As to do a wrong act or to not tell the truth.

There are nice little boys, also little girls too.
Who will always be good and no wrong act will do :
In the pathway of virtue and truth persevere,
God will then be your friend, and He always is near.

A LETTER TO MY NEPHEW IN THE ARMY.

I will write to you, dear Francis,
And the favor will confess,
Of the letter which you wrote me,
And the motive I will bless.

I was pleased to learn your welfare.
That your health is even good ;
That you are not forced to suffer
In the camp, for want of food.

In the morning, in his glory
Shines the sun, in golden light ;
In the darkness of the midnight
Shine the moon and stars all bright.

That same sun that warms and lights me,
And the moon and stars all true ;
As by Providence directed,
Warms and lights the path for you.

In the morning and at evening,
At midnight or noon of day,
May the God of Heaven bless you
In the camp though far away.

That same God who rules in Heaven,
And whose blessings on me fall,
He will hear your supplications,
If in faith, you on Him call.

If in health, you learn to trust Him.
Learn to love as well as fear,
Then whatever may befall you
Be assured that He is near.

TWO LITTLE LOVES PASSED AWAY.

In looking o'er the present and the past,
I recollect my visit first and last ;
The first time that I came to visit here,
A precious baby boy was nigh to cheer.

I also came here on another day.
That love was not, for he had passed away ;
But then a daughter dear had filled his place,
Full of affection and of lovely face.

When passing now where she wast wont to be,
Her voice I hear not and her face not see ;
I think I'll see her sometime in the day,
But yet, I know, she too has passed away.

Why is it thus that they should die so soon,
Just as a rose bud plucked before it bloom ?
Like precious jewels loaned but for a while,
To be admired, caressed and to beguile.

The casket quite too frail too last for aye,
So God who gave them took them both away.
They now are seraphs where the angels dwell,
Are praising God, *who doeth all things well.*

They with their heavenly wings are hovering near,
And bid you parents shed for them no tear ;
Will come to greet you on that changeful day,
When you from earth to heaven shall pass away.

A PARTY SELECTED FROM THE N. L. I.

Young men and maidens met together,
The evening pleasant, moony weather,
They had amusements youth enjoy
Nothing unpleasant to annoy.

One nice young man, I hope it is no harm,
Perhaps I ought to make apology,
For saying he has learned to spin fine yarn,
From fibres gathered from theology.

We hope he'll learn to weave as well as spin
A fabric which will wear like heavenly grace,
And plait a cord to draw men's souls from sin,
And guide them so they run a heavenly race.

Some brought up farmers, may be they
Will still grow fruit and grain and hay ;
Some will be teachers, if it suit
Teach young ideas how to shoot.

While others write to get their gain,
Thus labor with their hands and brain ;
Some mixing drugs prefer to be
Professors they, of pharmacy.

Some tend the depot for the train,
That is the way they get their gain :
Some get their living by the law
And wise conclusions from that draw.

Their names I think I have not time,
To make good measure and good rhyme ;
Andrews, Butterfield, Rogers, Phelps,
Barker, Metcalf, Cook, good helps ;

Weston, Barnes and one named Drew,
Young men of promise, good and true.
The ladies too were young and fair,
Who with the best will well compare.

Some have been teachers, will again
No doubt to eminence attain.
Some others may prefer instead
To follow something else or wed.

Rockwood, Coburn, Hunter, Ridcut,
Misses Prescott, Allen, Drew,
Clement, Bickford, Low and Burnham,
Cummings and Miss Thompson, two.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF LEAVING RELIGION IN THE SANCTUARY.

When Mary to the temple went,
With her beloved son
To worship God was her intent,
The Great, Eternal One.

Her mind was all absorbed in this
Great all important theme ;
Her hopes were bright of future bliss.
Which made her joy extreme.

She fed on heavenly manna there,
Until her soul was filled ;
Then with her many friends prepared
Her journey to fulfil.

The hours passed pleasantly away,
With joy they all moved on ;
Until at near the close of day,
She sought to find her son.

She sought among her friends to find
Her child till near despair ;
Fear took possession of her mind,
Her blessed was not there.

What now was her alternative,
Her steps she must retrace ;
Although her mind was filled with grief,
She looked to God for grace.

With anxious steps her ways she wound
Back to the house of God ;
And there her blessed son she found
Attending to His word.

Her sorrow vanished ; she rejoiced
When she beheld his grace,
No music sounded like his voice,
No beams shone like his face.

The christian to the house of God,
Will oftentimes repair,
He loves to feed upon His word,
And feel his presence there.

The showers of God's refreshing grace,
Like heavenly dews descend,
The smiles of His benignant face,
All earthly good transcends.

With ready heart and willing mind,
Submissively he bows,
God's favor ever hopes to find,
So makes his solemn vows.

But soon he leaves the house of God,
And mingles with the gay ;
Nor knows before he feels the rod,
How far he's gone astray.

He seeks among his friends in vain,
To find that peace he needs ;
There still within his mind remains
An aching void indeed.

With true repentance must retrace
The oblique path he's trod ;
Plead humbly at the throne of grace,
The favor of his God.

Nor will he seek in vain His grace ;
The humble, contrite heart
Will ever find his smiling face,
Light to the soul imparts.

MOTHERLESS CHILD.

Oh, once I had a mother near,
And she was kind to me ;
I loved no other one so dear,
And she loved none like me.

If any ill betided me,
She took me in her arms ;
And told me very plaintively,
That none should do me harm.

She often pressed her lips to mine,
And gave me a sweet kiss ;
And talked to me so very kind,
It gave me perfect bliss.

She sometimes made me pretty toys,
And taught me some new feat ;
And when she smiled on me, my joys
Were always made complete.

She also told me that the sun,
And moon, and stars that shine ;
Were made by God, the Holy One,
Eternal and Divine.

She said although He lives so high
Beyond the stars we see;
That when papa or she should die,
He would take care of me:

Now she has gone away and left
Father and me alone ;
We feel most sadly now bereft,
Of our best, dearest one.

In yonder grave her body lies,
Beneath a grassy mound ;
Her spirit lives with God on high,
Where perfect bliss is found.

DEATH OF A WIFE AND MOTHER.

Now darkness and sorrow encompass the dwelling,
Of her we have loved, now removed from our sight ;
There her husband resorts, from society stealing,
He feels his loss great and it is indeed true.

He thinks of the home which she once made so happy,
The smiles on her countenance, ever were bright ;
He draws now the contrast ; his home now is dreary,
His sunshine of day now is turned into night.

That motherless child, how she used to caress him,
When sick, how she patiently watched by his side ;
And when in the closet, she prayed God to bless him,
His footsteps in future he ever would guide.

Alas ! she has gone, and her prayers now have ceased,
No more will the sound of her voice e'er be heard ;
Though she's gone, we have reason to hope she is blest,
Through the merits of Christ, for she trusted his word.

Though deep is the wound and exceedingly painful,
To those who bereft of the friend they loved dear ;
Yet the thought that a mansion's prepared for the faithful,
Is a balm to the wound and assuages the tear.

CHRIST THE CHIEF CORNER STONE.

Behold in Zion God has laid
A sure foundation stone ;
And he need never be afraid.
Who builds his hopes thereon.

Elect and precious is His name,
All who His grace secure,
He will protect from sin and shame,
His promises are sure.

And all who trust His smiling face,
The world can ne'er confound.
He will reveal His smiling face,
Life through His name is found.

Believe in Him and you shall find
All He has said is true ;
The graces He reveals combined,
Are neither small nor few.

Lord, on that rock help me to build
My hope of heaven above ;
Do Thou my soul with manna fill,
From bounties of Thy love.

ANSWER TO A LETTER.

Dear Sister : I received your line.
It came to hand at proper time ;
I eagerly the seal did break,
To read it quick did undertake.

Your sympathies did reach my heart,
They probed a wound, I felt the smart ;
The parting scene came up to view,
Mother was here then well as you.

Methinks I see her sitting there,
As then she sat in her arm chair ;
With countenance so calm and bland,
She reached to you the parting hand.

But then her hand was warm with life,
Though not with youth and vigor rife ;
Disease did prey upon her then,
She was not, what she once had been.

But in her eyes her spirit shone,
Then she could speak, calm was her tone,
She bade farewell, not as before,
Ah, no, you ne'er can see her more.

You ask me who her place does fill,
The corner where she sat so still ;
Her place seems lone and vacant there,
But father occupies her chair.

Lone in the corner now he sits,
Nor does his loneliness forget ;
He mourns her loss with grief sincere,
For her he sheds the heartfelt tear.

He says were he as well prepared,
Had he such christian graces shared,
Might he as well hope to be blest,
He gladly now would go to rest.

That thought does consolation give,
That in yon heaven her spirit lives,
Where she from suffering will be free,
Throughout a long eternity.

P. S. Methinks I now can see your boys,
Making a joyful childish noise ;
Marching so happy to and fro,
Singing as ever children go.

Tell them though grandpa Sambo lost,
That he has bought another horse ;
A saddle too will he provide,
If George and Charles will come and ride.

REFLECTIONS AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

The weary hours of night have passed away ;
Weary, why should they seem, because of pain ?
Darkness of night has given place to-day,
Light of the morn I now behold again.

What though myself I tossed from side to side,
Anguish of body caused me thus to do ;
Should I survey this world, though long and wide,
Devoid of suffering, I should find but few.

Why should I grieve and murmur at my lot,
Since God in wisdom causes to be so ;
And I ere long must die and be forgot,
And those who know me now, no more will know.

Rejoice, my soul, for nature does rejoice,
That God in wisdom governs all things well.
Oh ! tune thy harp, and with the warbler's voice
In strains of praises long delight to dwell.

A contrite heart, Lord, thou wilt not despise.
Oh ! then accept this sacrifice from me ;
Fit me to dwell with Thee, above, above the skies,
In hallelujah spend eternity.

DEATH OF AN AGED NEIGHBOR.

Our aged friend we've borne away,
And laid him in his narrow bed,
Four score long years have been his days,
But now he rests his weary head.

Like ripened shocks of full grown corn.

He's gathered to his fathers ; yet

Behind are many friends to mourn,

Who will his favors ne'er forget.

The widow and the fatherless

Have found in him a friend in need ;

And long his memory will bless,

For he was thus a friend indeed.

But none his loss so deeply feel,

As she who was his bosom friend ;

A wound is made which none can heal,

Though many to her wants attend.

No longer now she sees him smile.

Nor hears his voice in humble prayer ;

Lonely and sad she sits the while.

And by her side, his vacant chair.

His oft read bible, there it lies,

Precious memento, on the stand ;

To cheer her pathway to the skies.

Her index to a better land.

DEATH OF A YOUNG WIFE AND MOTHER.

Where is she in whose presence her friends took delight.

And why are their days now as dreary as night ;

Why might she no longer remain with them here.

To lighten their sorrows and life's valley cheer.

No more will they see the bright smiles on her face :

No more will her presence her family grace ;

Her voice once so lovely, her eyes once so bright,

Chilled by death's cold embrace now are hid from their sight.

She said there were objects endeared to her heart.

She with husband and child was reluctant to part ;

And with mother and friends, yet affection's strong tie

Must be severed at last for she knew she must die.

But said she God in Heaven appears to my aid,
He has softened my pillow, my bed He has made ;
All my fears He has quelled by His spirit of grace,
And my sorrows assuaged by the smiles of His face.

Death is void now of terror, I fear not to die,
For I trust that my Saviour will ever be nigh ;
And the lamp of His love will dispel all the gloom
Hanging over the valley of death and the tomb.

When the angel of death in full view she could see,
She so calmly said, Father of mercies to Thee
I my spirit commend, soon she yielded her breath,
And was quietly sleeping the last sleep of death.

Thus she whom we have loved bade a lasting farewell,
Her body now sleeps in yon narrow dark cell ;
But her spirit we trust has ascended to God,
Where she'll spend an eternity praising the Lord.

Tender buds when the parent stem withers and dies,
Cease to flourish and dying beside of them lie ;
So her loved little son has death's summons obeyed,
By the side of his mother his body is laid.

And how lonely the husband and father bereft,
Though the wound is severe yet a balm still is left ;
'Tis the thought that in Heaven the weary find rest,
And the hope that in mansions above they are blest.

CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

May God enable me to wear
A christian armor 'ranged with care ;
And being clad from feet to head,
A sinful host I would not dread.

My head a helmet would secure,
Made of materials all pure ;
A golden hope of future bliss,
Would aught protect my head 'tis this.

May truth encircle me around,
Secure my loins from all that wounds.
Reclaim me should I ever stray,
Direct my path from day to day.

My feet with sandals being shod,
Of gospel news approved of God ;
Would cheer me through this vale of tears,
Remind me God is always near.

But on my breast what need I there ?
A plate of righteousness to wear ;
I have none of my own that's sure.
But what is vain as 'tis impure.

But one of heavenly mould is made
Like purest gold without a shade ;
If fitted on my breast aright,
Would shine like stars in darkest night.

Of faith I also need a shield,
Inflexible as hardest steel ;
Before me this I wish to bear,
No darts from foes then would I fear.

*
No sword of steel I wish to have,
Though with it many great and brave
Have been successful in the field,
And caused the vanquished foe to yield.

Sword of the Spirit is the one.
Skilfully wrought by God's own son ;
Would pierce the hardest heart with ease,
And all opposing soon would cease.

ST. PAUL'S TRIUMPH OVER PERSECUTION.

What although like tornadoes arise,
Persecution in every place ;
And like clouds that o'ershadow the skies,
All my prospects below shall efface.

Though await prison darkness and chains,
And the tyrant his scourge on me lay ;
From my duty I will not refrain,
And my mind is not filled with dismay.

Though suffering and death be my lot,
I will care not, or count my life dear ;
All that envy or malice have wrought,
Don't excite in my bosom a fear.

My Saviour has suffered before,
He has triumphed o'er death and the grave ;
He alone do I fear and adore,
And He only is able to save.

And the hope that I have in His name,
To my soul like an anchor will be ;
As a vessel by anchors sustained,
Would be otherwise tossed by the sea.

In this world I expect no reward,
But in Heaven my treasure is laid ;
There's a mansion prepared by the Lord,
And a crown He will place on my head.

SOLILOQUY.

My soul reflect, consider well,
Is healthy thy condition ?
Has Jesus who's all power to save,
Deigned to be thy physician ?

And has He told thee thou art blest,
Pronounced thy sins forgiven,
And promised thee eternal life,
And called thee heir of Heaven ?

Lord, be it true that Thou art mine,
And I am Thine forever ;
Then at my lot, I'll not repine,
Nor loss of health will grieve for.

MY SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 24, 1881.

Now shall I tell you what is true,
My age to-day is seventy-two ;
I know not why I've lived so long,
Since I through life was never strong.

God willed and I have much been blest,
Though most my friends have gone to rest ;
My youth's companions nearly all
Have answered to a Father's call.

Yet I am left 'till this ripe age,
Would I might feel that I am sage ;
I'm conscious that as I progress
I grow not wiser but grow less.

I would my faith might raise me high,
That I might see God ever nigh ;
See Him and feel that He is where
He'll hear and answer to my prayer.

And feeling thus I'm always blest
At morn or lying down to rest ;
Why should I doubt, why should I fear ?
He's Omnipresent, always near.

I would draw nearer to His side,
Whate'er He gives in Him confide,
That where I am or how I be,
He will protect and comfort me.

NEARER TO THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE ROD.

Lord, draw me nearer to Thy side,
When I shall feel Thy rod ;
That I may feel it is not hate,
But from a loving God.

And when my soul is purified
As silver tried in fire,
So it reflect Thine image bright,
That is my heart's desire.

And may all dross be brushed away,
The pure intact remain ;
What sometimes seems as hard to bear,
Will prove my greatest gain.

And like a loving mother's child
Upon Thy bosom rest ;
Oh ! give me faith and trust and love.
Then I am surely blest.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY-ONE
YEARS SINCE THE FIRST
CHRISTMAS DAY.

Just eighteen hundred eighty-one
Since the first christmas song was sung,
That song which only angels knew,
Heard only by good shepherds few.

The song they sang on that bright morn
To you a blessed child is born ;
He brings you so the angels sang,
Joy and good will and peace to man.

The news was spread, the wise men heard,
Deemed it fulfillment of God's word,
Believed the message was divine,
And sought the new-born babe to find.

They looked and lo ! His star was there,
They followed that it led them where
They found the mother and the child,
A manger was their home the while.

Though low and lonely was their bed,
Each wise man humbly bowed his head ;
Their homage paid, their gifts unfold
Of myrrh and frankincense and gold.

Since that first Christmas day began,
That promise has been blest to man ;
Many good presents have been given,
But music none like that from heaven.

WHAT HAPPENED SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

Just seventy years have come and gone.
Just seventy years to-day,
Since the first mark of memory cast
On my mind its first ray.

I know not was the weather fair
Or was it falling snow,
For I was not out in the air,
But in the house I know.

My years then numbered only two,
I thought it quite unkind,
When hunting for my mother so,
In vain I could not find.

Though late she had not risen yet,
Might have an aching head ;
Perhaps she needed still more rest,
And so remained in bed.

My father took me to the room,
Raised me so I could see ;
Wonder of wonders lying there,
The sight appeared to me.

Quietly sleeping in the bed,
Beside my mother dear ;
An unexpected view indeed,
To my sight did appear.

No other than a baby boy,
And my own brother too ;
Dressed in a pink and white print wrap,
And that looked bright and new.

That baby though so small grew up,
Life's duties to pursue ;
A manly form both stout and strong,
Height six feet inches two.

The age of three-score years and five.
Was his appointed time ;
Then went to join those gone before.
Left many friends behind.

I CANNOT WEEP.

I cannot shed the bitter tear,
Though dearest friends lie on the bier ;
My father's family all dead,
And many tears for them I've shed.

But now tear's fountain seems grown dry.
No springs of grief o'erflow the eye ;
Not that I have no feeling yet,
Not that I would my friends forget.

But I the goal have nearly won,
And I, like them, will soon be gone ;
Some other will my place supply.
And scarcely know the reason why.

My childhood's home I've seen to-day.
Seen my last brother borne away ;
Brother or sister I have none.
And I the last survive alone.

Whate'er that home in future be,
I would not grieve though sad to me ;
I cannot change beneath the sun,
What can't be helped and must be done.

That house a sunny spot has been
To me, to others may again ;
I would who owns that home may thrive,
And in prosperity may live.

May future generations bless
All those who thence have gone to rest ;
When I am gone, oh, may they not
Who bear the name the future blot.

My father who in Heaven art,
I praise Thy name with all my heart ;
Build up Thy kingdom in my soul,
And of my spirit keep control.

Help me to know my duty all,
Increase my faith on Thee to call ;
To guide me in the path of good,
And feed my soul with Heavenly food.

When I with earth shall quite be done,
Last prayer have said, last song have sung ;
My eyes grow dim, I cannot see,
Then light the passage, Lord, for me.

If Thou appear to light the way,
Then will the dark give place to day ;
Then I shall know that I am right,
Shall sure attain to perfect light.

Blest be Thy name for hope like this,
Hope for a future perfect bliss ;
Where hope is not and faith will be
All swallowed up of victory.

MEETING A SCHOOL GIRL WHILE ON A JOURNEY.

As an old lady started to visit some friends,
With no female companion her wants to attend ;
But a gentleman kindly was careful and true,
And he aided her truly in all that he knew.

As they stopped at a depot for change and a rest,
While awaiting the cars having been well refreshed;
She went out to the sink, bathed her hands and her face,
But could not find her napkin or one in the place.

Now a beautiful school girl of only sixteen,
Thus befriended the lady she never had seen;
I have one in my satchel, as you are alone
And if you will accept I will give you the loan.

And now grandmother please, in mild accents said she,
Deem it not an intrusion in noticing thee;
Great respect for old ladies I cherish with care,
And would do them a favor wherever they are.

And I have an old grandmother dearly I love,
And I like to go with her wherever she rove;
I enjoy it as well as to wait on a child,
And she loves me as dearly, is pleasant and mild.

Now one thing in your dress please I think I would
change,
If you wish me to do so will help you arrange;
So she untied a ribbon, removing the bow,
Tied it where quite as useful but not as much show.

Adding other small favors that showed she had grace,
Which welled up from her heart as it shone in her face;
Since I found that oasis, four years now have passed,
As it was the first meeting as likely the last.

It was quite unexpected as pilgrims well know,
Where are green grass and flowers and bright waters flow;
But her name, Birdie Clement, I would not forget,
And her face like a picture it lives with me yet.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

FEBRUARY 22ND, 1882.

One hundred and fifty years to-day,
George Washington was born;
No prophet lived his fate could tell
On that eventful morn.

He played as other children play.
Indulged as others, too ;
A hatchet even was allowed,
With which he learned to hew.

His parents taught him what was right,
All doubtful ways eschew ;
When duty called with all his might,
Courageously pursue.

He built the structure of his fame
On that sure granite base ;
He towered above all his compeers,
And won in every race.

While liberty her sceptre sways
O'er this, our blessed land ;
The fame George Washington has reared,
Untarnished let it stand.

Like a granite monument
Not subject to decay ;
And hearts with gratitude intent,
That he lived in his day.

Then let us raise our thankful hearts
To God who blest our land ;
Who furnished us with Washington
And all his patriot band.

The germ those patriots planted then,
Now a colossal tree ;
On all its branches still bears fruit
Both savory and free.

No mossy limbs, no pruning needs,
Though old leaves still are green ;
Though many sit beneath its shade,
There yet is room I ween.

Then come and sit beside the sons
Of those brave patriot sires ;
It needs no sacrifice of blood,
No light of night camp-fires.

Liberty holds her torch on high,
A bright electric light ;
A cloud that guides her hosts by day,
Bright as the sun at night.

TAXING ORIGINAL POETRY.

Of the numerous gods that inhabit the stars,
There are Jupiter, Mercury, Vulcan and Mars,
The god Hernes paints pictures of thought on the brain,
Which if healthy and strong the impressions retain.

It may germinate, grow till the plan has been wrought,
And may come to bear fruit of some beautiful thought ;
And when fully developed perfected the plan,
A sure title to wisdom the mind of the man.

Such a man he must be who suggested the fact,
That original poetry ought to be taxed ;
I would like well to know what the value may be,
And the tax on this item the portion to me.

Now that poets are poor it is well understood,
Scarcely able to clothe or to buy themselves food ;
I do hope that the assessors, wise men as they be,
Will be kind to the poor and have pity on me.

If I can't raise the money in some other way,
I will mortgage this fruit of my brain so to pay :
And as water of drops fill the ocean, the land
Is made up of the particles smallest of sand.

So the fund I may raise very small as you see,
Will be so much to fill up the box treasury ;
If enough be collected no one will regret,
If it even can pay off the whole city debt.

Make the bridges and streets all for comfort and health,
Win respect from the public as man for his wealth,
And if surplus enough then may safely be said,
When all needful is done let the eagle's wings spread.

THE FATHER SEES AND HEARS.

The Father sees the sparrows fall.
And hears the raven cry :
The pleading of the needy's call.
Notes with a watchful eye.

I know that He will hear me too.
Aye, faith direct my prayer.
Nor will it be an empty sound.
Dissolving in the air.

Father, please do increase my faith.
So I Thy presence feel :
And as I progress toward my end,
More of my grace reveal.

While passing through the gloomy vale.
Though dreary, black as night.
Thy glorious countenance reveal,
The morn will all be light.

A CROW CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

A farmer had planted a field with corn.
And the rain had wet and the sun had warmed.
And the corn had sprouted and germs of green
But just peeping out of the ground were seen.

As the owner walked over his farm to see
In what kind of condition his fields might be :
And he found that without a mistake the crows
Had been raiding his field and been robbing the rows.

And to lose his corn after so much care.
He was not very willing in peace to bear :
So to show the crows that he had a right
To defend his field and as willing quite.

That he set a trap and covered the same
With earth, then fastened it down with a chain ;
And then on the trencher he strewed some corn,
Leaving nothing of danger the crows to warn.

The next morning I stood at the farm-house door,
And the beauties of nature was scanning o'er ;
A most beautiful sight as is seen in May,
All the trees were in bloom looking bright and gay.

And they seemed to be saying we by and by
Will bear fruit and do more than to please the eye ;
I thus looking around and admiring I stood,
And my thoughts 'rose in thanks to the Author of good.

On a sudden a sound of distress reached my ear,
It was caw ! caw ! caw ! caw ! caw ! I could hear ;
And I soon saw the cause for a crow in the trap
Calling loudly for help and his wings all aflap.

All the crows from the forests soon came to his aid,
And all the encouraging motions they made,
And they all flapped their wings and each seeming to say
Do your best brother crow we will help you away.

They would rise from the ground as if ready to go,
He would do all his best but he could not, oh no,
He would cry out caw ! caw ! rise the length of his chain,
Then fall back to the ground with unbearable pain.

But his friends did not leave him each doing his best,
There were twenty or more came from north, east and west,
They kept soaring, then lighting, he trying to gain,
But he soon came to see that his efforts were vain.

When he found hope was gone and no help for him saw,
The most sad lamentations his last caw ! caw ! caw !
When the rest saw his case was a desperate one,
And that all in their power to relieve him was done ;

Then such sorrow those birds show as I never saw,
Slowly rising and doling out caw ! caw ! caw ! caw !
After rising sufficient each leaving the rest,
Took a different course to its perch or its nest.

Soon they all disappeared I no more of them saw.
Like the tolling of bell the last sound was caw ! caw !
But a lesson I learned though called thieving and black,
That regard for their fellows they surely don't lack.

And while hope still remained they did not leave him there.
Were not willing to leave until forced by despair ;
But the crow in the trap that was killed for a scare.
So the others could see if they ever came there.

And the corn growing taller, the fields growing green.
Yet no crow in that field ever after was seen.

NOT ALL THE GOOD HAVE LEFT.

Some think the good are all gone by ;
That none are left beneath the sky,

But all are gone before ;
But I opine it is not so,
That some still linger here below.
I know there is one Moore.

God bless such ones, and may they live,
Who can such aid and comfort give,

To cheer the widow's heart ;
May he ne'er lack the kindly aid,
When feeble, he shall be afraid,
His manly strength depart.

When eyesight fails he cannot see,
And all surroundings seem to be
No more than moonless night ;
Then, may his soul grow strong in hope,
A vision see as he looks up,
A clear, eternal light.

Like James of old, who was no shirk
And chose to show his faith by work,

His Master's footsteps take.
Paul's faith, John's love were good and true,
Finish the ladder, could not do ;
James the last round did make.

Heaven's door was opened wide for him.
The angels met him from within
And bade him welcome there ;
Then taught him songs, and how to sing
Hosannas to the Heavenly King,
Praise took the place of prayer.

MAY MORNING.

Feed my soul with heavenly manna,
As Thou didst Thy saints of old ;
Plant within my bosom germs which
Will the fruit of grace unfold.

Thou, alone, oh God who hears me,
Thou alone can'st answer prayer ;
May I feel that Thou art near me,
And that Thou for me dost care.

Guide me in the path of duty,
How to do the right and good ;
Thou hast made all nature's beauty,
All my wants supply and food.

On this lovely May day morning,
Looking for what I might see ;
Lo ! a robin, bright and early,
Perched on topmost branch of tree.

Tall the tree so high and airy,
Where no enemy can go ;
Sings his matin songs like fairy,
Beating time swings to and fro.

Has he not an inspiration,
Taught by angels how to sing ;
Let us join with glad elation,
Song to praise our heavenly king.

May I rise above surroundings,
Which shall bind my soul below :
All my enemies confounding,
Wings of faith on me bestow.

I would scorn no lowly duty,
Though the work be small I do ;
Gathering worms the bird adds beauty,
In the garden working too.

A FARMER WHO WANTED A WIFE.

A young man bought himself a farm,
On which were built a house and barn ;
The landscape beauty did not lack,
On the fair banks of Merrimac.

As tiring of a single life,
He thought to find himself a wife ;
But waited 'til some time might show
What would be best for him to do.

An ordination in those days,
Drew people many miles away ;
And he concluded he would go,
Though fifteen miles, and see the show.

The candidate to be ordained,
A pious reputation gained ;
Council approving of the man,
Confirmed by laying on of hands.

Few carriage roads, more carriages lacked,
And most all rode on horse's backs ;
And when the services were o'er,
The people gathered near the door.

The ladies stepped up on the block,
When seated, off the horse would trot ;
One waiting caught the farmer's eye,
He thought her lovely ; drawing nigh,

He said, dear lady, if you please,
I'll raise you to your seat with ease,
He did not wait for an excuse,
And had he, would have been no use.

He reached his hands and arms full length,
With courage quite as well as strength ;
Politeness, too, he did not spare.
On her side-saddle placed her there.

Cupid that moment sped his dart,
Directly piercing both their hearts ;
Though strangers, to each other then
Found each the one named by a friend.

Not long before he sought her home,
Resolved for no one else to roam ;
He went to where her parents lived,
Asked if her hand and heart would give.

Believed as seeming, he was good,
Trustingly answered that she would ;
She'd many things her hands had made,
Had spun and woven different grades.

Few things for keeping house were bought,
But most with willing hands were wrought ;
As she had not much more to do,
Ready and willing he was too.

And three months only passed away,
Ere came the joyful wedding day,
Pleasant as sunny June or May,
The morn of that September day.

As they were happy, feeling blest,
All joyful, the invited guests.
Another week, for reasons known,
He left her at her father's home.

Then mounting on one horse to ride,
And led another for his bride ;
Next day all ready, bride and groom,
Each on a horse rode to his home.

Happy were they arriving there,
To her his home now hers looked fair.
At night the cows came from the field,
The burden of their milk to yield.

She took a pail, and with good will,
An expert, soon the pail did fill.
She made good cheese for old or new,
And made the best of butter too.

Each year they had a crop of wool,
Made cloth of flannel or to full.
Raised flax, and that prepared to spin,
And weave in cloth, for thick or thin.

Their children in those times the way,
Were taught to work as well as play;
Their sons grew up, all stout and strong,
Were taught do right and shun the wrong.

All military titles wore,
Justice of peace they also bore.
Three daughters were their parent's pride,
Cared for when young, old age their guide;

When feeble, needing constant care,
Their daughters ceased not to be there.
And all the aid their hands could do,
If only one or needing two.

Long since those parents passed away,
All of the children gone for aye;
Except one daughter, she alone
Remains to tell of that loved home.

She looking forward to that day,
When she like them will pass away;
When with her loved ones gone before,
Will meet nor part forevermore.

LORENZO DOW RAISING THE DEVIL.

Lorenzo Dow in days of yore,
Whose head was filled with gospel lore,
Was thought divinely called of God,
To preach, proclaim the news abroad.

From house to house he preached the word,
Presumed to be inspired of God ;
Needed no manuscript to read,
Nor articles of faith or creed.

Citizen of the world was he,
And no sectarian would be ;
No matter when or where he was,
The sinner's friend espoused his cause.

From house to house, from town to town,
He preached repentance all around ;
If one more wicked in his way,
Talked to, and taught him how to pray.

In going his accustomed round,
The day was spent, the sun went down.
Seeing a cottage dwelling near,
Asked can I find a lodging here.

The woman kindly said 'tis true,
I'll do the best I can for you ;
Please tie your horse, it can be fed,
I'll give you supper and a bed.

So after evening prayers were said,
The woman showed his way to bed ;
And soon he learned a man was there,
Who was not at the evening prayer.

He heard them talking very low,
So what they said, he might not know ;
But by and by there came a scare,
The woman's husband was not there.

If husband, thus the woman said,
Should find us here, would strike us dead ;
When he comes home, with liquor wild,
Shows us no favor, me or child.

Where can I hide ? pray tell me where ?
No egress but one door is there ;
She knew no place that she could show,
Except a cask near, holding tow.

And she some tow took in her hand,
Said, jump in quickly, to the man ;
Curl down and keep still, so she said,
I'll hide you till he goes to bed.

Then jumping in that man so mean,
Hid by the tow, could not be seen ;
When just complete, no moment more,
The husband entered by the door.

And as his eustom was to swear,
Talked loud, then sat down in a chair.
His wife she tried to calm him down,
But no quietus could be found.

Please make less noise, she calmly said,
Lorenzo Dow is in our bed.
Lorenzo Dow ? I want to see ?
And he is just the man for me.

Though pious, sings so well, and prays,
'Tis said the devil he can raise :
Now let him try for me his skill,
To raise the devil at his will.

He would not stop for all she said,
Was forced to ask Dow leave his bed.
He tried his best with new excuse,
To calm him, but all proved no use.

Dow said, sir, it may not be right,
Should I the devil raise to-night ;
If you insist, no reason why,
Though I may fail yet I can try.

But one demand I make before,
That you must open wide the door ;
Not well obstruct him in his flight,
Force him to stay here through the night.

He told his host to stand aside,
To make the passage clear and wide ;
Then called the devil from below,
And with a candle touched the tow.

He called him earnestly and loud,
 And quick as lightning from a cloud,
 He darted forth, devil or man,
 Make of the two, the choice you can.

The host was satisfied, and knew
 What his own eyes saw must be true ;
 To try to change his faith were vain,
 Dow sure could do the same again.

WOOING AND WINNING IN OLDEN TIMES.

If a maid be worth the winning,
 She is surely worth the wooing,
 So Priscilla said to John in days of yore ;
 Is your friend in such a hurry,
 And in such a mighty flurry,
 He would not be worth my wedding I am sure.

Should I wed the title only,
 Would be mine, I should be lonely,
 He would not have any time to spend, not he ;
 Now I sooner still be spinner,
 If I cannot be the winner,
 Of some one whom I can love, and will love me.

Who will sit before the fire,
 And his humble home admire,
 And be happy in our quiet home to stay ;
 Who will try to be contented,
 Let whatever be invented,
 Which would cause him from his fireside to stray.

As the captain is courageous,
 Can in fighting get outrageous,
 Not afraid to face a cannon or a foe ;
 He must screw his courage higher,
 And prepare to meet the fire,
 From a woman's mouth accept the answer no.

John, if you have any craving,
And believe me worth the having,
Speak your mind, and show the courage of a man ;
I think we might live together,
Be it fair or stormy weather,
And be happy if another couple can.

And they talked the matter over,
All looked fair as fields of clover,
Both decided he be bridegroom, she be bride ;
She would keep her spinning going,
And her weaving, knitting, sewing,
And that John should for them both a house provide.

So before the time of wedding,
Made her sheets and quilts for bedding,
And her towels, and her clothes herself to wear ;
And what else she might be needing,
She was careful in her heeding,
Made them ready and done up with the nicest care.

So himself he made a dwelling,
With his hands as he was willing,
All the comforts he had means he did provide ;
All things needed, being ready,
With united thoughts looked steady,
To the day when he be bridegroom, she be bride.

Then to see the two united,
All the neighbors were invited,
And they had a jolly time, as one could be ;
In those days it was the custom,
All the lads and lasses buxom
Were invited, so the nuptials they might see.

Then the lovely bride like Iris,
Mounted on the god Osiris,
With her husband for the groom to guide the way,
So they went that pleasant morning,
Finished up their home's adorning,
With their happy hearts, and cheerful faces gay.

WAITING.

I'm waiting for the messenger,
Soon coming after me ;
And though my sight is growing dim,
When he comes, I shall see.

What shall I see? When I shall ope
My eyes, with perfect sight,
I'll see the loved ones gone before,
All clothed with glorious light.

My hearing though imperfect now,
Unwelcome songs I hear ;
When I shall leave this house behind,
All sounds will then be clear.

This voice which sometimes trembles now,
When joining those above ;
No want of harmony will show,
Where all is joy and love.

This body frail, so oft in pain,
I'll leave it here behind ;
Its loss, I shall not feel, but gain,
When I a better find.

Death o'er me cannot triumph more,
The grave, no victory win ;
When I shall leave this mortal life,
Immortal will begin.

My loving friends will not be all
Whom I expect to see ;
But He who is my maker, God,
A welcome bid to me.

Then I shall know, why I so long
Have suffered here below ;
But I shall never suffer more,
No sorrow more shall know.

THERE IS NO MERIT.

There is no merit in one being good.
If he has no temptation ere withstood ;
Nor is there merit in not being poor.
If he has friends who give, and will give more.

Charity hides a multitude of sins.—
And giving favors, many favors wins ;
Love for a neighbor, love in turn begets,
And cold indifference, wins cold neglects.

There is no merit, well, it may be said,
We are Republicans, in heart and head ;
The Goddess Liberty we're taught to mind
From youth, and worship only at her shrine.

Those who are ruled by despots only know
That they're allowed to vegetate and grow ;—
Since they can have no more what'er they crave,
What else can they do—but be subjects, slaves !

There is no merit that a man is wise,
If he have intellect to analyze
All nature's works, the causes and effects,
He would be culpable—if he neglects !

There is no merit if a man be great,
That he should wisely guide the ship of state ;
And should he wreck it on the factious shores,
He would not less be blamed, but blamed the more.

There is no merit in a comely face,
And would it were, an index true of grace ;
'Tis well or else we might as truly find,
An ugly face suggests an ugly mind.

There is no merit that the child obey
His parent's wishes, cheerful every day ;
It is a duty every child should do,
And blessings follow such, as wrong eschew.

There is no merit—that a man can give,
His bounty, lessening not, his means to live ;
He sacrifices nothing—which he need,
The satisfaction felt, should be his meed.

The good, the wise, the great, the patriot true,
Benevolent, obedient and handsome too ;
Peace to you all, and blessings on you rest ;
Pursue the right, you always shall be blest..

THE PARSON AND HIS NEIGHBOR.

It happened many years ago,
There came a heavy fall of snow ;
The wind was strong, all through the day,
And piled the snow up every way.

Next day, the morn was bright and fair,
A parson wished to take the air ;
So donned his coat, (had doffed his gown),
And started off toward the town.

A young man met him on the way,
Whose health was good, his heart was gay ;
The parson's duty was you see,
Preach morals and theology.

They met, and after shaking hands,
Thus to the parson spoke the man :
But for the color of your coat,
Which I with due respect must note ;

I'd like, before I farther go,
To put Your Reverence in the snow.
Oh ! never mind my coat, said he,
My coat makes no respect for me.

So, if you wish, we'll take a hand,
See which will prove the smartest man ;
The young man showed the ready will,
To act his courage and his skill.

The parson proved the strongest though,
And threw the other in the snow ;
Then to complete the fun, "His Grace"
Washed with the snow the young man's face.

The color of their coats, the while
Was quite enough to make one smile ;
All reverence, which the young man paid
To black coats, in the snow drift laid,

A LITTLE STAR.

In yonder sky I see a star,
No bigger than an eye ;
To be so small, it must be far
Away, and very high !

If God has made that star to be
A globe, on which to live ;
Did He to man whose home is there,
Free agency too give ?

I wonder if an Adam there,
An apple ever ate ;
If Satan magnetized an Eve,
And learned mankind to hate ?

I wonder if the fashions there
Make men and women slaves ;
Expense of which, some cannot brook,
But learning to be knaves.

If fashion is a goddess there,
With such ungoverned power,
That on her altar sacrifice
Is made, each day and hour ?

The loveliest of all God's works,
The youth in beauty's prime,
Because to dress for comfort would
Be thought so much a crime !

Young men must wear their cotton hose.
With congress shoes so thin ;
To let the water to their feet.
To keep them dry were sin.

And then to wear thick boots would be
So much like to a lout ;
'Tis better they should die when young
Than see young ladies pout.

Do misses wear their hose and shoes.
To show their pretty feet ;
And do their naked arms and neck.
Their toilet make complete.

I wonder if consumption there,
Is fashion for to die !
The reason why some people don't
To save their children try ?

I wonder if the babies there.
Must dress in naught but white ;
Because forsooth, if they dress warm.
They look like little frights ?

I wonder if old people there.
Are only in the way ;
For children must have all the room
Because they love to play ?

I wonder if 'tis wrong to teach
What doctor Franklin taught ;
'Tis better save a dime than to
Earn two and save them not ?

I wonder if a man must spend
His earnings every day ;
Or else he could not be so much
In fashion, and as gay ?

And many things that I could name,
I'd like to know were there ;
But since I can no answer find,
More question I will spare.

AUTUMN.

Autumn comes with varied beauty,
Red and yellow, brown and grey ;
Showing summer's done its duty,
Having done has passed away.

Now the trees with fruit are loaded,
Fields of grain are ripe and cere ;
And the wants which some foreboded,
Banished now we cease to fear.

Beets and turnips and tomatoes,
Mellons, squashes, pumpkins bright ;
Beans and many kinds potatoes,
Apples yellow, green and white.

Pears and apricots and peaches,
Grapes and plumbs of various hues ;
Quinces of the various species,
Barberries, cranberries too.

Parsnips, carrots, rutabagas,
Mangel-wurzel, cabbages,
Peppers, cucumbers ; and sage is
Good for seasoning sausages.

There are many nuts I think of,
Chestnut, hickory are fine ;
There are fruits to make good drink of,
Elderberries make good wine.

Some say wine made of tomatoes
Equals that of good champagne ;
Some think whiskey of potatoes
Equals what is made of grain.

Many herbs, botanics mention,
Good for sickness doctors think ;
Many more too much to mention,
Good for man for food and drink.

SPRING.

How lonely is the vernal morn.
When nature dressed in gay attire.
And music on the air is borne.
As feathered songsters tune their lyres.

The stately oak his foliage shows.
The fruit tree blossoms nature grace :
The violet more obscurely grows.
But still she shows a lovely face.

I would that you might always stay.
Ye emblems fair of youth in bloom :
Alas ! your beauty must decay.
And youth must ripen for the tomb.

Less showy is the staff of life.
Her carpet spreads of choicest green ;
Her germs with future good are ripe.
Though smiling blossoms are not seen.

So virtue needs no gay attire.
And modesty is void of bloom ;
May we such graces hence acquire.
As yield their fruits beyond the tomb.

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Old winter, I see him receding at last.
His sleety old garb and his boreal blast ;
And euroclydon chills which united to freeze.
Are fast giving place to a different breeze.

When he came into power he assumed to be
Both a friend to fair nature and humanity ;
And pretending to good, while the sceptre he sway'd
He has tyranized over and had his own way.

Like all other tyrants who can't be subdued,
Who have no hearts to sympathize and are imbued
With ambition to govern with absolute sway,
With the grasp of a monster chained all in his way.

As the king of the Hebrews who did not e'en spare,
The wise or the ignorant, ugly or fair ;
So he slew all the weak, paralyzed all the strong,
Which he could not destroy as he progressed along.

Young spring like a prince with his courtiers gay,
Led by old father Sol he is hastening his way ;
And smiling will send forth his bland vernal breath,
He will melt winter's heart and consign him to death.

When he triumphs completely the tyrant is slain,
He will call on his songsters to pour forth their
 strains :

And the gay feathered warblers will tune up their lyres.
And will chant forth a melody all will admire.

Then fair nature will rise from her silent retreat,
And rejoice at the conquest his presence will greet ;
With modest appearance when blooming her life,
When omens of some future good alway rife.

LITTLE NETTIE TO HER BEREAVED FRIENDS.

I have found my little brother.
 Who was in the spirit land :
He came to me now an angel.
 And he took me by the hand.

And we soared away together.
 To the home of spirits bright ;
Where there is no sin or sorrow,
 And God's glory is the light.

Weep not then that we did leave you.
God so willed we should not stay ;
For the world is filled with trouble.
So he took us both away.

When you pass the gloomy valley,
If God wills it we will come ;
And will be your guardian angels.
For to guide your spirits home.

AN ACROSTIC.

Creator of the universe,
How glorious, is thy throne ;
All that is now, or was at first,
Reveals all power thine own.

Look down, from Heaven, thy dwelling place,
Each heart subdue and bless ;
Save Lord, by Thine Almighty grace,
Each soul from sin oppressed.

And may Thy spirit cheer our way.
Yea, dissipate all gloom ;
Reveal to us, eternal day,
So bright, beyond the tomb.

A SONG FOR A LITTLE BOY.

I love my mother so I do,
I and my little sister too ;
Because she is so good and kind,
Her every wish we'll aim to mind.

Our father too we love him well,
He is so kind we cannot tell
One half the favors he bestows,
He buys us candy, food and clothes.

And mother with the nicest care,
Prepares the food and clothes we wear :
She sometimes makes us pretty toys,
And says we are our parent's joys.

And father when his work is done,
He sings us songs and makes us fun ;
And tells us stories for to please.
And dandles us upon his knees.

Oh, what a happy family,
Our parents and ourselves will be ;
If we shall early learn to do,
As both our parents wish us too.

AN ACROSTIC.

Nay I would never here indite
A stanza or attempt to write ;
Nor would I blot this page so pure.
Could real friendship not endure.

Yes, such a pledge I claim from thee.
May you accept the same from me ;
And may no sorrow fill thy breast,
Nor rob thee of thy wonted rest.

Now be thy path with laurels strewed.
In wisdom be your mind imbued ;
Nor should your mind e'er be oppressed.
Give God your heart, your soul he'll bless.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

I ask not friendship from those called great,
For they are wed to fame in halls of state ;
Nor do I seek it 'mong the rich and gay,
Absorbed in pleasures of the passing day.

Nor in the busy walks of human life,
 Where selfishness predominate and strife ;
 And every heart to emulation tends,
 By competition to secure his ends.

Nor would I seek from those whose end is fame,
 For merit sometimes fails that end to gain ;
 And those who do that appellation bear,
 Don't always merit laurels which they wear.

But I 'mong the wise would friendship seek,
 Who with their lips do never scandal speak ;
 Who can with patience their own troubles bear,
 Nor would suppress a sympathetic tear.

One who in time of sorrow and distress,
 Visits the widow and the fatherless ;
 And who will ever be a friend indeed,
 In time of fortune or in time of need.

Yes, such a friend as that would I secure,
 Who with my imperfections could endure ;
 And should base scandal aim to wound my heart,
 Would raise a shield to ward the demon's dart.

AN ACROSTIC.

If Jesus raised the widow's son,
 Restored to life one chilled by death ;
 And by his mighty power alone,
 Expand his lungs, restore his breath.

Will he in mercy condescend,
 In thy distress to hear thy prayer ;
 New vigor to thy system send,
 New joy and hope for thee prepare.

TO A FRIEND.

Methinks I see you walk the house.
Mementos scan with care ;
In all you find an aching void.
Your mother is not there.

Though all around are kind and good.
Your father still is there ;
No music like her once loved voice.
No one to fill her chair !

May not her sons a monument,
She reared with so much care.
Be one to grace her memory.
Her many virtues bear.

When time shall moulder back to clay.
And earth shall claim her share ;
Your spirit's chariot, speed to heaven.
To greet your mother there !

ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE FRIEND.

In the sunny June I had a little friend,
Who brought me roses, beautiful and gay ;
She seemed a lovely child, her voice so bland,
That I regretted when she went away.

Mine was a brief acquaintance, it is true ;
Yet such as I shall not ere long forget ;
Oft she brought flowers, so fragrant, fresh and new,
Ere one set withered, would a new one get.

I saw a train pass through the street to-day,
Toward the cemetery their footsteps led ;—
I asked who was it, who had passed away,
Was told it was Ursula, who was dead !

I little thought when last I saw my friend,
That ere the summer roses ceased to bloom ;
That such a life as hers would find an end,
So soon be sleeping in the silent tomb.

That one so young and promising should die,
Is what we cannot understand nor tell ;
God has a right, nor gives a reason why,
But this we know, He doeth all things well.

A CHILD'S EPITAPH.

Gentle, the galless and innocent dove,
Harmlessly lighting, then soaring above ;
Upward ascending, until it is where
It may gambol at will, in the pure light and air.

So was the soul of that innocent child,
Pure as the dove, gentle, harmless and mild ;
That spirit the wings of a seraph were given,
Which have borne it away to its home up in heaven.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Now the story I tell is a sad one to-day,
For a loved little classmate has just passed away ;
And his voice that we heard, when we met here before,
Is now silent in death, we shall hear it no more.

Why should he thus be called, while so young and bright,
Why should death choose that mark, while his heart was
so light,
Why not take some old person, whose work in all done,
And not call for that dear little brother and son ?

I can tell you my friends, why he's not here to-day ;
For our Father in heaven has called him away ;
He has taken His own as He had perfect right,
To His home in the sky where His glory is light.

Oh ! ye parents grieve not, he has passed on before,
He is waiting for you on that bright, happy shore,
Where the Saviour is gone, and the home of the blest,
Where the weary and heavily laden find rest.

ANSWER TO A VALENTINE.

A Hebe, dear Rosa, I think you must be,
By heaven created on purpose for me ;
Surpassing the diamond when set in fine gold,
An index methinks are your eyes to your soul.

Your lips are as rubies, complexion I ween
Is fair as the fairest, your age sweet sixteen.
Of the daughters of Flora your name is the best,
Outvieing in beauty and fragrance the rest.

To sew, knit, and make bread, and butter and cheese,
Are qualifications with which I am pleased ;
Nor are you less lady, because you can do
What would add to my comfort and happiness too.

I care not for music, I have not an ear,
A dinner well cooked, with a smile is best cheer ;
With a voice that is melody, pleasant and mild,
That is music for me, will my evenings beguile.

I think you are worthy a husband the best,
Your choice shows your wisdom and may you be blest ;
I am son of a sovereign, my father is one
Of a nation of sovereigns and I am his son.

Since you are inclined a moustache to eschew,
Choose a well shaven face and a heart that is true ;
I will shave my face well, save good wishes for thee,
If you save a pure heart and kisses for me.

A VERSE IN AN ALBUM.

You will remember me I think,
Should I not ask, I trow,
My faded locks and wrinkled face.
Do you not think 'tis so?

Be it your aim to do the right,
In goodness to excel ;
Then God will bless you Lizzie dear.
And all with you be well.

APPEAL TO THE CLERGY.

I remember the time when the temperance cause,
Wrought a great reformation, unaided by laws :
When the true Washingtonian felt for his friend,
Raised him up from his fall, tried his ways to amend.

When the sword, moral suasion, was wielded so well,
That its two edges cut in a place that would tell ;
When the heart of the father might hope for his boy,
And the child for his parent might shed tears of joy.

I remember the time when my worthy friend Nott,
Tried a conscience to wake, what a pinching he got ;
But no picture of sorrow affected that heart,
His own right would maintain, he would still sell his part.

So to shun all such fights on the enemy's ground,
The good clergy thought some other way must be found ;
That some bulwark behind which to hide they must find,
Now the law does their duty they've nothing to mind.

But there still is great work that they think they must do,
And much suffering near them they seek not to view ;
For the cold, sick and hungry that live by their door,
Are too near them to notice, they've seen them before.

They've a poor sister Kansas she only has need,
And her wounds they alone do continue to bleed ;
All the plasters and lint they are gathering for her,
Such as money or rifles or clothing prefer.

Oh ! ye men, who are called of the Lord as ye say,
For to watch over Zion, to preach and to pray ;
Climb the tower, look around, what a breach you have
made,
If you don't mend the walls, soon her ruin is laid.

Like the Hebrews of old when their walls did fall down,
Every man joined the concert and mended his own ;
What was near his own house did each man try to build,
Soon the breach was repaired and their duty fulfilled.

It has often been said and I know it is true,
It is easier to preach than it is for to do ;
And a shepherd but seldom submits to be told,
That he don't do his duty by one of his fold.

Where one's duty and feelings can blend without loss,
There is naught to be dreaded, no weight to the cross ;
But when there is a duty and feelings not there,
Then the christian should labor and watch unto prayer.

If a gift of persuasion ye clergymen have,
Then do try its effect, try the ruined to save ;
Subjects morally healthy are not those to pick,
Such need not a physician but they that are sick.

I know it is more pleasant to call on a friend,
Who will never oppose you in what you intend ;
Yet if love for the soul of the sinner you bear,
Oh, then help lift him out of the slough of despair.

Should your friends all desert you and fortune too frown,
And the Hydra temptation your pathway surround ;
You might know, why, like Peter, some sink in the wave,
You are stronger, then reach out your hand, help to save.

Oh, then smile on them kindly and help them to feel,
That you care for their welfare, your heart is not steel ;
What a magic a smile has, none can know its power,
Like one who may be friendless, degraded or poor.

THE SUN AND MOON.

When Mr. Sun and Mrs. Moon
Agree to kiss each other ;
We know some change will come ere long,
If but a change of weather.

And when the earth turns round to greet
A sister or a brother ;
The sun smiles vividly one hour,
The moon more mild another.

The ancients thought the gods were mad,
When Sol the moon did mind her ;
Because when he came where she was,
He hid his face behind her.

But science teaches better things,
And nature so arranges.
That when the moon her circuit fills,
She goes through many changes.

And we have nothing now to fear,
From Sol or Luna either ;
One rules the day, the other night.
Or both do rule together.

TO A FRIEND.

As you progress through life's journey,
Darkening clouds may sometime lower ;
Look you on the silver lining,
Let your mind above them soar.

When your joys and hopes are brightest,
Friendship's favors shower on thee,
Love for love when thou requitest,
Friendly thoughts reserve for me.

MY CANARY.

My pretty canary,
Come sing to me merry,
Sing one of your beautiful songs ;
When perched by the window,
You sing as you can do,
Melodious, sweet, pure and strong.

I know not your equal,
And own as the sequel,
Such songs can no other prolong ;
Though shut up in cage too,
You learn as the sage do,
With patience to bear with the wrong.

You teach me good lesson,
Life's ills to look less on,
By quietly yielding to fate ;
Did you choose to shuffle,
Your plumage would ruffle,
You'd then be an object of hate.

Some people when fretful,
They seem quite forgetful,
Of all that is lovely and kind ;
They snarl up their faces,
And hide all their graces,
And cloud the bright index to mind.

Forgetting the fearful,
We'll learn to be cheerful,
And sing and be happy as thee ;
And your good example,
We'll take as our sample,
Make others as happy as we.

So pretty canary,
Come, sing to me merry,
The song of your own native isle,
We'll join in the choir,
Which all do admire,
And all will be happy awhile.

DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

Go precious book thy mission to fulfil,
Open thy folds by loved ones to be filled ;
We dedicate thy service to the mind,
Record mementos, wakening scenes beyond.

And may dear Mary ne'er the anguish know,
Of misplaced confidence while here below ;
Pure as these spotless leaves may be their hearts,
Who with their pens their various gifts impart.

Gems of religion, wisdom, hope and grace,
Of love and friendship or sweet memories trace :
To those alone whose friendship is sincere,
Would we invite to bring their offerings here.

Here on this altar place a healing balm
To soothe the soul, the tempest tossed to calm ;
To elevate the mind, ennobling too,
And lead the soul to heaven when life is through.

TO A FRIEND IN AN ALBUM.

As you turn these leaves over in search of a name,
Which you cherish as friend peradventure of fame ;
Waking fond recollections, oasis may be,
In the days when your life was both joyous and free.

You will sometimes perhaps on some leaf drop a tear,
That a loved one is gone whom you cherished as dear ;
As you progress still onward through life's checkered way,
Till your mind shall grow sad and your head shall be gray.

May some fond recollection still linger with thee,
Of the hours you have spent in my home and with me ;
When my life will have ceased and my body find rest,
And my spirit its long wished for home with the blest.

When you journey along in the down hill of life,
May you shun many ills with which nature is rife ;
Never want for kind friends who are faithful and true,
Who will never desert you and are worthy of you.
When your music shall cease and your labors of love,
May you join in the anthems of heaven above.

MY CELESTIAL TOUR ; OR A CONVEN- TION OF THE GODS.

As on my bed, in the still night I lay.
Wishing in vain for the approval of day ;
My meditation in those hours it was
Of God, His love, His greatness, goodness, laws.

Hope was my helmet, fitted to my head ;
Faith was my shield to ward off fear and dread ;
Light was the garment which I wished to wear,
Manna and grace my food ; all heavenly fare.

My mind was restless, and I wished to scan
The distant worlds, and so I filled my plan ;
I wished to see them all, then find the place
Where matter is not, and where is no space.

So in a tangent, off I started right,
My speed was that of thought, more swift than light ;
I lightly glided on, though without wings,
And moved from star to star, as some small things.

When I had passed the stars and soared away,
Till the earth seemed a dim star, seen at day ;
The distance passed, a speck, a point of time,
Scarce to be noted, though it seemed sublime.

On, on I sped and passing world on world,
But heeding them, as passed, they swiftly hurled ;
Only intent on reaching the last star,
That looked as last, because away so far.

On, on I sped, still hoping in my mind,
That reaching that I soon the end should find ;
Approaching that, new beauties were unfurled.
Where solar systems, planets, perfect worlds

Each had its canopy bedecked with stars,
Some near and brilliant, others small and far ;
So I concluded I by that might learn,
I'd wandered far enough, and might return.

My journey to return seemed very far,
So I resolved to rig me up a car ;
My car ethereal needed when all right,
For rail to run on, but one ray of light.

So I returned ; the speed of light my race.
Toward the earth, my central starting place.
More at my leisure, as I neared each star,
I would review it well, so stopped my car.

I saw the gods assembling far and near,
So I their consultation wished to hear ;
Osiris being president pro tem.,
I felt that I might safely list to them.

Ceres declared that she supplied with food,
All living creatures whether bad or good ;
Hyperion thought he too those creatures blest,
By giving time and place for them to rest.

Neptune declared his service quite as great,
Since he supplied the rain early and late ;
And Ceres could not fill the stores with grain,
If he had not supplied the earth with rain.

Iris then rose with her bewitching smile,
And said, were it in order for a while,
She too would tell what she herself had done ;
Osiris said, in order, she went on.

Neptune is sometimes late upon the stage,
And then his part performs as in a rage !
Boreas too, helps excite the worst of fears,
Women and men, they sometimes melt to tears.

Osiris once a mantle gave to me.
No beauty can exceed, as all may see ;
When I appear thus clothed with smiling face,
Neptune and Boreas disappear in haste.

I quell the fears and cheer the hearts of men.
Quiet restore, peace reigns triumphant then ;
Nature rejoices then, at recent showers,
And fragrance rises from the laughing flowers.

Hermes obtained the floor, and said that he
Inspired mankind to active industry ;
Within their brains he painted all designs.
And gave an inspiration to the mind.

To sketch all plans and execute the same.
All tools, machinery of world wide fame ;
If not for him, mankind would be no more
Than brutes, with wisdom scarce their food to store.

No palaces or cabins would they build,
No stores with manufactories be filled ;
Having no motive, aim, no action high,
Live but to eat, and then decay and die.

Vulcan declared that he had much to say.
And to his majesty they all gave way ;
But all suggested that what he had done,
Should be but briefly stated, when begun.

He said : I take all metals from the mine,
Relieve them of their dross and then refine ;
I make the engine which the power contains,
To drive the mighty ship upon the main.

Some steamers I sometimes the whole have made,
The frames for crystal palaces, all grades ;
Railroads and railroad cars which on them run,
Spindles with which all kinds of yarn are spun.

And not the least of many things I've done,
Is, make the wires on which men's thoughts can run ;
I make the rods conveying lightning down,
Till it is tame and harmless under ground.

I make the farmer's tools of every grade.
The plough, the harrow, sickle, scythe and spade ;
Hoes, rakes and axes, chains of every kind,
Bars, forks, pickaxes, wheels with tires I bind.

Axles and springs for carriages or carts,
And many things I make the whole or part ;
Without my help, man could not build, for nails
And all mechanic arts without me fails.

Great Eastern, eighth a mile in length,
Unequalled for its beauty, size and strength :
Hermes I own, inspired the mighty mind,
Which formed and executed the design.

For churches too, I make the ponderous bell,
Which peals for joy, or tolls the funeral knell ;
Or chimes sweet music to the listening ear,
Or tells the flight of time to those who hear.

I make the bridges mighty waters span,
Colossal statues seen in every land ;
All implements where peaceful life is led,
To finest needle using finest thread.

When men with men in deadly strife engage,
And Mars excites them to terrific rage ;
Then I supply with weapons for the fight,
To win a conquest or secure a flight.

Jupiter's thunderbolts I used to make,
But useless now, no time for them I take :
Nor will I take the time rehearsing more,
So close my speech, and therefore yield the floor.

Mars now arose and claimed the floor by right,
My duty is, to teach men how to fight ;
If I, what I have done, through time should tell,
Pluto may be my judge if not done well.

First of my pupils which I taught was Cain,
'Twas he who bore the stamp of a brother skain ;
There's not a people live beneath the sun,
But what my aid have asked and favor won.

Kings have been crowned and lost their worthless heads,
Nations of note, all but their name is dead ;
When hope and liberty were soaring high,
I clipped their wings and bade them leave the sky.

Since earth has been a habitable globe,
And man was large enough to wear a robe ;
When they have thought they could not get their right,
I've told them justice bade them go and fight.

And sacred history tells, 'twas common law,
At the year's end the nations went to war.
The priests declared it was the will of Heaven,
To utterly destroy and power was given.

If any king supposed himself aggrieved,
Or of some cherished treasure was bereaved,
He called his warriors all, bade them imbue
Their hands in blood, so they his foes pursue.

And it has been through time, as history tells
Some nations rose to power while others fell ;
Many facts historical wise men have found,
By demonstrations hidden under ground.

The Prince of Peace on earth pronounced the word,
"Who used the sword should perish with the sword."
Though he proclaimed to men good will and peace,
And seemed as though my power on earth would cease.

Yet strange to say, professing to be good,
One steeped in crime, e'en with his mother's blood,
Raised for his ensign, leading on the strife,
Emblem of peace and purity of life.

So it has been through ages dark and drear,
Wars made for conquest, duty or from fear ;
But none such curses on the nations draw,
As for religion waged, or civil war !

Then modest Venus asked for leave to speak,
Not favors for herself she wished to seek ;
She said that liberty had been abused,
Her temple been profaned, sadly misused.

Noble the structure, partments thirty-four,
With plan to add if needed many more ;
Each tenant had his room and rights in all,
When needing help his neighbors heard his call.

But well enough could not be let alone,
Each thought the other tried to get his bone ;
Till some began to take his neighbor's side,
And by and by they thought best to divide.

So next to war of words, appealed to arms,
Each to the other sought to do most harm !
Liberty never had such cause for fears,
Never for her were shed so many tears.

Where is the wisdom to obtain a peace ?
When will the clashing of those weapons cease ?
Tell us, ye gods, when will the conflict end,
When all shall cease to hate and all be friends ?

Juno, who long had been the queen of heaven,
To whom much power and wisdom had been given,
Looked on her daughter with complacent eye,
And called her fairest of the earth and sky.

Go thou to earth, men's better passions move,
Contrast their hatred with thy beauty, love ;
Teach them to do the right, repair the wrong,
If reconstruct the temple, make it strong.

The Great Omnipotent, who worlds has made,
Can give thee wisdom and can give thee aid ;
'Tis He alone can teach them what to do,
And give them power to execute it too.

Pluto declared that all the gods had done
No act like Mars ; they made a host of fun !
He liked to see the dying in despair,
And hear their groans, as wafted on the air !

Had he the power, there never should be peace,
Mars should excite men's minds, war never cease ;
But all the gods said Pluto had no right
To make a speech ! So hissed him out of sight.

Apollo said, I have not much to say,
My duty is to note the time of day ;
Each has rehearsed his merits as he would,
None making comments whether bad or good.

I have no labor done of which to speak,
But with my influence, good of others seek ;
As most have spoken, not much more to learn,
I now would motion that we do adjourn.

His motion carried, starting on my car,
I soon descried the earth as a dim star ;
It was not long before I came so near,
Objects defined distinctly did appear.

Perfect in every part as a machine,
The causes and effects could now be seen ;
On one division of that spacious earth,
Where liberty had ruled from freedom's birth.

I saw the cause of Venus' modest plea,
In favor of the goddess liberty ;
Christians no homage paid the prince of peace,
But worshipped Mars ! all worship else had ceased !

No wonder Pluto should assume a place,
To speak before the goddesses of grace.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND
TO A FRIEND.

May your friends be well selected.
Every confidant prove true ;
Never be your wants neglected,
Virtue's pleasant path pursue.

When among the gay and happy,
May your heart no sadness know ;
When your duty calls may that be
What your feelings choose to do.

Joys may blend sometimes with sorrow,
Silver clouds o'ershadow thee ;
When from passed scenes, you can borrow
Pleasant thoughts, remember me.

LOVE FOR THE CONSTITUTION AND UNION.

The Constitution as it is, and Union as it was,
Obedience to the laws of God and also human laws ;
If love to God be but the helm that guides our actions
through.

Love to our fellow men as sure will prompt our action too.

I fear that many think that zeal is love whate'er the cause.
Where impulse leads, they follow on, without regard to
laws ;

And anarchy will be the cloud, they follow through the
day,

And passion be the fire by night, that lights their danger-
ous way.

LONELY IN A CROWD.

I've wandered in the silent grove and in the opening round,
Where birds and insects silence broke with joy or mourn-
ful sound ;

Where still runs the shaded brook or cataract more loud,
But never felt so lone as when I've been among the crowd.

I've joined a gay and joyous band in cars upon the rail,
And glided speedy o'er the lake where seemed not to fail ;
The sun shone bright and mild the breeze, the music
sweet yet loud.

But there I felt myself alone amidst a happy crowd.

At evening too I've met the gay, the rich, elite, the ton,
Who talked of scenes in city life and famed Mount Wash-
ington ;

They mingled in the giddy dance, enchanting music loud,
Here too I felt myself alone in that gay, joyous crowd.

I've met with those who worship God, to join in prayer
and praise,
And tried to mingle heart and voice my thoughts to heaven
to raise ;
Where christians meet to talk of heaven and faith and love
avowed,
And even there I can't avoid feeling lonely in a crowd.

At home alone, I love to think of friends who've gone
before,
To heaven-whom I shall meet ere long, yes, meet to part
no more ;
Where we can all unite to sing the songs of Zion loud,
And there shall never feel again so lonely in a crowd.

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER BABE.

On your bosom was a jewel,
'Twas a gift from heaven above ;
Though it was not gold or diamonds,
It was purity and love.

He who made it did not ask you
For the right to take away ;
Yet He took the precious jewel,
And within the casket lay.

It will soon be borne forever,
From the view of mortal eyes ;
But a seraph bright will bear it
To a mansion in the skies.

When your troubles all are ended,
And from earth you pass away ;
Then that precious, heavenly jewel,
On your breast may rest for aye.

AN ACROSTIC.

May all your paths with flowers be strown
As fragrant as the rose when blown ;
Real kind friends be ever near.
In every place your heart to cheer.

And as you grow to womanhood,
Each day grow wiser and more good ;
Let no ill feeling in your breast,
In any way disturb your rest.

Should cloud of sorrow ever rise,
And sometimes vent itself in sighs,
Be not desponding, but still hope
Eternal hope will bear you up.

There's no perfection here on earth,
Hence 'tis a grace of heavenly birth ;
Each virtue has one common dame,
And prudence is that mother's name.

Yes, patience, self-denial, love,
Respect for age and youth reserve ;
Social and kind to great and small,
Do this and you'll be loved by all.

A FRIEND OF MINE.

In various paths of life you go,
You may not find a friend or foe ;
But most you meet, will only be,
The same to others as to thee.

You need not fear nor care to know,
That you like others find it so ;
Nor judge that all are filled with guile,
Though treason lurks beneath a smile.

But if a friend you find in need,
Such cherish as a costly meed ;
And ne'er exchange so rare a gem.
For such as grace a diadem.

In every sphere where duty calls,
Fear not to trust in God through all ;
And may His favor ever be
A shield of faith and love to thee.

When joyous scenes and gay your lot,
On me a single thought waste not ;
But when alone your mind is free,
Remember me, remember me.

NIGHT THOUGHTS TO A SICK SISTER.

Soon the Saviour is coming to bear thee away,
To His mansion of bliss and perpetual day ;
Where thy father and mother before thee have gone,
And thy brother and sisters will welcome thee home.

Or perhaps when your spirit shall pass from its clay,
And is ready to soar to the regions of day ;
That those loved ones like angels of glory will come,
Be your guides from this earth up to heaven your home.

There is room too for me in that home far away,
When this house I now live in is gone to decay ;
I'll rejoice in the change when my spirit is free.
I will leave all of earth and will come unto thee.

Then, oh, fear not to pass through the valley of gloom,
Since the Saviour before thee was laid in the tomb ;
See His hand is extended to lead you away,
To His home of the blest to be happy for aye.

A BETTER, BRIGHTER DAY.

When I lay me down to sleep,
Friends, for me you need not weep ;
Weep not that I pass away
To a better, brighter day.

Scenes beyond this life I see.
Faith reveals them bright to me ;
Faith that drives all doubts away.
Of a better, brighter day.

When my work on earth is done.
And all labor 'neath the sun ;
Unexhausting the sun's rays.
Where is better, brighter days.

There no clouds obscure the sun.
There no sands of time will run ;
Lights and shades will cease for aye.
Where is better, brighter day.

Your old garments cast them off.
Sin and sorrow also doff ;
And prepare to soar away.
Where is better, brighter day.

Jesus paved the road for ye.
Made it strait and smooth but free ;
Then fear not but hope for aye.
For a better, brighter day.

FIGHT FOR THE UNION BOYS.

Fight for the Union boys ; fight for the flag,
Which waved so lovely o'er our blessed land ;
Down with secession boys, down with the rag,
Which spreads destruction with a traitor's hand.

Fight for the Union, boys, bring back the boon,
Which traitor's hands have sought to bear away ;
Shrink not from duty boys, faint not too soon,
The ark shall be restored and treason stay.

Fight for the Union, boys, much is at stake.
Fear not to face the foe, the rebel foe ;
The sight of danger will your courage wake,
To save your country, courage, courage, go.

Fight for the Union, boys, it must not die.
The hope of nations on its life depends ;
It must and shall be saved, and God on high
Will hear the prayers which off' for you ascend.

Fight for the Union, boys, ye stout of heart,
Who left your friends you loved so well, so dear ;
They did not bid you stay, when called to part,
For danger to the Union seemed so near.

Fight for the Union, boys, ye noble brave,
Who loved your country better than your friends ;
When o'er the whole the stars and stripes shall wave,
God grant you safe return to home again.

A SOLDIER'S EPITAPH.

Far from his home by Mississippi's side,
Serving his country there he bled and died ;
One comfort to the widow's heart is given,
This grave his body holds, his spirit heaven.

Far off' by Mississippi's side,
For love of country bled and died ;
Here sleeps his dust in quiet rest,
His soul yet lives among the blest.

THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Lo ! what a lovely world is this,
If sin were not, a world of bliss ;
So complicated so sublime,
'Tis worthy an infinite mind.

The Great and Glorious Architect,
Did not one single nail neglect ;
To strengthen or to beautify
The structure or to please the eye.

Yon canopy of azure hue,
Wastes not with age, is always new ;
Bespangled o'er with beauteous gems,
Like diamonds in a diadem.

Yon time-piece, golden orb of light
Declares the time, all space does light ;
It has no weight, yet never stops.
Nor needs a key to wind it up.

Though clouds like curtains sometimes glide,
Before its face its beauties hide ;
Some gentle zephyrs pass them by,
They leave no mark to oppress the eye.

Not but the useful did provide,
But beautiful on every side ;
Its carpet every shade of green,
And flowers of every hue are seen,

When nature does require repose,
A sable curtain o'er her throws ;
A silvery time-piece then does shine,
Less brilliant but not less divine.

And when from cold the carpet fades,
Turns brown and gray of every shade ;
He spreads one o'er it purely white,
Though not as warm it adds to light.

And when the season has gone by,
White grows oppressive to the eye ;
That all dissolves and soon are seen
All shades of flowers, embossed on green.

OUR TEMPLE OF LIBERTY IN A GALE.

Who would not wish the stars and stripes
Might never cease to wave,
But who will bring the sacrifice
That will the Union save?

Each would the other's lamb be slain,
And will not own the sin ;
Each sees a Jonah in the ship
And lays the blame on him.

But all should now unite as one,
The Union try to save !
God grant, it may still be the home
Of the oppressed and brave.

Say not the temple we have reared
And loved to worship in ;
Where sits the goddess full of grace,
The people's hearts to win !

Oh ! say not that it can be razed
From its foundation strong !
To moulder on oppression's soil,
The home of woe and wrong.

Just as the last brave hero died,
Who fought on Bunker Hill,
Fire-eaters and fanatics haste
This land with blood to fill !

Our blessed Union, let it not
With anarchy be filled ;
Let love the monster's hydra head
Destroy, if power to kill !

Though different be the views, what brought
This evil to the land ;
Let each forbear and warmly grasp
His neighbor by the hand.

Then may we hope that peace ere long,
May to the land return ;
That love may as in former times,
Yet, in each bosom burn.

That east and west and north and south,
May yet fraternal be ;
The sisterhood now thirty-four,
Live as one family.

LOOK UP.

Look up ! look up ! at the beauteous sun,
How brightly he shines while his course he runs ;
Look up ! see the sky with its azure hue.
No fuller can make such a perfect blue.

Look up ! look up, at the stars at night,
And see how they twinkle like eyes of light ;
And look at the bright but milder moon,
And think of the giver of such a boon.

Look up ! let all see that your heart is glad,
For others feel sadder if you are sad ;
Look up, if you can, if your friends are nigh.
Let them see your soul peeping through your eye.

Look up to a friend though that friend be old,
Whose features are wrinkled and hard and cold ;
Know you what a magic your smile may have,
To make that heart feel more like youth and brave ?

Look up on the world for its architect,
Did not even one single nail neglect,
To strengthen its structure, or beautify
Its many proportions to please the eye.

Look up ! though the weather seems drear and cold.
The clouds may be shining with rays of gold :
Though shadows be dark and remind of night.
Yet some clouds may open for rays of light-

Look up ! though you think that the friends you know
Are not quite as plenty or quite as true :
If some have deserted or turned away,
You'll learn there are others as good as they.

Look up ! oh my soul, to thy home above.
For there is thy Father and God of love :
The Saviour has promised a mansion there.
Ere long I hope for to find me there.

I AM GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old the truth unfolds.
I dread life's change, heat and cold :
Time's marks are printed on me now.
I see his lines upon my brow.

Mind weak from weakness of the brain.
My blood flows sluggish through my veins.
My head with age is silvered o'er.
My sight less certain than before.

I have no child my way to cheer.
To guide my steps, dispel my fears ;
Whom I have led in childhood's days.
And whose devotion would repay.

Who will take care of me when sick,
And note my pulse too slow, too quick :
To cool my pillow, smooth my bed.
And bathe my burning, aching head.

Who will bring flowers when I am dead.
And weave a wreath around my head :
Who shed affection's tear for me.
When I no more a tear shall see ?

Who'll plant an evergreen for me.
An emblem of eternity :

Whose branches gentle winds shall wave,
In graceful motions o'er my grave.

Though lonely seem my path, and drear,
I'm not alone for God is here ;
As I am His and He is mine,
What more I want I'll not repine.

What though for me no tear be shed,
No rose shall blossom o'er my head ;
If but my spirit soars above,
And finds a home where God is love.

NOT ALL ARE HERE.

Not all are here with us to-day,
Who were when last we met ;
One voice we heard in prayer and praise.
We shall not soon forget.

How quietly she moved amid
This joyous, happy band ;
And taught us of the better way
To find a better land.

Her pleasant face we see no more,
Nor hear her voice again ;
But this we know, what is our loss
Will be to her a gain.

Her friends are sad that she is gone.
And other friends must bow ;
Elmer and Frankie, darling boys,
Their seats are vacant now.

In morn of life their toils are done.
Before the heat of day ;
Their guardian angels whispered come.
They too have passed away.

So one by one the summons comes,
Who next we cannot tell ;
We'll watch and wait and trust in God,
Who doeth all things well.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH
OF A FRIEND.

One morn a bright celestial car,
Came from a distance long and far ;
The car and steeds of glory bright,
The track on which they came was light.

The angels guided through the air,
That car of glory bright and fair ;
It came and stopping at the door,
There waited for one spirit more.

Upon a bed a sick man lay,
Though suffering much could sing and pray ;
One song of Zion more he sang,
His room with heavenly music rang.

His faith in Jesus was so bright,
That through death's valley all looked light ;
So in the car he took his seat,
The saints in glory soon to meet.

Faith saw him speed his way to heaven,
While friends lament earth's ties are riven ;
They'll miss him now while left alone,
A husband kind and father gone.

They'll miss him where he labored oft,
His pleasant smile, his manner soft ;
And when he met a social band,
His cordial grasping by the hand.

We'll miss him on the camping ground,
His voice, that once familiar sound,
Where humble christians join in prayer,
Or loud hosannas fill the air.

They'll miss him by the dying bed,
Where oft the suffering mind he led ;
Taught them to trust in Jesus' love,
And taught them faith in God above.

We'll miss him at his own church door,
We've met him there in days of yore ;
And there he met all with a smile,
And kindly led them through the aisle.

We'll miss him too on Tuesday night.
His face all cheerful, happy, bright ;
For none so willing will be there,
To talk or sing or lead in prayer.

And on God's holy Sabbath day,
Where he was wont to talk and pray ;
We'll miss him for he is not there,
To speak of hope or lead in prayer.

The Sunday concert too he loved,
And every moment did improve ;
That each might learn the right to know,
And each might learn the right to do.

Now he no more is here to lead,
His christian precepts may we heed ;
As he the christian race has run,
May we do good as he has done.

We all do know and feel the loss,
Let each one help to bear the cross ;
Close up the ranks and march along,
Till we the victory too have won.

ELECTIONEERING IN 1840.

Strange things do occur though of recent pretention,
To delegate cabins and boats to convention ;
Though astonishing men do possess minds so feeble,
As to think thus to dupe the American people.

Our forefathers would have expressed ejulation,
If they had suspected in this generation,
Our leaders are so void of sound elocution,
As to sanction such effigies in such profusion.

Oh shall it be said that our star-spangled banner,
Was ever disgraced in so foolish a manner ;
Will the people be ever in such perturbation,
As to think that such scenes are indeed oblectation.

Can the man who'd be honored by this happy nation,
Ever brook the idea of such an oblation ;
Methinks he cannot be so very weak minded,
As to think that the mass of the people are blinded.

No doubt there are some so near like ninny-hammers,
Who are fond of such scenes for they carry the banners ;
Nor would I judge all who would follow such leaders,
For some I know well would oppose all invaders.

Who can claim to your suffrages give him prelation,
But not employ means that would shame heathen nations ;
If a worthy evincible give him encomium,
But to cover his faults do not give the world opium.

Would that scandal, the basest of all imperfections,
Were never employed in securing elections ;
Let every one wear a true patriot's armor,
And then we might fearlessly unfurl the banner.

Oh ye sons of dear freedom come forth to the rescue,
Nor vote for a man who is void of true virtue ;
If aught in our government needs emendation,
Find the causes and the antidote give circulation.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG DOCTOR A HUNDRED YEARS AGO :

OR THE DISEASE CALLED THE AIL OF THE WHITE HORSE.

A young man who desired a profession to gain,
And believed himself able the wish to obtain,
Had decided to be a physician in truth,
And set out for the boon when he was but a youth.

And he studied at school while he was but a boy,
Till he handled the small branches easy as toy ;
As his mind grew the stronger the sciences too,
He could master successfully, seeing them through.

A good mathematician and astronomer,
A good chemist, geographer and philosopher ;
And the languages needed he understood well,
And in French, Greek and Latin most students excelled.

Studied all of the Ologies, only the "The."
That he cared not to study, no taste for that he ;
But was bound to be doctor and surgeon of skill,
And to make himself qualified worked with a will.

Then he sought as a tutor the best of his day,
He was one of great fame and could guide the right way ;
So he learned to make bandages, ointments and salves,
Also plasters of all kinds, none made by the halves.

Learned to dress wounds and set bones and heal up a sore,
Cut a leg or an arm off, and many things more ;
Tended medical lectures, dissected the dead,
Felt the pulse and prescribed for the sick in the bed.

Cared for the children with whooping cough, measles or
worms,
Scarlet fever or chicken pox, each in their turn ;
Passed his examination, successfully too,
And received his diploma, for practice would do.

In those days when the roads had but one narrow track,
The physician with saddle-bags rode the horse's back ;
That young man for the better to ride in the night,
He had bought him a horse and the color was white.

Now he prized his horse highly as young men will do,
He not only had bought him but paid for him too ;
And his clothes were all new which his mother had made,
From wool sheared from merino sheep, finest of grade.

Spun and woven at home, fulled and dyed at the mill,
Cut and made by the tailor who had the best skill ;
They all fitted him nicely, coat, vest, pants, whole suit,
With a thick coat for winter and called a surtout.

He had bought up his medicines, none need refuse,
One to say "cannot take it" would be of no use ;
He had jalap and ipecac, rhubarb and squills,
Castor oil, salts and senna, and white calomel.

Cincona and aloes, and quassia, blue pills,
And some specific ready for all kinds of ills ;
And all surgical instruments which he might need,
With the cant-hook to pull teeth and lancet to bleed.

His new saddle-bags ready, he packed them all in,
And a nice reputation expected to win ;
With sew saddle and bridle, and horseman's new whip,
He felt ready and willing to start on a trip.

Now his tutor though skilful was hard hearted though
Said one lesson to learn yet which he did not know ;
What the secret was worth figures could not compute,
And if he should inform him he would not dispute.

Oh do tell me the secret, I pray, doctor do ?
I have always confided my welfare with you ;
It is not in the books, to no college belongs,
Should I give you it gratis, I'd do myself wrong.

It is hard for me, doctor, the young man replied,
I have spent all my means my outfit to provide ;
Please do give me the secret I humbly implore,
I don't see as I can give you anything more.

Well unless I receive for the knowledge more pay,
My own secret I'll keep till eternity's day ;
Your white horse I will take if you choose it be so,
And your father will buy you another I know.

Though the young man protested, it all was in vain,
And he gave him the horse so the knowledge might gain ;
And the doctor looked wise and most solemnly said,
When you're called to the sick and shall find them in bed,

You must look at their tongue, count their pulses with
great care.

Look most solemnly at them with wild anxious stare ;
Then rise slowly when leaving the side of their bed,
Let the friends know your fears by the shake of your head,

Make them think that they are very dangerously sick,
And to save them the means must be used very quick ;
And of course they will soon be relieved of their pain,
And the loss of your horse you will see is your gain.

So the young man went out into practice alone,
Among strangers who proved to be friends of his own ;
But he did not obey what his tutor last said,
Even though he might first find his patient in bed.

If he saw there no danger they knew by his cheer,
They would soon get about, there was nothing to fear ;
If one did not recover no blame ever cast,
On the doctor who did all he could to the last.

In those days but one doctor was needed in town,
So he gained a good living and won a renown ;
And the poor did him homage and called him so good,
For he gave them their sick bills and sometimes their food.

So as time rolled along many years intervened,
And his old skilful tutor he never had seen ;
But one day on a journey he called at an inn,
When much to his surprise the old doctor came in.

Well he knew the old doctor who did not know him,
He was not as robust, growing old rather thin ;
So he sought out the landlady to her did say,
My dear madam, that old man will soon pass away.

I mean ma'am, that disease on his vitals has set,
But with prompt skilful treatment may even live yet :
And are you, sir, a doctor, and know what to do ?
Yes, that is my profession, but soon I must go.

For my patients and family look for me soon,
By to-morrow at least I should be there at noon ;
We all loved him, he's been with us so many years,
By his kindness and skill he has saved many tears.

And the whole town would mourn for him sadly I know,
For he still seems as useful as long time ago ;
Oh, please do, doctor, stay and attend to his case,
I will tell him you guessed his disease by his face.

And she did so, the old man felt bad at his heart.
For the fright the news gave him it made the blood start ;
And his pulse beat too rapidly that he was sure,
And the suffering he felt he could not long endure.

He said please doctor don't leave, attend to me now.
And whatever you wish I am willing to do :
It would be a great damage for me to stay here,
I have patients who're anxious to see me I fear.

You of course could not make up the damage to me.
If you should, an exorbitant price it would be ;
And besides me lives no other doctor near there,
And my patients may suffer for want of my care.

I will not mind the price if you only will stay.
And whatever that is I am willing to pay ;
Money is no account, as my life is at stake.
Now please stop with me doctor, do stay for my sake.

So he gave him some ipecac that made sick,
'Twas to empty his stomach and that was done quick ;
Then he gave him some senna made into a tea,
With some salts made him sick as he wished him to be.

The effect of the medicine having passed by,
They had prostrated him so he thought he should die.
But the young doctor's countenance changed to cheer,
Said the danger was over and no cause to fear.

And he told him be quiet he'd watch by his side.
And for all of his needs would be sure to provide ;
He would give him some nourishment and bathe his head.
He might sleep all he could, he would sit by his bed.

So he rested so quietly through the long night,
He awoke in the morning refreshed and quite bright ;
And the next on the program a tonic was good,
And that made him feel better and then some light food.

And next followed a stimulus that did provide,
And as soon as was proper he took him to ride ;
And he grew convalescent so rapidly too,
That the young doctor told him he thought he would do.

To be left with his friends, and got ready to go,
You must think that his bill was quite large, it was so ;
And the old doctor paid it and said it was right,
But before he got ready to bid him good-night

Said, please tell me the name of the sickness I've had,
And how you have relieved me, when I was so bad ;
Well, said he, it is seldom I've met with one sick,
Who was brought down so low and I've raised him so quick.

Sir, when I was a young man, the disease was new,
And I learned all its symptoms and treatment from you ;
And the knowledge to me was attended with loss,
And I gave to the name of the ail "The White Horse."

Now my true name dear sir, ere I leave I will tell.
And I think you'll remember your student quite well ;
Oh, I see, said the old man, you served me quite right,
With a shake of the hand bade each other good night.

The disease that prevailed then, in these better days
Has developed itself in a great many ways,
Though the symptoms may vary and different name,
It is said that the treatment is nearly the same.

A STORM.

As Eolus has power,
And a mind and a skill,
So he makes the big drifts
In the valley and hill.

Hear the wind ! how it shrieks !
Hear it bellow and blow !
Spite of all opposition,
It piles up the snow.

And he lets all the earth
Know his power in its rage,
For he pinches alike
Youth and gray-headed age.

You who sit in your homes,
And are cozy and warm,
Have a thought for the poor
Who are out in the storm.

'Tis a fearful north-east
Wind, as fierce as a dart,
It may cripple one's limbs,
Or it may pierce the heart.

Not so pleasant may be,
For to take such within.
But be sure of the fact.
It will not be a sin.

THE DOCTOR'S OVERCOAT.

Supply yourself an overcoat,
Such as will well protect your throat,
Stuffed well with ample sleeves and folds,
To shield you from the wet and cold.

A pocket in the breast have placed,
To hold your antidotal case
And instruments which you may need,
To probe, to plaster or to bleed.

A little pocket you may have,
To hold what money you may save ;
Economize for that is right,
And always keep therein a mite.

Another, and as needful quite,
Should have a place, but out of sight ;
Made broad and deep enough, beware !
And pocket all your insults there.

FORMATION OF THE EARTH.

When the Great Universal Creator of all,
Spake into existence this stupendous ball;
First it floated in atoms in space unknown,
Ere the sun, moon and stars in full splendor had shone.

The fixed laws of nature He then did provide.
Laws by which she has ever will ever abide;
Gravitation, attraction are some of the code,
Cohesion and others by which she abode.

Propelled to the centre each atom was hurled,
Each particle aided in forming this world;
The denser the matter the swifter it went,
The less dense, soon rapidly after were sent.

Gravitation the author of nature to please,
Fixed the axis round which it revolves with such ease;
Electricity too by exerting its power
Turned it round with great ease in a very few hours.

Though its surface was covered with water so deep,
That it seemed as if destined forever to sleep;
So tremendous the power caused by internal fires,
That it sent forth dry land and the waters retired.

Transparent atmosphere having been formed,
While the sun, moon and stars did the heavens adorn;
Vegetation was called for, it sprung forth to light,
And the sun ruled the day while the moon ruled the night.

When enough was matured to sustain man for food,
He, being created, all was pronounced good;
The quadruped creation were docile and kind,
And a lovely companion to solace his mind.

Neither shame had they known nor confusion of face,
Nor the thought had occurred that they might be disgraced,
He was lord of the earth and for them it was blest,
Nor could they need more than they now did possess.

Their eyes could extend over nature's domain,
She had never known winter nor ever grown wane ;
Her fruit-trees were blooming exceedingly fair,
Exhaling sweet odors made balmy the air.

They aspired after more than this earth could afford,
And attained to a blessed communion with God ;
Having never known sin nor its consequent fear,
Their climax of happiness perfected there.

But alas ! by and by, they aspired after more,
They wished to be like unto him they adored ;
The fruit he'd forbidden them ever to eat,
They partook and attempted the sin to secrete.

But He who made the laws by which nature abode,
Framed also for man a most beautiful code ;
And had he been contented by them to abide,
He had ne'er from the presence of God sought to hide.

To God's favor he found he had forfeited claim,
And his first state of innocence ne'er could regain ;
He must earn now his bread by the sweat of his brow,
For the earth must not yield it spontaneously now.

How changed was the scene now, his prospects look drear,
He had never ere this known the meaning of fear ;
He was told he must die and return unto dust,
And would cease from the earth as he was not at first.

He sat with his countenance vapid and pale,
The salubrious air he could scarcely inhale ;
When a voice from on high told him yet there was hope,
His countenance brightened, again he looked up.

His head who succeeded to dupe and decoy,
I will cause that the seed of the woman destroy ;
Do you and your children as I shall command.
And a blessing you ever shall find at my hand.

When the earth became peopled extensively too,
There was scarcely a man that was willing to do
As his maker required, so God gave him His word,
That unless they reformed He'd destroy with a flood.

His servant delivered his message to all,
But the people believed not nor heeded the call ;
They sinned unrepenting with such a high hand,
That the Lord then repented he ever made man.

The time was approaching, had even now come,
Mankind must all suffer for sins they had done ;
The decree had gone forth from the powers on high,
That all but his servant and family die.

A flood was employed as a deputy cause,
By the God of all justice and author of laws ;
To effect his design with such consequence dire,
His principal agent was internal fire.

The great western hemisphere ere this did sleep,
Being ever engulfed in the watery deep ;
But the power which at first caused dry land to appear,
Prepared to exhibit a continent here.

The time had arrived for the heat to explode,
And send forth to light its great incumbent load ;
And the decomposition of water by fire,
Formed the vapors and clouds for to execute ire.

The aqueous clouds gathered blackness intense,
Nor mankind could prepare themselves any defence ;
They had sinned with impunity, now were they doomed,
To behold the approach of a watery tomb.

The once peaceful ocean, so recently calm,
Irascible now, it increased the alarm ;
The rain in great torrents obeyed the command,
And the now boundless ocean swept over the land.

The work of destruction now being complete,
The waters it seems soon began to retreat ;
The wind was the agent Jehovah required
To pass over the earth and the waters retired.

Once the sound of the beast and the music of birds,
As they hailed the glad morning the echo was heard ;
The children too played on the green and the lawn,
With their bright cherub faces the landscape adorned.

All nature once clad with her carpet of green,
And her blossoms perpetually blooming were seen ;
Where were dwellings for men who were joyful and gay,
With their life and their beauty had all passed away.

And alas what a change all was vapid and gloom.
Children shared with their fathers a watery tomb ;
All nature was silent, no voice now was heard,
Not the sound of a man or a beast or of birds.

But alone on the top of the mountain did rest.
Secure from the tempest one family blest ;
The head was the servant of God, the Most High,
To His throne He delighted in prayer to draw nigh.

So God condescended a covenant to make,
And promised the earth He would bless for his sake ;
As a pledge that His presence to him He revealed,
That a bow in the clouds He would set as a seal.

He declared He would no more destroy with a flood,
But should man again merit the weight of his rod ;
The agent by which He should execute ire,
The earth he should burn and its contents with fire.

Who can ever behold that infallible seal.
Which is set in the clouds and not oftimes feel
That his promise is sure and whatever He wills.
In wisdom and power He will ever fulfil.

WINTER.

Cold winter comes with monarch mien,
To rule the nation o'er again ;
He governs with a tyrant's hand,
And nature bows at his command.

To conquer is his only aim,
To wield oppression's wand he claims ;
Fair nature having no defence,
To ward her foe makes no pretence.

Passively dormant for a time,
She bows submissive to his shrine ;
And that his conquest be complete.
He lays her prostrate at his feet.

Her stately sons more stubborn seem,
In summer clad in gorgeous green ;
Refusing at his shrine to bow,
They raise their heads, their might to show.

But them he smites with frosts severe.
And robs them of the clothes they wear ;
Their pride they cannot yet subdue.
Like patriots to their country true.

The crystal streams and rippling rills,
With icy chains he binds at will ;
Majestic mountains have to wear
Such garments as his hands prepare.

But spring will come to their relief,
And fill the tyrant's heart with grief ;
Will drive him from his wide domain,
Assume the right and power to reign.

She governs with a milder hand,
To gain affection, better plan ;
Where winter binds she'll melt the chains,
And nature's approbation gain.

Earth with her sons will all rejoice,
To hear the music of her voice ;
Where robbed of all their foliage too,
He'll clothe them all with green anew.

WHAT PRUDENCE THE MOTHER OF THE VIRTUES WITH HER CHILDREN DID.

The morning star now shone with glimmering light,
Darkness was giving place to morning bright ;
The sky-lark had begun to tune his lyre.
And call on all of life to see, admire !

The sun sent up his golden rays of light
To warn the moon, 'twas time to bid good-night ;
And notify the angels that his rays
Make a safe conduct, as in former days.

Their chariots too which God to them has given,
To bear them safe to earth and back to heaven ;
The goddess Prudence heeded first the call,
She being mother of the virtues all.

Calling her children all around she said
Much was to do—from them she wanted aid ;
Mind well your mother, heed what I may say,
Learn like obedient children to obey.

The Great Omnipotent, Allwise of Heaven,
To all His works unchanging laws has given ;
From disobeying which, proceeds the ill
By which the whole of all the earth is filled.

Earth like a field of one extended view,
Has many needs ; enough for all to do,
Yet more there is if nourished well with care,
Fruits ripening for eternity will bear.

Go children, cultivate with care the good,
Nor root the tares and weeds with hand too rude ;
I'll oversee the work from day to day,
No ill will come if you my plans obey.

Industry said he was her oldest child.
In Eden's bowers old Adam's hours beguiled ;
The first thing that he ever learned to do,
Was, tilling land ; and 'twas good business too.

As garments did not in the garden grow,
The first mechanic work was how to sew :
And the first work to which he turned his hand,
Was make an apron, thus obey command.

His mother smiled and said my trusty son,
Without your aid no great things can be done ;
So you may supervise, and may God grant
You root out every parasitic plant.

Some things are difficult to cultivate,
Some grow too fast and some grow up too late ;
Lay out the work that each may do his part,
While I inspire all will with hand and heart.

Pride is a plant that grows too rank and high,
And is quite useless but to please the eye ;
Humility must dig around its roots,
Lop off its crest and all superfluous shoots.

When well proportioned may assume a name,
Among the virtues dignity may claim ;
Then by its side Humility might live,
And like two cozy friends in union thrive.

Envy and Malice, Jealousy and Hate,
Live near together and much mischief make ;
And well with thorns and thistles will compare
Which lay the back of Innocence quite bare.

With scandal like the nettle and the brier,
They lash the back until it seems on fire ;
Not quite content with this, the poisonous dart
They sometimes hurl, which pierces to the heart.

Often inflicting quite a fatal wound,
And if it heals at all, it is not sound ;
Thou Love alone canst make those monsters yield,
And thou and Charity must bear the shield.

Hold up a mirror, show them each their face,
For sneers and pouts are never fruits of grace ;
Soothe thou the pain which innocence may feel,
Apply the oil of pity that may heal.

A plaster made of deeds from motives pure,
Laid rightly on the back may cause a cure :
With grace change ye their visages though vile,
By showing them the magic of a smile.

In yonder muddy pond there floats a barque,
Where winds are adverse, atmosphere is dark,
Without a rudder and a man sits there,
His countenance bespeaks his name, Despair.

Go Hope, and gently to that man draw near,
Dispel the darkness, quiet every fear,
With thy majestic power draw him ashore,
There fix thine anchor, bid him doubt no more.

In yonder dismal alley, damp and cold,
Poverty lives, his garments worn and old ;
His dwelling too, is going to decay,
And scanty food he finds from day to day.

Hope sometimes points him to a better day,
He starts, and thinks that he may find the way ;
But disappointment meets him on the road
And drives him back again to his abode.

Come Perseverance, do thou go with Hope,
And not allow him on the road to stop ;
Though disappointment sometimes may appear,
Call Courage to his aid he need not fear.

Benevolence must also lend him aid,
Who always will in turn be well repaid ;
Like casting bread upon the river Nile,
It will a hundred fold repay awhile.

Go Industry, and teach him how to thrive,
By imitating thee in plenty live ;
And may he learn of wisdom while he may,
To lay up something for a rainy day.

Then pinching Want he need no longer dread,
Like Sovereign as he is, hold up his head,
And teach his brethren it is wise and true,
To follow Perseverance, Hope and you.

Extravagance and Fashion live near by,
Each notes the other, with complacent eye ;
They seem to think Economy looks mean,
Though decently she always dress and clean.

Than Wisdom they affect to be more wise,
And others of my children they despise ;
These precepts I would have them hear and learn,
To never waste nor wear but what they earn.

Learn new ideas to improve the mind,
Care more for healthy heads than crinoline;
Dress with a view to well secure good health,
For that and wisdom are a mine of wealth.

If earth keeps turning 'round, I think it may,
And keeps on measuring time with night and day;
My children all their mother's counsels heed,
And root out every day some noxious weed.

Then heavenly graces will have room to grow,
And what a paradise this earth will show;
Cherubs and seraphs would delight to live
Where I, with all my family, can thrive.

MY LITTLE KITTY.

Once I had a little kitty,
And my kitty caught a mouse;
And she looked so shy and pretty,
As she chased it round the house.

When she played till she got tired,
Then she bit him in the head;
Then she went to work and ate him,
Just as soon as he was dead.

By and by my little kitty,
She grew up to be a cat;
Then she thought it was a pity,
If she could not catch a rat.

So one time she heard a gnawing,
And a rolling things about;
Then she curled up in a corner,
Watching till the rat came out.

Then the cat she pounced upon him,
And she bit him in the back;
And you'd think if you had heard him,
That he suffered from the rack.

But the cat she did not pity,
Neither heeded she his wail ;
But she broke his bones then ate him,
All except the skin and tail.

Then she learned to watch the corn bin,
And the barley and the rye ;
When she saw a rat she caught it,
Or a mouse, she was so sly.

In the morning time of milking,
Want she cunning do you think ?
She would come and pur about me,
Which did mean she wanted drink.

THE CHANTICLEER.

The cock that owns the dung-hill,
Early in the morn,
He calls the hens around him,
To help him eat the corn.

The hen that has an egg laid,
Cackles out her song ;
The cock he helps her sing too,
His notes both loud and strong.

He calls the young ones around him,
And teaches them to crow ;
And struts as any dandy can,
When walking to and fro.

Assumes the sole purogative
Of his own right to rule ;
Chastises those who disobey.
Like demagogues at school.

IT IS FIRST RATE TO BE A YANKEE:

That we are yankees is first rate,
And natives of the Granite State ;
We love this place as well we may.
So near the banks of Nashua.
 By and by comes vacation,
 Then we'll have more recreation.

This term of school we've all enjoyed,
Our time it has been well employed ;
We've learned to read and learned to spell.
And aimed to say our lessons well.
 By and by comes vacation,
 Then we'll have more recreation.

We know our parents will be glad,
For we can count and we can add ;
We multiply and we divide,
Much to the credit of our guide.
 By and by comes vacation,
 Then we'll have more recreation.

We hope to shun all naughty ways,
And learn some new thing every day ;
The hill of science we will climb,
As fast as we have strength of mind.
 By and by comes vacation,
 Then we'll have more recreation.

FOR LITTLE NELLIE F. EAYRS.

I have a dear grandpa and grandma,
And papa and mamma love me ;
They call me their dear little Nellie,
And I must be good as can be.

They tell me that God made the sun shine,
Which makes all the world look so bright ;
And made all the stars and the moon too,
That twinkle and shine in the night.

WELCOME TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

Lads and lasses bright and fair,
Welcome to my home to-night;
All that's pleasant may you share,
Pass by all that is not right.

May it prove a sunny spot.
An oasis may it be;
When my spirit home is not,
I am gone and blest are ye.

As you progress on through life,
Be the star of hope your guide;
What you seek with good be rife,
What you need may God provide.

Set your motive's standard high.
Act and aim to reach that goal;
God will bless you by and by,
Your reward be good unfold.

Every day and every hour,
Make resolves we will do right;
Spite of all opposing power,
Persevere with all your might.

MY TENTH BIRTHDAY.

This is my anniversary.
I'm ten years old to-day;
Now I must learn to do some good,
As well as learn to play.

It does not seem as possible,
I'm half grown to a man;
I surely ought to do some good,
God helping me, I can.

I'll try to shun temptation's wiles,
And walk in wisdom's ways ;
Learn some idea new, to add
To what I know each day.

I'll walk the way of truth and right,
My parents mind with care ;
And bear with patience every cross,
That duty tells me bear.

Should angry passions ever rise,
I'll try to drive them off ;
Smooth down the scowl upon my brow,
Speak pleasantly and soft.

If I but make myself to be
As lovely as I can ;
Then all will treat me with respect,
When I shall be a man.

MY GRAND NEPHEW.

I think of darling Harry,
As roaming through the woods ;
Reading from nature's precious book,
And learning to be good.

There he can hear the birds that sing,
And see the squirrels run ;
And try to catch the butterflies,
And have a lot of fun.

And when among the verdant trees,
He sits beneath the shade ;
He thinks who made the trees and flowers,
And birds and squirrels made.

Who made the little tiny brooks,
That through the meadows run ;
Where little fishes glide along,
And sparkle in the sun.

Who made the little lambs and calves,
That gambol on the green ;
The horses working in the field,
And colts that he has seen.

Who made the cows to furnish milk,
So good to drink and eat ;
To make the butter and the cheese,
When fattened such nice meat.

Who made the grain and grass to grow,
And every thing I see ;
I know 'tis God who made them all,
And all my friends and me.

I'll learn to do what good I can,
While I am well and young ;
And when I die I'll go to heaven,
And He will say well done.

A SONG FOR A LITTLE BOY.

I must be a good boy and my parents obey,
For they feed me and clothe me every day ;
When I'm sick they take care of and pity me too,
So I will try to mind them as I ought to do.

My father is so kind that he bought me a sled,
It is painted so nice, a part of it is red ;
And when there is snow you may look out if you will,
And see how good my sled is to slide down the hill.

My mother she says by and by it will be spring,
The grass it will be green and the birds they will sing ;
And the roses will bloom and look so fresh and gay,
Oh, what a good time it will be for boys to play.

And if I love my mother and do what is right,
When it shall be summer she will make me a kite ;
And all the little boys they will want to be there,
To see how my kite will fly so high in the air.

A SONG FOR THE SCHOOL.

Cold winter now is coming, but
We care not for the cold ;
We've often heard it said it had
Been always so of old.

We'll up in the morning and
Prepare ourselves for school ;
We'll aim to be in season, for
That is the teacher's rule.

When time for school is over and
No work at home to do,
Then skip and slide upon the ice,
And play at snowball too.

And when it please our parents, they
Will carry us to ride ;
The bells will jingle merrily,
And how the sleigh will glide.

When winter shall be over, then
Will come the lovely spring ;
We always bid her welcome,
'Tis then the birds do sing.

And when the spring-like winter shall
Be gone, with lovely May
Comes summer with her roses, for
She too must have her day.

When autumn comes to take her place,
No roses though she brings ;
She brings all kinds of ripened fruit,
Her praises we will sing.

Each season does declare that He
Who doeth all things well,
Knows better what we need ourselves,
Than we ourselves could tell.

VACATION IS COMING.

Do you know vacation's coming?
She is coming so they say ;
But I almost doubt the story.
She is so long on the way.

But I know that she is coming.
For the teacher told me so ;
And whatever she does tell me.
It is always true I know.

Do you ask why I believe it?
I will tell the reason why ;
'Tis because I think her truthful.
And would never tell a lie.

Now you know it would be awful,
If she says what is not true ;
When she tells us we must be good.
And be truthful me and you.

We will ever be as honest,
As the best of boys can be ;
And will no more tell a lie than
George who hacked the cherry tree.

MY LITTLE GRANDNIECE.

Blessed little baby.
Good as one can be.
More than all beside thee.
Though art dear to me.

Like the midday sunbeam
Opening all the flowers ;
Thou dost fill with fragrance
All my passing hours.

Dropping in my pathway
Balmy, soothing showers ;
In thine eyes I read thy
Soul inspiring powers.

May the blessed Saviour
Paint upon thy brow
Innocence and beauty.
As I see it now.

So that in the future,
While your parents live,
All the aid and comfort
Needed, you will give.

Though some thorns may flourish,
Yet along the way
You shall be the rose, dear.
We shall pluck each day.

LITTLE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

When I think of darling blanche,
Sitting in her parents' lap,
Or they lying down beside her,
When she went to take a nap.

What a blessed little child
She is, to be so favored now ;
May God keep her in His mercy,
And such favors always show.

How she loved to kiss her papa,
Lavished kisses by the score ;
And her mamma, in her turn,
Came in for quite as many more.

May she, like the morning roses,
Spread sweet fragrance through their bowers,
Like a glorious shining sunbeam,
Light their pathway every hour.

AN ACROSTIC.

Oh, do not murmur that your God
Thus on you lays His chastening rod ;
I would that you submissive bow,
Since God has called your child to go.

When he has lived no evil done,
Has not its consequence known ;
It is to shun life's evil way,
That he from earth is called away.

Expect not perfect happiness,
Earth ne'er will fill your cup with bliss ;
Almighty God has perfect right
Your hopes of earthly good to blight.

Remember those who love the Lord
Shall find in heaven a sure reward.

AN ACROSTIC.

Oh must you part with him your only child,
Nor hear him prattle more or see him smile ?
Sure, he was mild as summer's mildest breeze,
Lovely as vernal blossoms on the trees.

Oh, will his little arms no more embrace,
Will his sweet life ne'er press again your face.
Shall he no more his father run to greet,
Expect caresses, learn some little feat.

Ah, no, his sprightly acts on earth are done,
Yey, from this world his spirit now has flown,
Rests in the bosom of his God in light,
So does the Judge of all earth do right.

TO A LITTLE FRIEND.

When you grow up to be a man,
May you be good, as good you can ;
And always with the end in view,
To all around be kind and true.

To bear with patience try to learn,
Nor ever let your anger burn,
Lest, when you would not, you may do
What would not be so well for you.

When I within my narrow bed,
Shall lay at last my weary head ;
Then may you sometime think of me,
When you no more my face may see.

You need not shed for me a tear,
Because I was, but am not here,
But if some evergreen you have,
Please lay them on my silent grave.

CHRISTMAS DAY MEDITATIONS.

They were sweet those love caresses,
Which your fondness spent on me ;
It was blessed to be with you,
Though the time so brief must be.

Yes, God willed it so and rightly,
That my life with you begun ;
And He willed that I should leave you,
When my life though short was done.

On the morning when I left you,
By the dark and grief bound shore ;
It was then my angel sisters
Came and met me at the door ;

They were clad in robes of beauty,
Wings of angels, glorious light ;
And they bore me to those mansions,
Jesus promised pure and bright.

Weep no more my loving parents,
Though the wound is deep, severe ;
Take the cup your father gives you,
Shed no more the bitter tear.

Parents when your life is ended,
You on earth need stay no more ;
We will come as guardian angels,
Guide you to this happy shore.

HOPE FOR THE PENITENT.

Do you feel you are a sinner,
In God's favor have no place ;
You are floating without anchor,
And have passed the day of grace.

It is well that you should feel so,
That your sorrows should be deep :
If they lead you to repentance,
Cause you many tears to weep.

Though the billows rise before you,
Sins like mountains in your sight ;
Look, like Peter, see the Saviour,
Leave your own ship though at night.

Look no more down in the waters,
Look above ! the Saviour's there !
See His hand to you extended,
Know for you He has a care.

Then will faith keep you from sinking,
Take His hand, He'll hold you fast ;
Hope in Him will be your anchor,
Love will take you home at last.

PICTURES OF A CROSS EMBELLISHED WITH FLOWERS.

Few have the grace to lift the cross,
Nor feel it is a grief or loss.
 But dread its weight to bear.
If some were near might give us aid.
We think we would not be afraid,
 We want some friend to share.

If in our walk the cross may lay,
The path is walled each side the way,
 And we are left alone.
Faith tells us God will give us strength.
We make the effort and at length.
 How soon the work is done.

To do with grace what must be done,
To bear with smiles what must be borne,
 Will beautify the cross ;
As roses twined with tiny flowers,
More fragrant after falling showers.
 Refreshed they show no loss.

The rose is trained so to adorn
The cross, it is not left forlorn,
 For still its crest we see ;
When duty calls and feelings go,
We see no cross, 'tis even so,
 But fair as blooming tree.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

We have all got to climb
To the summit of life ;
Some would reach to that height with a bound,
But the look and the wish

Are both equally vain,
One must rise by degrees from the ground.
The bold eagle ne'er gains
To the uppermost crag,

With but one mighty effort or spring ;
But he soars by degrees,
From his perch on the trees,
Always beating the air with his wings.

If one born to be great
Fill the high chair of state,
Or perchance he may sit on a throne ;
Be his mind not well trained

When the summit is gained,
It were better he never was born.
If perfection we seek,
First be humble and meek.

Strive to cultivate grace from above.
Faith must be the first round,
We should reach from the ground,
Hope the next and the top round is love.

MORNING PRAYER.

Draw near my God I pray,
And guide me through this day ;
Direct my mind aright
From this bright morn till night.

Let my thoughts ascend to heaven,
Thankfully for mercies given ;
Oh, give me grace to bear,
My every pain and care.

Help me to bear my load,
Through life's rough stony road ;
Shoe my feet with truth that can
On the rock of ages stand.

Please let me never trip,
And may I never slip;
And when upon my bed
I rest my weary head,

Holy spirits hover near;
Then I have no need to fear.
And when that by and by
I'm summoned to the sky.

And holy angels come
To bear my spirit home;
Then my soul may plume its wings.
Heavenly anthems learn to sing.

FAITH.

Jesus will meet me at death's gate,
And with His lamp of love
Will guide me through the gloomy way
Up to His home above.

This shattered home in which I live,
My soul's old house of clay,
These pillars moulder back to earth,
And crumbling to decay.

Why should I care, what that to me?
My soul will not be here.
If Jesus take me by the hand,
I feel His presence near.

I'll soar away to realms of light,
Nor in the billowy waves
Will need to dip my weary soul.
I'll need not stop to lave.

For He will cleanse my soul from stain.
The promise He has given.
He is the way, my hope and life.
By which I'll enter heaven.

A FRIEND HAS LEFT.

One more husband, loving father,
In his home is now no more ;
For the Saviour whom he trusted,
Called him from this mortal shore.

As I talked to him of Jesus,
Of His promises of peace,
Of the home for His disciples,
When this mortal life shall cease.

On the bosom of my Saviour,
Soon said he I'll be at rest,
All my hope is in His merit,
In His love shall I be blest.

Oh how precious is His promise,
Where He's gone there may I go,
Live in mansions of the blessed,
When I've done with all below.

If on earth I never see you,
And your welcome presence greet ;
Yet I hope we'll meet in heaven,
Where true kindred spirits meet.

Yet I called there on the morrow,
He seemed sinking very fast ;
I suspected that, the last time,
And it proved to be the last.

You still wait, I said, still linger,
On this side of Jordan's shore ;
Yes, said he, I'm only waiting
For the boat to bear me o'er.

To his wife and loving daughters,
And his sisters all so dear ;
Many words he spoke of comfort,
Not to grieve his end so near.

And he talked of his dear loved ones,
Little blessings God has given ;
Loves too pure for earth's existence,
Called away and gone to heaven.

He must leave dear friends behind him,
Go to meet those gone before ;
When those dear ones left should join them,
They would meet to part no more.

What a sermon in his last words,
To a young man which was given ;
Be good, do right, he but whispered,
And we'll surely meet in Heaven.

They will miss him in the workshop,
Miss him in the house of prayer,
In the Sunday school as teacher,
In the class as leader there.

As a neighbor he was kindly,
Many did his friendship share ;
How much more at home they'll miss him,
When they see his vacant chair.

Yet the thought when life is ended,
And its sorrows all gone by,
They may hope again to meet him,
In his home beyond the sky.

MEMORIAL ON THE DEATH OF A BOY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Now the story I tell is a sad one to-day,
For a loved little classmate has just passed away ;
And his voice that we heard when we met here before,
Is now silent in death, we shall hear it no more.

Why should he thus be called while so young and so bright.

Why should death choose that mark while his heart was so light ;

Why not take some old person whose work is all done,
And not call for that dear little brother and son ?

I can tell you my friends why he's not here to-day,
For our Father in Heaven has called him away ;
He has taken His own, as He had perfect right,
To His home in the sky where His glory is light.

Oh, ye parents mourn not, he has passed on before.
He is waiting for you on that bright happy shore ;
Where the Saviour is gone and the home of the blest.
Where the weary and heavily laden find rest.

MY FIRST WAKING THOUGHTS THIS SABBATH MORN.

I praise Thy name Father in Heaven,
For many mercies Thou hast given ;
Thou kept me safely through the night,
Opened mine eyes to see the light.

My sleeping hours Thou too hast blest,
My weary limbs hast given rest ;
Such soothing pillows for my head.
And warm and comfortable bed.

I wake in tolerable health,
Worth more to me than Cræsus' wealth ;
Give me a heart to follow Thee.
In all that's good direct Thou me.

Oh, give me wisdom from on high,
Wisdom that guideth to the sky ;
Wisdom to walk the narrow way,
So I grow better day by day.

As I have lived for many years,
Have shed from sorrow many tears.
Have often suffered too from pain,
And yet I live, I still remain.

Oh, may I know the reason why
Long time ago I did not die ;
Is there some duty unfulfilled,
That I am spared to do Thy will.

Open mine eyes that I may see
What else Thou dost require of me ;
What duty yet remains undone,
That I must do beneath the sun ?

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY AND THE FIRST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A babe was born in Bethlehem,
A city of the east ;
The angels spread the welcome news,
And called Him Prince of Peace.

The shepherds heard the heavenly song,
It made their souls rejoice ;
They joined in praising God on high,
With all their hearts and voice.

The wise men went to see the child,
They journeyed from afar ;
The light to guide them on their way,
Was God's bright shining star.

That was the first great christmas day,
Ordained of God in heaven ;
The presents which the wise men brought,
First christmas presents given.

Those gifts were not of toys and clothes,
As children sometimes have ;
But gold and frankincense and myrrh,
Were what those wise men gave.

May we all have kind, thankful hearts,
For friends and favors given ;
And may the Star of Bethlehem
Direct our souls to heaven.

AN ACROSTIC.

Now you are young, your hopes are fair and bright,
Each cheerful thought is well and good and right ;
Life without cheer is like a desert waste,
Leaving no path we ever would retrace.

If duty calls where feelings do not lead,
E'er try to lift the cross you'll find the need ;
May God protect and guide you every day,
True friends be yours to bless you on your way.

Hope be your anchor though the waves roll high,
On God who gives the ocean bounds, rely.
Make it your aim in goodness to excel,
Prudence will guide you in your duties well.

Soon life will end, though seeming for the day
On wings of faith your spirit speeds its way.
Nor doubts obscure the light that shines for aye.

When my days on earth are ended,
And my face no more you see ;
When you turn these pages over,
As your friend remember me.

MY DREAM IN THE NIGHT.

As I sat me down at twilight,
Friends were near me by the way ;
I was thinking of my duties.
Had I done right through the day.

In my silent meditations,
That auspicious hour was mine ;
And I asked, have I been thankful
For such favors as I find.

As I sat, two babes came to me,
They had just begun to walk ;
And I found to my surprise, that
They had also learned to talk.

One approached me on my left side.
Laid her soft hand on my knee ;
And she looked up in my face
And said, dear auntie, pray for me.

Then the other at my right side,
Looked up trustingly to me ;
As I took her soft hand, she too
Said, dear auntie, pray for me.

So I took them up together,
Folded in my fond embrace ;
And those darling little seraphs
Laid their cheeks against my face.

Oh, happy I was feeling,
For such purity so near ;
And I tried to raise my heart, and
Feel that God was also here.

So I raised my thoughts to heaven,
Spoke so those two babes might hear ;
And I asked for God to bless them,
Just as Jesus did when here.

Would He give them every blessing
Day by day, as they might need ;
Guide their inexperienced feet, in
Wisdom's ways, as wisdom leads.

Give them food and needed comforts,
Friends to care for them and guide ;
And indeed all needed favors,
Every day would He provide.

And those little darlings listened,
And each word they heard me say ;
They so trustingly and loving
Seemed, as learning how to pray.

And I felt that God in heaven, would
Make them baby angels there ;
They would no more need to pray, but
Perfect, heavenly praises share.

I could wish such happy moments
Might be lasting through my days ;
But alas ! my dream has vanished,
And that vision gone for aye.

I could wish that in the twilight
Of my life, such views might be ;
Visions like those darling seraphs,
Angels pure might come to me.

Led by Jesus up to heaven,
Up to Him who heard our prayer ;
Ever thankful for His mercies,
Sing immortal praises there.

DEATH OF A YOUNG DAUGHTER.

Mourn not for me dear mother,
Nay, mourn no more for me ;
For Jesus met me at the gate,
And set my spirit free.

To you the pass looked gloomy,
And seemed so dark the way ;
'Twas but a doubtful passage,
That led to endless day.

The pangs of death were over,
A new life I assumed ;
And all that suffered, all that sinned,
Are sleeping in the tomb.

'Tis but a short time, mother,
The time at most is near ;
Your work on earth is not all done,
My brothers are not here.

Then for their sakes believe in God,
Who doeth all things well ;
And for our father try to live,
Of mourning break the spell.

Ask God and He will help you,
To stay that flood of tears ;
Were sorrow known in heaven,
'Twould give me sorrow here.

Then cheer up dearest mother,
The past may well suffice ;
God needs not you should waste your life,
Asks no such sacrifice.

Look up towards heaven then mother,
God wills that you should hope ;
All clouds have silver linings,
If only you look up.

Beyond all clouds the sun shines,
They cannot make it less ;
Though faith is weak, God's mercy
Omnipotent to bless.

Then trust Him for His greatness,
Trust Him that He is good ;
And try to feel that all is right,
You may and more you should.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY REQUEST.

You asked for fruitage of my brain.
The roots of this old tree remain ;
Scarce strong enough to bear the fruit,
So it mature with taste to suit.

I can't expect it long to grow.
On this exhausted soil below ;
Branches grow mossy, leaves grow sear.
Scarce worth the care to keep it here.

Has lived for seventy years and more,
Those growing near have gone before ;
You start in life with prospects fair.
I would few crosses be your share.

Though but a stranger you to me.
I cherish kind regard for thee ;
Faith, hope and charity be given.
To aid you on your way to Heaven.

CUPID'S DARTS.

So Cupid sprung his silken string,
And sped two golden darts ;
Strange but such darts inflict no stings,
Though piercing deep two hearts.

While shines the silvery honeymoon,
The wounds will not be healed ;
We hope she will not wane too soon.
But long her influence wield.

As at your happy nuptial vows.
Bright flowers and suns as light ;
And sorrow never shades your brows.
But ever shine as bright.

As onward through life's path you tread,
Dark shadows sometimes find,
Fear not but look above your head,
All clouds are silver lined.

A gentle wind will by and by
Waft all dark clouds away ;
And you may see the clear, bright sky,
And golden orb of day,

Hope be the anchor of your souls,
And buoy your spirits up ;
And love above all have control,
Then joy will fill your cup.

When your last milestone has been set,
Your journey near its end,
You will not feel the sad regret,
Tis not, but might have been.

THE COLD WIND.

Æolus has got the good will
To furnish the cold for December ;
And Boreas running the mill,
Works well for his master, remember.

The earth soon will call for a spread,
To keep her from freezing too deeply ;
Neptune can supply from his bed,
Sufficient to make it completely.

Materials only he finds,
And Boreas, good manufacturer,
Is always so ready and kind,
He shows himself her benefactor.

One scarcely would call it quite kind,
To cover her feet, trunk and head so ;
But only you think, and you'll find
That she is but sleeping, not dead—no.

Some things that we think hard to bear,
Wait patiently till they are ended ;
One portion but falls to one's share,
And mercy with trouble is blended.

Sol soon shall be coming this way,
And wake up the Earth as his way is ;
And Spring will come forth looking gay,
The loveliest daughter they say is.

She wisely performeth her work,
Though young sows and plants in good season ;
Shows Summer that she is no shirk,
Who imitates her for good reason.

And Ceres will finish all up,
The work of the seasons completely ;
Will gather the well ripened crop.
And garner all safely and neatly.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY-TWO.

This eighteen hundred eighty-two
Will link the old year with the new ;
Adds one more, comes and passed by me.
And all now numbering seventy-three.

November twenty-fourth I find.
The same as eighteen hundred nine ;
Long time ago I thought that I
Should leave my home for one on high.

But I was spared for reasons known.
To Him who had the power alone.
To take me or let me live,
And which he chose the boon to give.

I looked around to see the cause
Of much that happens, find the laws
Of God when disobeyed, will bring
To mind and body both a sting.

Much of my life I have been blest,
Kind friends I had now gone to rest ;
May father's family all gone,
My husband too left me alone.

No friends I call my own are here,
But He, the widow's God, is near ;
He gives me friends I dearly prize.
Kind friends they are I realize.

My home to me a sunny spot,
Kind neighbors ever been my lot ;
As I now I live on borrowed time,
To pay that debt will soon be mine.

The soul that owns this house of clay,
Will leave it tenantless for aye ;
When in earth's bosom it is laid,
The debt of nature will be paid.

Thank God that faith directs the way,
Where is a home of endless day ;
Where pain and suffering will not come,
To drive me from a happy home.

A home where glory is the light,
Where sun sets not and is no night.
One needing no repair from me.
Nor will through all eternity.

MY OLD HOUSE IS GOING TO DECAY.

This house in which I've lived so long
Is surely going to decay ;
The rafters settling in the roof,
The shingles many blown away.

The nails that held the clapboards firm
Through frost and rust, now cease to hold ;
The boards decayed or sprung apart
Admit the wind and piercing cold.

The fuel that has warmed the house,
Decayed and damp from snow and rain,
No blaze emits, it does not warm
The rooms at all, to try is vain.

'Tis hard to give the old house up,
Where I have lived so many years ;
In vain the skilful try to prop,
The effort fails to calm my fears.

No other than the owner can
Cause such repairs as make it last ;
And he refuses, that is plain,
To raze the structure needs small blast.

Faith tells me when this house is done,
No room in comfort I can live ;
The owner sure will furnish one,
He has a better house to give.

Will need no fitting up by me,
Nor will it need my anxious care ;
The owner will my wants supply,
And keep my house in good repair.

And what is more He asks no rent.
His funds no less and always free ;
Nor will the lease e'er terminate.
Time ending in eternity.

So fare you well to this old house,
Your place where once you stood, the lot ;
And nothing more will then be known.
All else be gone and be forgot.

A BRAIN FRUIT TREE.

I'll shake this ancient tree, see can I find
Some fruit worth storing in your youthful mind ;
The tree grows mossy, scarcely can expect
Its fruit quite sound, so meriting respect.

Some green leaves still remain say passers by,
And fruit not yet has fallen, notes the eye ;
Near to this tree grows one but twelve years old,
Beautiful branches bright green leaves unfold.

Draws nourishment a plenty, some to spare,
So that this old tree can receive a share ;
And other young trees spreading branches green.
Waving by gentle zephyrs can be seen.

All help the old tree to retain its place,
Supply the verdure which the landscape grace.
For seven decades this tree has borne the blast,
Of course but few more seasons can it last.

May He who is the Heavenly Gardener true,
When quite decayed invigorate it new ;
Transplant it to His heavenly soil above,
Where glorious suns, refreshed with showers of love.

For more than seven decades as you may see,
Because my years now number seventy-three ;
May hope be strong, your cup be filled with joy,
And faith and charity without alloy.

CHRISTMAS.

Years eighteen hundred eighty-two,
Since the first Christmas song was new ;
And the first choir and concert given
Was learned, and brought direct from Heaven.

Such music never since was heard,
Such harmony in every word ;
It touched a chord to every heart,
Good news it gave, bright hopes impart.

The sentiment was in that song,
For which the good had waited long ;
The shepherds watching flocks by night,
Were joyful at the song and sight.

They spread the news to all around,
The wise men sought, a babe was found.
The promise now to be fulfilled,
Was a sure token of God's will.

To Him the mission would be given,
To guide mankind the way to Heaven ;
And faithfully did He fulfil
The mission of the Father's will.

He taught repentance for all sin.
Who'd disobeyed new life begin ;
To do the right where'er one be.
And hope a better life to see.

The poor in spirit would be blest.
In Heaven will find a home of rest ;
The mourning heart will surely find
Who trust in God a tranquil mind.

The meek and quiet need not roam.
Can find on earth a peaceful home ;
Those who will seek for righteousness.
In soul and body will be blest.

Who with their alms assist the poor.
Will not be lacking in their store ;
Who have their hearts supplied with grace
May hope with joy to see God's face.

Who counsel peace without the rod
Be called the children true of God ;
When doing right with patience learn
To bear with persecution stern.

If accusation false be given.
For Jesus sake more hope of Heaven ;
If grace has filled the soul with light.
Prove to the world that you are right.

Hide not your talent in the ground.
Lest when most need cannot be found ;
In dealing with your fellows do
As you would wish they might to you.

Even the good of others seek.
Sorrowful, soothe, strengthen the weak ;
Support the trembling, courage give.
As by your help they still may live.

You need not fear for your reward.
Your pay is sure, Paymaster Lord ;
Money may not be paid though due.
But a bright home prepared for you.

Blessings will follow when you leave,
And loving hearts for you will grieve ;
And when all clouds have passed away.
Hope point you to a better day.

ONLY ONE FIBRE.

A single fibre turns the thread away,
Though well directed to the needle's eye ;
And wastes the time when one would like to sew.
The work obstructed as completely so.

As helpless is the hand to finish off
The garment, as though wings had borne aloft ;
I tried to thread my needle in the night,
I had my glasses on and good lamp light.

Again and yet again the same did try,
But could not make the thread pass through the eye ;
Nearly made up my mind the feat to quit.
But something whispered no, not yet, not yet.

Another effort did at last succeed,
Finished my garment, thus I won the meed ;
Many sad failures of some effort made.
I've witnessed in my life through seven decades.

I can remember one life just begun,
In my home since count seventy years and one ;
One who first saw the light that winter day,
Live to good age, his work done passed away.

All have some crosses lying in their road
Which must be lifted, though a heavy load ;
And if another effort make, one try,
God sure will give strength, then look on high.

Within Pandora's box but hope remained,
Though all else left it still its place retained ;
And were it not for that we might despair,
And fear all efforts vanish in thin air.

But hope holds fast the ladder's bottom round,
Above that faith and charity are found ;
So climb the ladder to its topmost height,
For there above the clouds is seen the light.

Though dark the clouds, yet they are silver lined,
So those can still find hope who left behind ;
And when their duties here on earth are through,
They can have strength to climb the ladder too.

When trouble comes, grasp, hold it in your arms,
When hugged to death will cease to do more harm ;
But if you hold and view it at arm's length,
Will still be strong and rob you of your strength.

TO MY NEPHEW.

Dear nephew, do you think I better
Attempt to write to you a letter ?
And show you how my thoughts do run,
And tell you what my hands have done.

For seven decades within my breast,
Life's wheel has turned nor stopped to rest ;
Nor has it stopped to be repaired,
To do its duty still prepared.

Life's river yet supplies the power.
Though low the tide, yet every hour
Renewed by little brooks and rills,
Its duty and its work fulfils.

The fountain which the rills supply.
Will cease to furnish by and by.
The vital fluid it will need
To move the wheel with wonted speed.

I would not mourn it thus must do.
For who supplies all wills it too ;
And when the wheel within my breast,
Shall cease, then I shall be at rest.

A MEMENTO.

A small memento having planned
And executed with my hand ;
If any merit you can see,
Accept the token please from me.

Inside your hat crown, that should be
The place to put, so you can see ;
When you would don it sure and true,
You'll know the hat belongs to you.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

Tell me, where is the rose
That is void of a thorn ?
I will go where it grows,
On the first pleasant morn.

Such a rose, if I find,
I will pluck it for thee ;
Ere the Sun wilt the leaves,
And they drop from the tree.

Tell me, where is the heart
That no sorrow has known ?
Can the secret impart,
So to make it my own.

Who can guide in the path,
That is safe to my feet ;
When my journey shall end,
Will my joy make complete.

Where a mother now lives,
Who was never bereft ?
Of some darling she loved,
Though some others be left.

Tell me, where I can find
Any, far off or near ;
Never shed for the wayward
Or dead, bitter tears.

Show me where all around,
One no sorrow has known ;
I will prove I have found
The philosopher's stone.

That in future no grief
And no sorrow be felt ;
And the altar unsought,
Where the penitent knelt.

As in Eden, will be
All, without any fear ;
Talk with God and will know
That the Father will bear.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Lord lead me in the way of right,
Thy grace shine on my path as light ;
And give me strength to lift each day,
All crosses that obstruct my way.

I would possess a Peter's zeal,
Sword of the Spirit I would wield ;
Could I unsheath so that I might
Destroy the wrong and aid the right.

Would like the faith and hope of Paul,
So I obey the Master's call ;
That I might conquer every sin,
And know the wished for goal to win.

Would like the heart to love like John.
Whose Master's kind approval won ;
When I at last shall find a rest,
My head may lie on Jesus' breast.

I would like James my duty know,
My faith by works of love would show ;
When I have done with all on earth,
Kind memories may approve my birth.

If all these graces can be mine,
I will not doubt that I shall find,
As when the night has passed away,
A glorious making up of day.

THE STARS OR THE ANGELS' FORGET-ME-NOTS.

When the sun disappears and has left the earth lightless,
Then the darkness were total when he goes to rest ;
If by him no reflection were thrown on the sightless,
He thus proves all is well, he obeys God's behest.

But the stars his reflection receive on their faces,
And they too, in their turn throw it back to the earth ;
So the light from the earth much of its darkness effaces,
And they show to God's creatures how untold their worth.

Those bright angel forget-me-nots open their petals,
A most beautiful vision to me they reveal ;
And a lesson I learn, as each blossom to me tells,
Of the owner who furnished for them a blue field.

A bright field like the crystal, not green like the summer,
Neither like the cold winter, all covered with snow ;
But is beautiful quiet while nature would slumber,
And bespeaking God cares for His children below.

Yes, God cares for His children, the thought is refreshing,
And the waters of life through His garden do flow ;
Where His children can slake all their thirst while progressing,
Nor must needlessly waste any time as they go.

His deep wells of salvation are always o'erflowing,
Can supply all the springs that His garden may need ;
If His subjects sincerely desire His bestowing,
They have only to plant in His garden good seed.

In the bosom the seed of His grace plant it deeply,
In the heart there is room and is nourishment too ;
Is a strange shoot discovered, then pluck it completely,
If a germ of a tare grow much mischief may do.

And take care that you cultivate fair or foul weather,
Neither shirk from the duty to cultivate well ;
Then look forth for the harvest the owner will gather,
And will store in His own home, forever to dwell.

A COLD NORTH-EASTER.

A cold north-easter, very true,
Is not a theme one would admire ;
But it is forced upon my mind,
I feel its power though near the fire.

As easter service is so near,
Were not Æolus on a spree ;
Neptune could not condense his clouds,
And drop white feathers down so free.

Feathers as white as eider-down,
Which covers nature head and ears :
And when she throws her cover off,
Her bed will all be wet with tears.

She will not need white blanket then,
But tears and smiles help make a spread
Of flowers of every shade and hue,
Which covers well her ample head.

Apollo will assume command,
And Sol, obedient to his will,
Will smile, and then the flowers in bloom
With fragrance soon the air will fill.

EASTER MORNING.

This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the tomb ;
He left His mortal garments there,
Celestial garb assumed.

His robes of heavenly brightness shone,
With rays of glorious light ;
To mortal eyes He was not known,
For they had mortal sight.

With His disciples walked abroad,
Their sorrowing hearts beguiled ;
And taught them many hopeful things,
To assuage their grief the while.

He talked about their sorrows, and
The cause which they explained ;
And though a stranger He might be,
Thought He the news had gained,

He took away the sting of death,
And lighted up the tomb ;
Faith helps His children pass its gate,
And dissipates its gloom.

Lord, when I leave this world behind,
Death's portals enter through ;
Light up the scenes beyond this life,
With heavenly light my view.

I'll lay my worn-out garments down,
And leave this house of clay ;
Put on a robe of righteousness,
To live in heaven for aye.

A GAME DINNER.

I would like to get up a good dinner, you see,
Yes, for all my good friends and for you and for me :
For a soup number one, I would think very nice,
Made of woodcock and pigeons and grouse would suffice.

Some rabbits and squirrels, red, striped or gray,
For a soup number two, I would think very gay ;
And a quarter of coon we will have if you please,
You can surely obtain that with greatest of ease.

For fishes to bake, fry, boil, chowder, we'll like
The black bass, the trout and the salmon and pike ;
Potatoes and squashes, cucumbers and corn,
Pears, peaches and melons, the table adorn.

We can furnish fair puddings of sago or rice.
Hot biscuits and butter and pies that are nice ;
And if anything lacking for dinner we spy,
We can easily find at the market near by.

If we only get up as we hope such a dinner,
I am sure it will be fit for saint or for sinner ;
And I should not restrict you, if you choose to bring,
To partake of our dinner, a statesman or king.

I will speak of some others deserving your care,
Whom you ought to invite to partake of our fare ;
The lonely and sorrowful always consider,
More especially bachelors, maidens and widows.

A PERSIAN PARABLE.

By the side of a precipice deep,
There a man led a camel along ;
Nor was heeding its nearness though steep.
While his beast moved quietly on.

But Irascible soon he appeared,
Like the fury of unconquered fire ;
And his head in great fury he reared,
As determined to execute ire.

Soon the man in a fright made a leap,
If perchance he might flee from his power ;
When behold in the watery deep,
Was a dragon prepared to devour.

But a shrub of the bank on the brow,
He took hold of and held with his might ;
This sustained him from falling below.
But not lessened at all was his fight.

At the root of the shrub where he hung,
He saw actively gnawing two mice ;
And to finish the work they begun.
They alternately gnawed for a trice.

He espied near a cluster of fruit.
And extended his hand plucked and ate ;
In the eagerness of his pursuit,
For a time then his danger forgot.

Do you ask who can be this mad man,
Who such perils of death could forget ;
I would ask you your own life to scan.
And you see if your eye is not met.

As the dragon, so death is in sight,
As the camel so troubles and cares ;
And the mice that destroy black and white.
Emblematic of night and day are.

But the shrub is the frail thread of life.
To which you with tenacity cling ;
And voluptuous pleasures are rife
With temptations your passions to win.

So you reach forth your hand and partake,
Thus forgetting earth's troubles and gloom ;
And are scarcely to danger awake,
Though you lean o'er the brink of the tomb.

THE HUMAN HEART.

How perfect must have been that hand in art,
Which first created, framed the human heart ;
So complicated, perfect, so sublime,
No hand had formed it but the hand divine.

It never has nor ever wanteth rest,
While it is needed in the human breast ;
For four score years its duty does perform,
Its motion too the whole machinery warm.

So perfect this machine no part was spared,
That it should never stop to be repaired ;
A hundred thousand strokes from day to day,
Without fatigue, so perfect does it play.

And by its motion in the human chest,
It regulates the functions of the rest ;
Nor would a single wheel attempt to move,
If but the heart once motionless should prove.

Man may invent a secondary cause,
But he must draw his plan from nature's laws ;
Many a mind of genius is intent
On some perpetual motion to invent.

But man can to perfection ne'er attain,
Though great may be his action high his aim ;
Though he exhaust his wisdom and his art,
Yet he can never frame a human heart.

How is it that the heart and soul combine
To form what has been termed the human mind ;
Who can an answer give that will suffice,
But Him who is the Author, the Allwise.

THE VOICE OF THE BIRDS.

Come friends and listen to our song,
We sing to music, sweet and strong ;
Our voices nature's God has given,
Our music, notes direct from heaven.

Is any music sweeter, say,
Than what we give you every day ?
We sing God's songs, whom we adore,
No human artist can do more.

You who prefer to lie in bed,
And come not forth through fear or dread ;
Lose the bright morning's sunbeam view,
God painted them for us and you.

List ! other voices you may hear,
The clarion notes of chanticleer ;
Wake up ! wake up ! he seems to say,
And see the glorious opening day.

I HEAR THE ROBINS SINGING.

Hear, the robins are singing their sweet matin song,
Mind the notes are harmonious, cheerful and strong ;
And they seem to be saying, come list to our lyres,
We will sing you the echos of Heavenly choirs.

As the key notes of Heaven are sweet to our ears,
We have learned it is better to sing, than shed tears ;
As it takes but a little, to sate our desires,
We look out on God's works, and have but to admire.

So we sing in the morning our beautiful song,
And we sing, or we meditate, all the day long ;
And the part God assigns us, we cheerfully do,
And we know what He gives is the best for us too.

Now, my friends look abroad, see the trees all in bloom,
They will help you to dissipate sorrow and gloom ;
When the blossoms have faded, look, then can be seen,
Where the blossoms have been, leaves of beautiful green.

Look beneath the green leaves, and I think you will see,
What will be quite as pleasing to you, as to me ;
Then the tiny green apples and little wee pears,
And the miniature peaches, and plumbs will be there.

We cannot hoe the ground, so to make the things grow,
But we can kill the worms, that do mischief you know;
And if all be as willing, to do good as we,
Much more singing, and joy in the world, there would be.

We have not learned to talk, but we have learned to sing,
And can make as good music, as peasant or king;
So when we have done singing, we hope all will say,
That the robins have done all they could in their day.

AN ACROSTIC.

Life is made up of shadows as of light,
Each sunny day must yield its place to night;
Vieing with each, the other would excel
In doing well its part, both doing well.

Wisely are all things ordered, could we see
It is all right; what God wills, as can be.
Life would grow weary were it ever light,
So much of rest we need and find at night;
On wings of faith the soul will soar on high,
No more grow weary, know no shadows nigh.

YOUR BABY'S PICTURE.

I have looked upon that picture
Of your darling little boy;
And I thought how you caressed him,
Father's hope and mother's joy.

But God willed that he should leave you,
Leave you only for a time;
He should dwell among the angels,
In a brighter happy clime.

There he's waiting for his mother,
Waiting for his father dear;
But he would not you should leave now,
For you yet are needed here.

And I think you should not grieve much,
For your loved one gone before;
For his loving angel spirit,
Will be waiting at the door.

At the door that death shall open,
Be it soon or be it late;
And will be your guardian angel,
Guide you on to heaven's gate.

AN ACROSTIC.

Expect not perfect happiness below,
Life has no husbandman to make it grow;
Life has its sunshine and it has its shade,
As every landscape has its fields and glades.
More great the contrast is its beauty made.
Where'er you go my friend, whate'er you do,
In every path your friends prove good and true;
Life's crosses be entwined with many flowers,
So try to lift them, God will give you power;
On Him rely, His aid will sure be given,
Nor will forsake, but guide you safe to heaven.

AN ACROSTIC.

Should clouds of doubtful omen ever rise,
And cast a shadow o'er thy hopeful skies,
Resulting from some unexpected cause,
And yet obedient to God's unveiled laws.

Have faith in Him whose purpose none can tell,
Believing that He doeth all things well;
A host of grateful hearts will bless thy name,
Long hast thou labored, doing good thy fame,

Deeds done in mercy will thy life outlive,
Will bless thy memory when you cease to give;
In your last hours God's grace to you be given,
New wings of faith to bear thee swift to heaven.

AN ACROSTIC.

Go forth among strangers your fortune to seek,
Ever prosperous or otherwise, healthy or weak ;
Or whatever you do or wherever you be,
Remember that God doeth all things for thee.

God alone is the giver and honor should have,
Each day as we travel the path to the grave ;
Hope is the best anchor to steady the mind,
True faith trim the sails that will beat against wind.

Although fortune does carry you far, far away,
God bless you my friend and my wish is for aye :
Good favors and good fortune may linger with you,
Although your old friendships you change for the new.

Retain in your memory one kind thought for me.
Death only will seal my kind memories of thee.

RIGHT.

I asked a man whose name was Wright,
Would he explain about a rite ;
He could not talk he said, but write.
But yet he could not spell it it right.

Told me to spell, he could write.
I told him that to write rite right.
That he must always write it rite ;
And if he wished to write, write right.

That he must always write it write ;
And if he wished to write right right,
That he must always write it right ;
And if he wished to write Wright right,

That he must learn to write Wright Wright.
So he learned how to write rite rite.
And write write write, and write right right,
And write Wright Wright ; and all was right.

THE NOBLE FIREMEN.

We praise the noble firemen,
For blessings on them pray ;
For who but them the conquest gains,
O'er fire's destructive sway.

'Tis not for laural wreaths they fight,
Or hopes of worldly gain ;
The warrior wins the hero's crown.
For hosts of foes he's slain.

The statesman talks to win a fame.
An office, it may be ;
If only it be fat enough,
For others what cares he.

The lawyer pleads his client's cause.
And calls himself his friend ;
But cares not if he shuns the law,
His fee's his aim and end.

The preacher talks about men's souls,
And points them to the sky ;
Such wages as Saint Paul received,
Would scarce their talents buy.

The doctor calls to see the sick.
And oft relieves the pain ;
It sometimes proves that what he does,
Is for the hope of gain.

But oh ! the faithful firemen,
They work so with a will ;
More than the great professionals.
With all their boasted skill.

We praise them who with courage face
The fire, and smoke in clouds ;
How many homes now stand for them.
We praise them long and loud.

SICK IN BED AND TRYING TO WRITE.

The doctor says I must leave off thinking,
And might as well say must leave off winking ;
How to do either I have no knowledge,
Nor should I if I went to college.

To have a theme will not suffice.
More than will looking, rest the eyes ;
Now when my brain has done its thinking,
My eyes will then have done their winking.

My heart I think have done its beating,
And I shall not care much for eating ;
My body then a worthless shell,
In which no more this soul can dwell.

The home my Father did prepare,
My soul will find a mansion there ;
No pain or sorrow more will know.
In this frail body here below.

AN ACROSTIC.

As little drops of water and little grains of sand,
Does one help fill the ocean, the other make the land ;
Deeds, little deeds of kindness do help to fill life's cup,
In dissipating many ills leave in it room for hope.

Each age grows wiser it is said, and grows more wicked too.
As my experience goes, I do not think the proverb true ;
Why may I not take courage since I find so many friends,
In every path of life I tread their many kind acts lend.

Little bright children care for me and bring me lovely
flowers,

So like some little fairies having homes among the bowers,
Oh, may you friends have wings of faith to bear your
soul on high,

Nor want a friend, as you have been, and ever kind and
nigh.

CELEBRATING FREMONT'S DEFEAT AFTER ELECTION.

For to celebrate Fremont's political death.

Must be something new under the sun ;
And had Solomon lived in this wonderful age.
He might see what has never been done.

The ordeal I hoped he might safely pass through.

As he did through the snows on the mount ;
Though the eminence sought for he could not attain.
And his efforts of no more account.

But his friends all their needs had in season prepared.

With a care that betokened their grief ;
They were hung in the air for the President's view.
Though his stay in our midst was but brief.

And his shroud it was made by his friends down in Maine.

And the cloth was disunion and scars ;
May its folds be sufficient to wrap him well round.
Though it had on but sixteen bright stars.

I have heard of a drowing man catching at straws.

Yet he sank for all that in the deep ;
But I never have heard of a man that was dead.
Needing aid for to sleep his last sleep.

It appears more to me like an Irishman's wake.

For a Catholic friend who is dead ;
When he lights up his gas, star or candle may be.
At the foot of the coffin and head.

The galvanic battery some think they may use.

And may bring him to life by and by ;
Like the man that was hung he might breathe for a while.
It would be but a worse death to die.

Poor Jessie how badly indeed she must feel.

That her hopes have been all swept away ;
When she thought to preside in a mansion of state.
But alas ! she cannot for a day.

AN ACROSTIC.

Pure streams of grace flow from the mount of God.
Have flowed unceasing ere a Moses' rod.
Eternal wisdom furnished the supplies.
Before the earth was made of stars or skies.

Eternity will not the fount exhaust.
Pure streams from pure supplies or all were lost ;
Wisdom Eternal doeth all things right.
It is not well to judge though dark the night.

Light will break forth and darkness disappear.
So we will see God's glorious presence near ;
Oh, glorious thought that when this life is o'er,
No more we'll suffer, know no sorrow more.

THE CHILDREN'S GIFT.

Once two bright little girls and two bright little boys.
They were loved by their parents, their hopes and their
joys ;
All went out in the fields for some flowers one day.
On a bright sunny morn in the mild month of May.

As they gathered may-flowers and violets blue.
Then one said to the others, what now shall we do ?
To the house of a friend with these flowers we'll go.
And will give them to her for she loveth them so.

She has no little girls and has no little boys.
Who can make her home cheerful and add to her joys ;
And her head is now gray she has lived many years.
She has lost many friends and has shed many tears.

So away to the home of that widow they sped.
For their hearts were all light and all followed who led :
And presented their gifts for that altar of love,
And the incense ascended to heaven above.

'Twas a bright sunny spot for that lone widow's heart.
And she asked for one favor more they could impart :
The favor she asked and in turn gave was this,
Was a bright sunny smile and a parting sweet kiss.

Then they tripped from the door and went off to their play,
With their eyes looking bright and their hearts feeling gay ;
May they always remember that act on that day.
When they made one more happy, more happy were they.

A LITTLE HANDFUL OF VIOLETS.

I went off from my home, it was not long ago,
And I visited friends riding to and fro ;
I went where the sick and suffering were,
Some tired, desponding, and worn-out with care.

And I also saw others more young and more gay,
Who were joyfully passing their time away ;
And seemed as if life might be long and bright.
Before that their day settled down into night.

I returned to my home when my visit was done.
And my home was as sunny yet there was no one
To add to my joy or to add to my care,
No one I might love or to love me was there.

As I passed through the house so perhaps I might see,
Any change since I left worthy notice could be ;
When I spied, as I unlocked and opened the door.
Some violets carefully laid on the floor.

I asked myself, now who indeed can it be,
Has been out in the fields, gathered flowers for me ?
For some child it must be who has called with such care,
And laid them so carefully down for me there.

So I thought for the future I ought not despair,
Since the children could leave me such tokens of care ;
I am sure that my Father in heaven is near,
Why should I be faithless or why should I fear.

AN ACROSTIC.

God who has made the sun so bright,
Each star and moon that shine by night ;
On us he sends refreshing rains,
Return the clouds, sun shines again.

Gives life and health to you and me.
Each bird that flies and beast we see ;
Spreads on the earth the verdant green,
Each flower that blooms His eye has seen.

And all that grows for us to eat,
Yes, bread and all the fruit and meat ;
Reigns in the heavens beyond the sky,
So good, from all eternity.

ADDIE'S PETS.

That darling kitty, Tony dear,
Sometimes sets up an Oh ! wail ;
I spose the reason may be this,
Because that he has no tail.

He has a way of hopping round.
It seems to be his habit ;
And makes one think he must be near
Related to a rabbit.

Nero the great and noble dog,
Is clad in white and sable ;
He might be parson, might be judge.
But cares more for the stable.

I think if he should see the torch
Applied to burn his home, sir,
He would not play the fiddle as
His namesake did in Rome, sir.

They harnessed Nero to a sled,
And Addie went out riding ;
She thought to guide him without reins.
He would not mind her guiding.

He did not go as straight along.
As did well trained Rover ;
But ran up on the snowy bank,
Turned sled with lady over.

Kitty, the white horse, kind and spry,
And Nero looks him over ;
Shows his approval when kept clean,
Well fed on oats and clover.

Those are the three that Addie pets.
Daily and Bill, two others.
Are cats, likewise two horses more,
Are petted by her brothers.

TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS.

These are the times that try men's souls.
So said the author hero brave ;
Who sought this blessed land of old,
From foreign tyranny to save.

These times are now, what try men's souls.
More sore, I fear, than those of yore :
Then all united heart and hand,
To drive our foes of foreign shore.

But now, alas, it is not so.
For we were sisters heretofore ;
One section thinks she is abused,
The other thinks she is the more.

O, who shall judge between the two ?
Who lay the wrong where it should be ?
Who bind the wound and make it strong,
A land of hope and liberty ?

Some Cincinnatus must arise,

Who fears no foe and loves the right ;
And may we to the world yet show,
That in our Union still is might.

Go ye, young braves, if go ye must,

Go fearlessly, if you must fight ;
Let not destruction be your aim,
But only battle for the right.

Crash not the vanquished when he falls,

Bind up the wound and help him rise,
The God of Hosts will note the grace,
By scribes immortal in the skies.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBORS.

Patter, patter little feet,

Such a sound I love to greet ;

'Tis a sound I like to hear,

It is music to my ear.

Gently opening the door,

Running swiftly 'cross the floor,

Jumping into papa's bed,

Where he lately laid his head.

There mamma lies nice and warm,

Clasps her darling in her arms ;

Snatching honey from the lip .

Sweeter than the bees can sip.

After sleeping through the night,

Waking with the morning light ;

What more pleasing for the while,

Than the prattle of a child.

When papa has been away,

Tired, from working all the day,

He is not too tired you see,

Takes his darlings on his knee.

When the chores have all been done;
Stories told and all the fun ;
When their little prayers are said,
Mamma tucks them in their bed.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING.

Just fifty years ago to-day,
Bright morning of my pride :
I took this bonny lassie here,
To be my loving bride.

Like as a new blown lily bright,
My lassie then was fair ;
The rose was blooming on her cheek,
Black eyes, dark auburn hair.

Her lips were like the rubies too,
Her teeth like rows of pearls ;
I now remember her I thought,
The prettiest of girls.

As time rolled on, God sent us loves,
To bless our hearts and homes ;
Like angels hovering 'round our home
To us their faces shone.

As we grew older they grew too,
In body and in mind ;
If faults but few that we could see,
Affectionate and kind.

God blest our path with plenty too,
Our comforts were not spare ;
And many friends not of our homes,
Our blessings came to share.

But clouds do sometimes hide the sun,
It does not always shine ;
And sorrow sometimes crossed the path
Of my dear wife and mine.

God wills, and disappointments come,
And when He will, He may
Dispel the clouds, that we may see
His grace shines on our way.

Few have been spared so long as we
Together both to live ;
And few more blessings have been given,
Perhaps than we've received.

I'm growing old, my head is gray.
And some gray hairs has she ;
But yet she is the dearest still
Of all the world to me.

Although the rose is faded now,
Some wrinkles by the way ;
I still prefer her for my bride.
This golden wedding day.

Now may our second honey-moon
Shine brightly on our way ;
Till we arrive where moons are not.
But one eternal day.

A PRETTY PICTURE.

I saw a man sit in his cottage door,
And his heart seemed so light and so free ;
Two darlings were playing upon the ground,
And one stood by his side made three.

As she wound her arms around his neck,
And a kiss printed on his fair brow ;
Methought if he be not a happy man,
'Tis because that he don't know how.

His wife sat beside him, so young and fair,
With a heart quite as gay as his own ;
I thought that he never need envy the rich,
No, nor even a monarch his throne.

DARLING LITTLE HATTIE TAGGARD.

Little Hattie Taggard called on me to-day,
And she gave me a pretty little bright bouquet ;
But what was prettier still it was this,
She gave with lips such a sweet little kiss.

Her eyes were as pure and as clear and bright
As the stars are that shine in the heavens at night ;
Her cheeks like the rose did remind of bliss,
When she gave with her lips such a sweet little kiss.

Little cherub hands that held the bright bouquet,
Will be larger and will do greater things some day ;
And may she remember the charm of this,
A bright sunny smile and a sweet little kiss.

AN ACROSTIC.

As you progress along life's untrod way,
New scenes will open to your view each day ;
New hopes of happiness, I would they be
All fraught with beauty, joy and love to thee.

Each flower that blooms, proceed the sweetest fruit,
Develop rare and new in each pursuit ;
All flowers will fade and fruit in time decay.
Virtue alone outlives the distant day.

In every act of life be this your aim,
Seek to excel in grace and virtuous fame ;
I remember you when with your bright azure eyes,
And your soft sunny hair, you resembled the skies.

So your round dimpled cheeks and your sweet ruby lips,
They were like to the seraph who nectar can sip ;
When your eyes shall grow dim and your head shall be
gray,
And your cheeks shall be wrinkled, show marks of decay.

As you retrospect scenes that were pleasant to thee,
Will you cherish some fond recollections of me ?

AN ACROSTIC.

May the blessings of Heaven descend upon you,
And as plenty and pure as the summer morn dew ;
Rich and sweet be the fruit of all friendships you form,
Yielding strength to your soul your affections to warm.

Like the star in the East which the shepherds did guide,
On your pathway of life may kind Heaven provide ;
Unto God give the praise and the honor all due,
In whatever the sphere He apportions to you.

Should a trouble arise like a cloud cast a shade,
Ever think that a cloud is of particles made ;
Each and every drop which descends to the earth.
A deep root perhaps aids to life germinates birth.

Yielding fruit in the future of life giving power,
Ruled by One who can see through a life as an hour ;
So our hopes and our fears are like sunshine and showers.

TO A FRIEND.

I am thinking now of Minnie,
That blessed darling child ;
Sitting upon her mother's lap.
So innocent and mild.

As when the other day I saw,
I seem to see her now ;
The embodiment of peace and love,
Depicted on her brow.

May she be spared, long may she live,
To bless her parent's life ;
Nor have to tread life's thorny ways.
Nor mingle in its strife.

But be as pure as she is now,
As angels sent from Heaven ;
To bring the tidings God has sent,
His peace to mortals given.

AN ACROSTIC.

Creator of the universe,
How glorious is Thy throne ;
All that is, now or was at first,
Reveals all power Thine own.

Look down from Heaven, thy dwelling place.
Each heart subdue and bless ;
Save God, by Thine Almighty grace.
Each soul from sin oppressed.

And may Thy spirit cheer our way.
Yea, dissipate all gloom ;
Reveal to us, eternal day,
So bright, beyond the tomb.

WRITTEN IN A LETTER TO A
YOUNG FRIEND.

You are young, your heart is light,
And the future should look bright :
I would wish it might be so.
Life be pleasant as you go.

As a path that's strewed with flowers.
As a garden filled with bowers ;
Flowers where fragrance fills the air.
White and every shade that's fair.

There are trees whose flowers in spring,
Hopes of future good they bring ;
Hopes that fruit those trees will grace,
In the autumn fill their place.

So when winter comes around,
Ice and snow enshroud the ground :
When the ripened fruit is good.
Making relishes for food.

'Tis no sin to love the flowers,
Sit beneath the garden bowers ;
Nor to join with those around,
Quiet pastimes that are found.

But allow not that, my friend,
Be your only aim and end ;
Aim to do what good you can,
Noble mind that makes the man.

As the flowers adorn the tree,
Noble acts will garnish thee ;
Store your mind with all that's good,
In old age 'twill serve for food.

By and by not long the night,
When this hand shall cease to write,
When no happier thoughts with thee,
As your friend, remember me.

AN ACROSTIC.

As flowers breathe fragrance through the air,
Diffusing pleasure everywhere,
Does cheerfulness where e're it goes
Inspire to lift the thoughts from woes?

Each time you turn these pages o'er,
May hopes be brighter than before ;
Kind memories oft come up to you,
In which you feel their friendships true.

Trust not alone in earthly friends,
There's One who aid can always lend ;
Remember, should a cloud arise,
Ever beyond the clouds, the skies

Do shine perpetual and bright ;
God's glory can dispel the night,
Eternity will make all right.

TO A NEIGHBOR.

Quite many years have passed away,
Since first with you, my friend, I met.
The friendship which we then did form,
Has never waned, shines brightly yet.

How many scenes have come and gone,
Some pleasant and some sad indeed;
And dearest friends have gone for aye,
Left me behind to sigh in weed.

I well remember one with me,
First called to bid you welcome here;
A lasting welcome proved to be,
A trusty friend, a long time near.

In scenes of sickness when I've called,
You sat and cared for me all right;
A friend indeed, I've thought you true.
In sickness, health, by day or night.

Your darling little blue-eyed boy,
With sunny hair so mild and bright,
Now grown up to a nice young man,
To walk the way of truth and right.

Your husband too, still by your side,
Whom you may well be proud to own;
In his profession most excels,
Trustworthy too as he has shown.

One more makes up your family,
Your loving sister, good and true;
All your undoubted right to love,
I sometimes almost envy you.

It is not long before I shall,
For want of loved ones mourn no more;
For I shall know they are not lost,
But only they have gone before.

And I shall meet them yet again,
Where moons wane not or suns go down ;
God's glory one eternal day,
No sin or sorrow to be found.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD MAN.

A man of nearly fourscore years,
Whose life had been fatigue and care ;
Whose persevering effort had
Raised many a sufferer from his bed.

Pondering on his now lonely life,
His lovely now departed wife ;
Her smiles thought he, once my delight,
Are hid forever from my sight.

If she were here when ill betides,
To grace my lovely fireside ;
When I am sick, to make my bed,
And smooth my pillow 'neath my head ;

Methinks that I could bear with ease,
My troubles and infirmities ;
If I could hear her soothing voice,
As when it made my heart rejoice.

Nor will I murmur, that my God
Thus on me lays His chastening rod ;
I know my end is drawing nigh,
And hope to meet her in the sky.

If God look down with gracious eye,
Grant me His presence from on high ;
When I am called to yield my breath,
My faith may triumph over death.

I'll bid farewell to all below,
Rejoice when called from hence to go,
If only be His surety given,
That I may have a home in heaven.

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

Who can the works of nature scan,
And see how wisely all are planned,
And study well her code of laws,
And not behold her "Great First Cause."

Who can behold the sun arise,
And hasten onward through the skies ;
Nor ever the conclusion draws,
That there must be a "Great First Cause."

The moon dispels the gloom of night,
The stars display their radiant light,
Proclaim that all, that is and was,
Are governed by the "Great First Cause."

The ocean's waves, the mountain towers,
The verdant grass, the blooming flowers,
The rain that falls, the snow that thaws,
Obedient to the "Great First Cause."

Majestic streams and rippling rills,
And flocks that graze the thousand hills,
The birds that fly and sing or caw,
Unite to praise the "Great First Cause."

The bow that shines among the clouds,
The lightning and the thunders loud,
In every peal, in every pause,
Bespeaks a wise, a "Great First Cause."

The human frame as loudly speaks,
The symmetry is so complete ;
The contemplative mind with awe
Aspires to know its "Great First Cause."

How sublunary is the mind,
Studies sublimity nor finds
An index in her every clause
That points him to a "Great First Cause."

Could I ascend the throne of fame,
Enjoy the luxuries gold obtains ;
All would be vain to me as dross.
If there were not a "Great First Cause."

I'll welcome the approach of death,
Rejoice at last to yield my breath :
If He who died upon the cross
But leads me to the "Great First Cause."

THE SLOTHFUL RILL.

On the mountain top a little rill
Refused its duty to fulfil ;
Was asked the reason, stop for why ?
The rill made ready this reply :

I know my Maker made me pure.
But still my sphere is so obscure
I do no good, for if I run,
The trees and shrubs obscure my sun.

My path is rugged, drear and steep.
And when I reach the rivers deep.
No more is known that I have done.
I sooner stay here in the sun.

And I advise my neighbors too.
As I am doing, they may do ;
All we can do is all in vain.
The rivers only merit fame.

The neighboring rills thought he was wise.
And ceased to run as he advised ;
And as they needed no supply,
The springs sustaining them grew dry.

Instead of pure, transparent rills.
They soon with particles were filled ;
Became but filthy stagnant pools.
And learned too late that they were fools.

Because the little rills were dried,
Trees, shrubs and blossoms all soon died.
A vapid scene the valley filled,
But this was not the end of ill.

The river which in former time
Appeared majestic and sublime ;
Now unassisted by the rills,
No more her duty could fulfil.

All transportation soon was stopped,
And traffic on the water dropped ;
The shock was felt throughout the land.
And business took a deadly stand.

A question 'rose about the cause :
And nature answered, that her laws
Were disobeyed. The obscure rills
Refused obedience to her will.

I will a remedy provide,
And down the mountain's rugged side,
I'll cause the rippling streams to pour.
And all will prosper as before.

The slothful rills rejoiced to know
Their crystal streams again might flow ;
And down the mountain through the glen.
They moved on silently again.

Their influence did concatenate,
The river soon again was great ;
Business soon brightened, and assumed
A lively aspect 'stead of gloom.

Thus we can see how small a cause,
Will change the course of nature's laws ;
The earth though one stupendous ball.
Atoms adhering, form it all.

So human rights and human laws,
If traced will show some minute cause ;
One casts a vote, it counts but one.
All do the same. elections done.

So nations rise and nations fall,
The impulse felt at first was small ;
The great first cause of all, is He
Who liveth from eternity.

CHANGE OF SEASONS, AN EMBLEM OF LIFE.

On a fair vernal morning, a bright morn of May,
Earth was clad with fine verdure, her blossoms were gay ;
Exhaling an odor, made balmy the breeze,
As it floated so gently 'mid unfolding leaves.

And the music of birds too was borne on the air,
They were pouring forth notes in sweet melody there ;
And the landscape was beautiful, hillock and glen,
Where were flocks feeding quietly also the fen.

This I thought, is an emblem of youth, void of care,
Ere its hopes have been blighted whose prospects are fair,
Looking forth to some good which without an alloy
Will fill to overflowing the cup of their joy.

On a midsummer morning I passed there again,
Earth her carpet of verdure and beauty retained ;
The bright vernal blossoms had faded and gone,
What appeared now most lovely was flourishing corn.

The fruit too was growing and all that was good,
All that man could desire to sustain him for food ;
But the wild thorn and thistle and also the brier,
Which were harmless in spring now grew higher and
higher.

As is summer so virtuous man middle aged,
Who would make himself useful in good is engaged ;
His prospects look pleasing yet trouble and care,
Like the thorns and the thistles are often his share.

Again I was there on a cold lurid morn,
The recently waving and flourishing corn ;
The trees, fields and flowers which in spring were so gay
Had been nipped by the frosts now looked waning and gray.

No music of birds could be heard in the trees,
No odor from blossoms was borne on the breeze ;
A stillness pervaded the landscape around,
Scarce an animate object was known by the sound.

This thought I is like when extreme old age appears ;
When all active is done and life's end drawing near,
When the eye has grown dim, the ear deaf, the head gray,
And all but the body has gone to decay.

On a cold winter morning the sun had grown pale,
The snow spread her mantle o'er upland and dale ;
All that once was so lovely, o'er nature's fair face,
Now lay passively dormant, nor the landscape did grace.

So the winter of death will destroy and entomb,
All of man that was useful or ever did bloom ;
But as seed ere it germinates ripens and dies,
So mankind must die too ere ascending the skies.

WINTER IS COMING.

Cold winter is coming he soon will be here,
By the sound of his footsteps he seems to be near ;
All nature before him soon prostrate will bow,
And he'll cover her face with his mantle of snow.

If he never had made us a visit before,
We should dread his approach and his presence deplore ;
Chains and fetters he carries so all that he finds
If he conquers in triumph he grasps and confines.

Though his sceptre he sways causing nature to sleep,
Vernal suns will repulse him and cause his retreat ;
His heart they will soften, his strength will subdue,
He will weep at the conquest and bid them adieu.

Then spring will advance with her beautiful train,
The earth will rejoice that her right is to reign ;
The longer she governs the milder she grows,
And the birds sing most sweetly while pure waters flow.

When she cures all the evils that winter has done,
And the full approbation of nature has won ;
As summer approaches she calmly retires,
With the hope her successor will rule as required.

AN ACROSTIC.

Now since you have taken my friend for your wife,
And promise to aid and protect her through life ;
Nor shunned at the altar of hymen to bow,
Confiding we trust you will pay all your vows.

You have chosen one worthy your love and respect,
Protect her, nor treat her with knowing neglect ;
Do sickness and sorrow your prospects annoy,
And your hopes and prosperity ever destroy.

Never think that alone you have trouble and care,
For while she shall live she your troubles will share,
Oh, she knows how to sympathize ever I know,
Repay you fourfold all the service you do.

That your hearts are united I doubt not, and true.
Henceforth for the present I bid you adieu.

YOUR BABY.

I'm thinking of your baby,
Your darling blessed child :
That precious gift from heaven.
So beautiful and mild.

No jewel for the bosom,
No crown to fit the head,
Can seem so dear as Gracie,
While sleeping in her bed.

And when she crows like babies,
Or laughs to see papa ;
Her eyes must shine with beauty.
As does the morning star.

I have not in my casket,
Such gems so dear to me ;
But when I go to heaven,
Such angels I shall see.

I HAD A DEAR PAPA.

I had a dear papa who loved me.
And I climbed on his knee for a kiss ;
And he hugged me and called me his darling,
His pet and his dear little sis.

When papa was sick or was tired,
And too tired to go out to ride ;
Then sometimes when he lays down to rest him,
I climbed up and lay by his side.

He reached out his hand and I kissed it,
And he said to me something like this ;
I must fear that my dear little daughter,
Will not long have a papa to kiss.

He did not wake up in the morning,
And he slept all the night and the day ;
Then they brought him a nice pretty cradle,
Then they put him in there for to lay.

When I spoke to him I could not wake him,
And before I had bid him good night,
When I left him for only a minute,
They took him away from my sight.

They say he has gone up to Heaven,
For to dwell with the angels of light ;
And when I shall go to Him with mamma,
We shall never more know a dark night.

DO YOUR DUTY.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
Sow the seed, sow plenty grain ;
Never fear that you will lose it,
It will come to you again.

Though the waters now may hide it,
It will sprout beneath the flood ;
Be it all now hid with darkness,
Will return to you for food.

For the overflowing waters,
Will have left where they have been ;
So the sun will shine upon it,
And the germs will all be green.

It will grow in strength and ripen,
All its beauties will retain ;
And a hundred fold can harvest,
Of the rich and golden grain.

Never fear to do a kindness,
To the needy on the way ;
Should they never have the means to
Pay you back, some others may.

Many a man in time of trouble,
Forced to beg from door to door,
Has had changed his sad misfortune,
And possessed a fortune's store.

If one talent you have only,
Try to use that talent well ;
Though 'tis small, if you improve it,
In your future life will tell.

Don't refuse to work for small pay,
When you can't more wages get ;
Faithfully perform your duty,
That will confidence beget.

Jacob Astor when a young lad,
Traded first in muskrat skins ;
Later, was a merchant furrier,
What a rich man he has been.

So the Rothschild's eldest brother.
To earn money laid his plan ;
And he vended silk to sew with,
Thus his fortune first began.

Thay have been the greatest bankers.
England has or ever had ;
And this fact you may remember.
They were once but little lads.

All boys can't be merchant princes.
Each should do his duty well ;
Never fear to do the right thing,
And the truth to always tell.

Gird your loins with truth unvarnished,
Buckle on a plate so bright ;
Should you meet opposing falsehood,
You will conquer for the right.

GOING THROUGH THE VALLEY OR GATE OF DEATH.

I can see the angels coming.
I can see my Saviour too ;
To the gate that death shall open.
That will let my spirit through.

See my father and my mother,
They are angels, I can see ;
And my sisters and my brothers,
They are coming all to me.

Jesus with His lamp of glory,
He is lighting up the way ;
And beyond this vale of darkness,
I can see eternal day.

He will guide us all to Heaven,
Where His Father's face we'll see ;
Where we'll know no pain or sorrow,
Through a long eternity.

Mourning friends I leave behind me.
Not for distant time to you ;
Death will throw its portals open,
And will let your spirit through.

I will come with them to meet you,
Never fear, we wont be late ;
And our Saviour will be with us,
And will light you through the gate.

We will all go home together,
All will sing the heavenly song ;
Never feel that we are weary,
Never know the day is long.

HOW I WOULD LIKE TO PASS OVER THE RIVER.

I would like to pass over the river,
While I'm quietly sleeping at night.
And no waves that will waken my dreaming,
Till the earth shall recede from my sight.

And the sound that shall greet me at waking,
Be the voices of friends gone before ;
Who will meet me and bid me a welcome,
To a home on that bright happy shore.

To a home that my Saviour has told me,
That His Father has ready for me ;
And the glory of God, the Eternal,
In His fulness I ever may see.

Where the music of purified spirits
Shall be borne on the transparent air ;
Then my own voice would join in the chorus,
And be mingled with those that are there.

Then my body my friends may deposit,
Which will moulder and turn to decay ;
But I shall not feel aught of its changes.
For my soul will have left it for aye.

A MOTHER PASSED AWAY.

As the sun[^] arose out from his orient bed,
And displayed to the earth his all glorious head ;
With a wave of his wing made of rays of light,
He dispersed from the face of the earth the night.

When a chariot ready, a glorious car,
Fitted out at the mansion of gates ajar,
Was directed to earth by a messenger,
And it stopped at a home for a passenger.

There a spirit had lived^r in a house of clay,
And a beautiful spirit for^r many a day :
'Twas a mother endeared by the strongest ties,
But the springs of her life were now growing dry.

Though as dear to her friends and as loved was she,
As was ever a mother who loved can be :
When the messenger came and had stopped his car,
She was ready to go as a passenger.

For the wheels of her life now had ceased to move,
And her ties were all broken for all she loved ;
As she need not to wait for companions more,
Went away to her friends who had gone before.

And she seemeth to say from that distant shore,
As my bodily sufferings all are o'er,
Lay it out of your sight and think only of me,
As an angel of light with the happy free.

Do not mourn for me more that I passed away,
For the home where I dwell is perpetual day ;
And the friends I had thought they were lost to me,
In this beautiful mansion of God I see.

It will not be long time ere you all will come,
When you too will be welcome to Heaven our home ;
Where will be no more parting, no tears be shed,
For the sorrows of life and no tears for the dead.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Friends are but few so we are told,
Real warm friends that wont grow cold ;
As on your journey you progress,
New friends be yours that grow no less.

Keep those you have, if tried and true.
In haste change no one for new ;
Expect perfection not to find,
Cherish if one be good and kind.

I WOULD PASS AWAY.

The earth seems so diminutive.
I want to soar away ;
Where in God's presence I can live,
In one eternal day.

No sable night to cast a gloom,
Or clouds obscure my way ;
God's glory one perpetual noon
Of one eternal day.

No dial needed there to keep
The hours that pass away ;
No weary bodies needing rest,
Through one perpetual day.

My friends will not be growing old,
No natures to decay ;
But only goodness will unfold
For one eternal day.

My friends whom I may leave behind,
Who linger by the way ;
Keep ye in view the star that points
To one eternal day.

When all shall reach that haven, we
Will join the heavenly lay ;
And sing the praises of our God,
Through one eternal day.

SUBMISSION TO THE CROSSES OF LIFE.

Shall not the Judge of all do right ?
Who made the earth and seas and skies ;
And by His mercy and His powers,
All His creation's wants supplies.

When sorrow overwhelms the soul,
And seems too much for one to bear ;
He thinks he cannot lift the cross,
Would pass it by and leave it there.

The cross is fastened to the ground,
And from the ground the soul must rise ;
When tried with the refiner's fire,
Is better fitted for the skies.

The Saviour could not lift His cross,
Too much its weight alone to bear ;
Another gave the needed aid,
And His great sorrow helped to share.

And in His dying hours so tried,
While hanging on the accursed tree ;
In agonizing sorrow cried
Why has my God forsaken me ?

If He, who was the Son of God,
Was left in sorrow thus to die ;
Ought we not who are left behind,
To follow His path to the skies.

He said His Father's house is there,
And many mansions does contain ;
For all His childrên will prepare
A resting place their souls will gain.

Then let us hope and follow on,
Though far behind for want of grace :
Yet by and by we shall behold
His glory and all graciousness.

A STILL SMALL VOICE.

There came to me a still small voice.
So calm and soft, it spoke to me :
That faith and hope told me rejoice,
And by and by His face I'll see.

It seemed to say come, trust my child,
You need not fear, I calm the sea ;
Fear not, although the waves are wild,
You may be safe, child, trust in me.

When on life's shore dread not the dark,
Though winds seem boisterous may be ;
You need not fear to launch your barque,
I'll guide your life-boat, trust in Me.

Those faces now you see no more,
With angel forms will come to Thee :
Jesus will be the light before,
And safely guide, child, trust in Me.

Lord, I would trust though not on land,
Thy mighty hand reach forth to Me :
If I may grasp it, safely stand
And walk upon the deep blue sea.

When death shall open wide the gate,
And let Thy imprisoned spirit free ;
Angels will come nor will be late,
You need not fear, child, trust in Me.

I have a mansion all prepared,
Where angels dwell all safe and free ;
When you get home then you will know.
Why I have said, child, trust in Me.

A DREAM.

The dark deep shades of night were passing by.
The stars were leaving one by one the sky ;
The rosy tints of oriental light
Were spreading rays and dissipating night.

Beside the window stood a little bed,
On which a little innocent was laid ;
I had beside that bed my vigils kept.
And watched that child as quietly she slept.

I looked and lo, convulsions shook that frame.
And yet no outcries from the sufferer came ;
Not long before that, to my great surprise,
Her sternum opened and her head likewise.

Soon from that opening issued forth to sight,
A vision beautiful, a form of light ;
The body tenantless, no breathing moved,
No voice to speak, no smile to show she loved.

That form of light assumed a vision fair,
With face and eyes and ringlets bright of hair :
Not long it lingered, soon she passed away,
To realms of glory and eternal day.

Thus darling Blanche seemed to pass from here,
As dreaming, I conceived her to be near ;
Next day a telegram received, which said,
Blanche had passed away, and she was dead.

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE BIRDIE.

You ask, where has your birdie flown?
Seraphic wings to heaven have borne
Your darling child, you loved so well,
Is now with angels bright to dwell.

Then dry your tears dear mother, do,
I only have been loaned to you;
My body only God did give,
My spirit was His own to live.

And you, dear father, weep no more.
I lead the way to yon bright shore;
Dear sister, do not weep for me,
For I will watch and wait for thee.

Grandpa, and grandma, soon will be
Your turn to leave and come to me;
My aunts and uncles all may come
And join me in my heavenly home.

You all must watch and wait God's time.
His will is law. His love divine;
Though I no more can come to ye,
All in due time can come to me.

I DO NOT FEAR TO DIE.

Sin unrepented only, should
Be the sole reason why
That I should fear the doubtful path,
That I should fear to die.

Why should I fear to wash my clothes,
And hang them out to dry;
Or cast them off unfit for use,
As well might fear to die.

My Saviour makes the valley light,
To mansions in the skies ;
Then why should I its darkness dread,
Why should I fear to die ?

Though many pains disturb my rest,
Decay seems drawing nigh ;
My Saviour taught me that to bear,
Why should I fear to die ?

Friends whom I love, mourn not for me,
When I shall say good-by :
My hope is strong, my faith is bright,
I do not fear to die.

Faith lifts the veil beyond this life,
To realms of boundless sky ;
Why should I fear to look beyond ?
Why should I fear to die ?

When eyes grow dim, I cannot see
The light with mortal eye ;
My guardian angels lead the way,
I will not fear to die.

AN ONLY SON.

I went to church not long ago,
The earth was covered o'er with snow,
The air was wintry cold ;
Within all pleasant looked to me,
As ever I was pleased to see,
The lambkins of the fold.

Among them, whom the scene did cheer,
Were little lads and lasses dear ;
They looked so many loves ;
And there was one, a little child,
His eyes were black and he looked mild,
And gentle as the doves.

His mother doting on her child.
Looked down, and he looked up the while ;
Their eyes met lovingly ;
Each looked complacently on each.
Their thoughts seemed speaking without speech.
Both looked approvingly.

Methought she must be blest indeed.
God had bestowed a precious meed,
A lasting gift from heaven ;
Not so, a summons came one day,
And bade that child should leave for aye,
And soon dear ties were riven.

A precious casket for his bed.
A silken cushion for his head.
Robed in a suit of green ;
Fit emblem of immortal life,
Where ceases sin and mortal strife.
As laurel evergreen.

His mother kissed him as at night,
A blanket o'er him pure and white
She spread to keep him warm ;
Fit emblem of his purity.
Now clothed in immortality.
Secure from every harm.

The promise which the Saviour told.
Their angels always do behold
His Father's glorious face ;
Has balm to heal the wounded heart.
And comfort to the soul impart.
Gives faith to trust His grace.

Again, into that house of prayer
I went, that mother too was there.
She was alone that day ;
For not her little black eyed boy.
Who was her only and her joy.
No, he had passed away.

WHY SHOULD I WEEP FOR THOSE GONE BEFORE?

Why should I weep, those gone before,
To pave my way to Heaven ;
The path they've trod will bear me o'er,
When hopes on earth are riven.

The time can not be far away,
When I for one must go ;
And bid adieu to friends for aye,
And all on earth below.

Nor would I wish to linger here,
When friends and hopes are gone ;
To wet my couch with bitter tear,
And feel myself alone.

When this, my earthly tenement,
Will not sustain repair,
And nature's tenants claim the rent,
They too may have the care.

My soul no more will need to roam,
My wants will God supply ;
He will prepare for me a home,
A mansion in the skies.

A PRAYER.

Lord, lead me to the throne of grace,
So I may see God face to face ;
Though but a still small voice I hear,
Enough to know that God is near.

I know indeed that He is near,
And will my supplications hear ;
Assuage my anguish, quell my grief,
And give my sorrowing soul relief.

Assay my soul, though suffering be
The medium which may show to Thee ;
Thy own dear image, pure and bright,
Reflected by Thy rays of light.

When I thus purified shall be,
Make me a vessel meet for Thee ;
Filled from the fountain of Thy grace,
Then I shall know I see Thy face.

PEACEFUL ARE HIS SLUMBERS.

Peaceful are his slumbers, peaceful
Death has closed his tearless eyes ;
Angels bore his blessed spirit
Up to Heaven, above the skies.

Weep no more, bereaved mother,
Though your loss be great, severe ;
God has willed it, yes, has willed it,
Shed no more the bitter tear.

Though you never more may greet him,
Never more will see him here ;
You in Heaven may hope to meet him,
Where's no parting, no more tears.

God has willed and Jesus said it,
Children angels may behold ;
God's own face yes, may behold it,
See His glory yet untold.

PERSEVERANCE UNDER AFFLICTION.

The Saviour bore His heavy cross,
Up calvary's rugged side,
He also wore a crown of thorns,
And there was pierced His side.

Through tribulation sore and fierce,
His path He climbed to heaven ;
And now to those who follow on
His promises are given.

To heaven, oh blessed thought, to heaven ;
He points the pathway true ;
And there a mansion has prepared.
Though old, 'tis always new.

Then climb the hill for you can do
What saints have done before ;
Though rough and hard the path may be,
Climb up as high and more.

Now Jesus on the summit stands,
And beckons us to come ;
Then let us trust and press our speed,
Until we reach our homes.

AN ACROSTIC.

Since you received from Cupid's dart
A wound, sunk deeply in your heart ;
Rebounding back to Willie's side,
And you resolve to be his bride ;
How well it is, that you should be,
Just equal wounded, you and he.

On hymen's altar you can lay
Such offering as shall meet the day ;
Even yourselves that will suffice.
Prepared for holy sacrifice ;
Hymen the god, always presides
At nuptials o'er the groom and bride.

How sometimes bitter tears are shed
O'er friends who leave us when they wed ;
But hopes so bright as seem to be
Surrounding all your friends and ye.
Only one passion called, is joy.
No fond regrets, no grief alloy.

AN ACROSTIC.

Washington, the greatest man, was once a little boy,
I've often heard it said of him he was his parents' joy ;
Like him I'll try in all I do my parents to obey,
Like him to follow in the right and shun the wicked way.

If I may never be as great a general as he,
Sure I can be as good a man and that will do for me ;
This thing I know that I can do, to never tell a lie,
Do what I think to be the right, and give the reason why.

O, if I should grow up to be a strong and healthy man,
Do what I will, I'll always try to do what good I can ;
God then will bless me while I live each night and every
day,
Even prepare for me a home when I shall pass away.

TRY TO LIFT THE CROSS.

Should there ever a cross seem too heavy to bear,
And you fear you are going to fall ;
May some Simon be near you to lighten your care,
One on whom you may trustingly call.

Where a duty and feelings united appear,
Then the burden will easily rise ;
But where duty calls loudly attended with fear,
Raise that cross, for it points to the skies.

Let the thought that the Saviour is near to your side,
Help you walk on the waves without fear ;
Make His promise yours and His precepts your guide,
Then you'll pass through this life with a cheer.

It is not all of life, that we live here awhile,
But a work we have all got to do ;
Jesus wept with the mourners, but never a smile
Is recorded of Him we pursue.

Yet I think it is well for to smile and be glad,
For the flowers God has strown on our way ;
For a sad heart will often make others as sad.
So will cheerfulness chase grief away.

May your cheerfulness ever be tempered with love.
And your stay be the anchor of hope ;
While your faith lifts your heart to the Saviour above,
You may safely with courage look up.

JESUS MY FRIEND.

Jesus taught me how to pray.
Pointed to the star of day ;
Kindly led me on the way.
Where to meet my God.

Gave me grace and made me bold.
Beauties new did He unfold ;
All looked new although quite old.
Cause all new to me.

Thus for many years my guide,
Ever near me by my side ;
Heavenly manna did provide.
Good as angel's fare.

Much more favors needing yet.
May I never once forget ;
I must ask if I would get
Fresh supplies each day.

Father, who in Heaven art.
I would praise Thee from my heart ;
Heavenly grace wilt Thou impart.
And Thy will be done.

May the earth be made to be
Pure as Heaven and blest of Thee ;
As each morn the light I see,
Give me daily bread.

Fo: my sins, oh, pardon give
Grace, while others I forgive ;
All temptations I would strive,
Help me, Lord, to shun.

Thine the kingdom, Thine the power,
May Thy blessings on earth shower ;
Thine the glory as before.
Hence forevermore.

AN ACROSTIC.

And has thy little sister gone.
Bid earth adieu, left thee to mourn ;
Is she no more to smile with thee,
Gone from this earth her soul set free.

A little cherub praising God,
I trust she is, by His own word.
Let little children come, said He.
Behold in heaven their angels be.

Hence she no more will suffer pain.
Unmingled pleasures are her gain ;
The Lord a mansion did provide,
Christ too for little children died.

Hence may you learn to serve the Lord.
In Him confide, obey His word ;
Nor weep that she has gone to rest.
Since through His merits she is blest.

WELCOME TO BABY.

Welcome, sweet innocence,
Welcome to me ;
Here in my bosom,
Is room left for thee.

Here I will shield thee,
And keep thee from harm ;
Drink from this fountain,
'Twill nourish and warm.

Dear little innocence,
Pure as the snow,
Blessing your parents
Each day as you grow.

Watching to see
The first smile that you show,
Soon shaking the rattle
And learning to crow.

SONG OF PRAISE.

I praise Thy name, Father in Heaven
For many mercies Thou hast given ;
Hast kept me safely through the night,
Opened mine eyes to see the light.

My sleeping hours too Thou has blest,
My weary limbs hast given rest ;
Such soothing pillows for my head,
And warm and comfortable bed.

I wake in tolerable health,
Worth more to me than Cræsus' wealth ;
Give me a heart to follow Thee,
In all that's good, oh, lead Thou me.

Oh, give me wisdom from on high,
Wisdom that guideth to the sky ;
Wisdom to walk the narrow way,
So I grow better day by day.

As I have lived for many years,
Have shed for sorrow many tears :
Have often suffered too from pain,
And yet I live, I still remain.

Oh, may I know the reason why,
Long time ago I did not die ;
Is there some duty unfulfilled,
That I am spared to do Thy will ?

Open mine eyes that I may see.
What else Thou dost require of me ;
What duty yet remains undone.
That I must do beneath the sun ?

DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

We are feeling sad to-day,
For a friend has passed away ;
She no more with us will meet,
With her cordial, loving greet.

Once her pleasant cheerful face,
Filled her well appointed place ;
Always radiant was her look.
As she handed out a book.

She no more will join us now,
When before God's throne we bow ;
Asking Him to guide our ways,
Neither join us in our praise.

Those who prized her most on earth,
Knew her talents, knew her worth ;
Whose affection she has won,
Sadly for her loss will mourn.

She has gone, as I have said.
Sleeping in her silent bed ;
Faith has seen her spirit rise.
God has called her to the skies.

On the Sabbath, when we meet.
We shall see her vacant seat ;
But at home her empty chair,
Oh, how they must miss her there.

IT IS WELL.

It is well with the mother,
It is well with the child,
And it also with father is well,
It was loaned them to love,
And to care for awhile,
Now has gone to its father above.
Yes, her spirit it left
Here its frail house of clay.
That is cared for and borne from our sight ;
But her spirit has gone
To her bright home of day
For to dwell with the angels of light.

DEATH OF TWO BROTHERS.

What a gloom now is felt, like the stillness of night,
And how dreary the home of the parents bereft
Of two dear little children, once playful and bright,
Naught of pleasure alas, in that circle is left.

Like tender young buds rudely plucked from the stem,
Ere the leaves in full beauty unfolded to blight ;
Those lovely young treasures more precious than gems,
Were snatched from their bosoms and hid from their sight.

Oh, ye parents who feel that your loss is severe,
And the wound so deep that it cannot be healed ;
Yet the hand that inflicted you ought to revere,
Since His love and His mercy to man are revealed.

Our Saviour to children His arms did extend,
Saying, do not forbid them to come unto Me ;
My Father in heaven is always their friend,
And their angels His face do eternally see.

They were loaned for a while and the time has expired,
The summons was sent and they surely must go ;
In heaven methinks they are tuning their lyres,
And where sickness and sorrow they never will know.

A BRIGHT SPOT IN MY OLD AGE.

'Twas not a mirage that I saw to-day,
But an oasis I found on my way ;
The fields were green, the flowers were looking bright,
The springs were sparkling, beautiful as light.

Some little children came to visit me,
I'm growing old and have no child you see ;
They looked so cheerful and so happy they,
It seemed to me a most auspicious day.

I took a retrospective view of life,
My journey looked with many changes rife ;
The milestones I had passed were sixty-eight,
The day declining looked as growing late.

WORDS OF A LITTLE GIRL TO HER UNCLE.

Your a little flutter-budget,
So her uncle said ;
I should think it nearly time for
You to go to bed.

Do not call me flutter-budget,
That is not a name ;
I think something else is better,
Than to say that same.

Then if it is not a name, say
What is it, my dear ?
Well, I know 'tis not a name, but
Only an idea.

AN ACROSTIC.

Calm be her rest and sweet her sleep,
Her eyes no more from sorrow weep ;
Although her friends now mourn her loss,
Remembering what she is and was.

Let faith behold her spirit rise
On wings of love beyond the skies ;
The Lord revealed His sovereign grace,
To her displayed His smiling face.

E'en death he stripped of all its gloom,
So she could triumph o'er the tomb.
Merciful Father, was her last prayer.
I commend my spirit to Thy care,

Though in the tomb her body rests.
Her soul we trust in God is blest.

LITTLE PETS.

May sorrow never cloud your brow,
Look happy always child as now ;
And when no more my face you see,
Dear Annie please remember me.

Child's pleasant smiles like sunbeams are,
They light my path which else were drear ;
When I know more can look on thee.
Dear Katie kindly think of me.

THOUGHTS ON A SICK-BED.

My friends, I soon must bid farewell
To all things here below ;
May God prepare my soul to dwell,
Where He His face will show.

When time shall cease to be with us,
Our troubles all are o'er,
May He permit us with the just
To meet, to part no more.

Our lives are like the morning dew,
That flies before the sun ;
Man's days at most will count but few,
Soon numbered and they're done.

What is my strength, that I should guess
I long may linger here ?
What is my life, that I should wish
It lengthened out one year ?

My strength is like the new mown grass,
That withers in the sun ;
My life is like an hour-glass,
Its sands are nearly run.

Lord, grant me faith that works by love,
To purify my heart ;
And fit me for Thy courts above,
When I shall hence depart.

Oh, may Thy spirit cheer my path,
As through death's vale I go ;
Then I'll rejoice to part with earth,
Its pleasures and its woes.

ONWARD.

Though spring is gone by with its music and beauty,
And summer, the season of roses, is past ;
We'll care not for that, but attend to our duty.
For neither will childhood and school always last.

The trees that in spring with their blossoms looked gaily,
In autumn are laden with fruit fit for food ;
If all but endeavor to learn something daily,
In autumn of life they can do and be good.

Our parents and friends have improved our condition,
Our room have enlarged and made pleasant as new ;
And we in return without willing omission,
Will strive to obey and improve by it too.

Our teachers we'll have them for our standard bearers,
Where they shall direct, we will willingly go ;
For they of our happiness too are the sharers,
What others have done we can do that we know.

Now ignorance, idleness hence shall be driven,
Such conquests shall make us deservedly free ;
Our standard of action we'll point it to Heaven,
And onward and upward our motto shall be.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Where is there now a happy land more than is our own ?
Here we all are a merry band it can but be known ;
In New England we breathe the air of liberty.
Minds and bodies free,
Here all as one.

Here we all can learn to read, all can learn to write,
Our teachers kind are well agreed, teach us what is right ;
We will all agree what our teachers wish shall be,
And will willingly
Strive to obey.

We are fed and clothed warm, parents too are kind,
Are not exposed to vice or harm as naughty children find ;
Who do not obey what their friends or parents say,
Idling their time away,
Staying from school.

All great men our teachers say once as small in size,
Loved to study more than play that made them wise ;
We will study too, what is right we'll aim to do,
When we grow up too,
We may be wise.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Come ye noble sons of freedom,
Free from wine's destructive sway ;
Let us form one solid phalanx,
Drive King Alcohol away.

Let our weapons by discretion.
Be of moral suasion made ;
Ensigns' floating, lives devoting.
God will surely give us aid.

See advances, with sparkling glances,
Bands of temperance, daughters fair ;
With such allies make bold sallies.
They the shield for us will bear.

Kill the hydra-headed monster,
With the sword apply the brand ;
Do not cavil, face the evil.
Drive intemperance from the land.

Give the feeble hope and courage.
Hope to be again a man ;
Thankful hearts our cause will bless.
God will praise for all the rest.

CHO.—

Praise Him, praise Him, ye sons of temperance, praise !
Praise Him, praise Him, ye sons of temperance, praise !
Hosanna ! Hosanna ! Hosanna !

GOOD AND ILL.

This life is like the ocean wide,
Our hopes and fears are like the tide,
That ebbs and flows alternately ;
Youth launches forth his untried barque,
Nor fears the tempest or the dark,
Unfurls his sails courageously.

I wish I could with all my heart,
Held up to view, as on a chart,
The many dangerous shoals of life ;
Nor would I paint with lesser care,
The much of good which all may share,
The good with which this world is rife.

Life is made up of good and ill,
Some have the fortune for to fill
Their cup with good, it so appears :
While others have theirs filled with woe.
Filled to the brim to overflow
With trouble, poverty and tears.

Yet happiness without alloy,
Fills no man's cup nor perfect joy
That brings a smile, as oft appears ;
While in the breast of seeming woe.
There may be joys which overflow.
By breaking up the fount of tears.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

When public prayer is fashion,
With hypocritic face on,
How many will go there,
To hear or lead in prayer.

Not in the whirlwind's noise,
Nor where the fire destroys.
God's presence may be seen,
And no where else I ween.

But there are other places,
Where He bestows His graces ;
When faith, hope, love and zeal,
The humble soul shall feel.

His great Almighty power,
Seen, felt, in silent showers ;
Heard in the still small voice,
Makes humble souls rejoice.

TASTE NOT THE WINE.

Taste not the wine, taste not the wine.
When it is red, though its made from the vine ;
Many the wines which the chemist has made,
Pleasant the flavor and perfect the shade ;
When you would drink it and think it is right,
Mind, like the serpent as fatal its bite.

Taste not the wine, taste not the wine.
Look not on wine, touch not the wine ;
Taste not the wine, taste not the wine.
When it is red, taste not the wine ;
Taste not the wine, taste not the wine,
Taste not the wine, taste not the wine.

Taste not the wine, taste not the wine.
When it is red, for it ruins the mind ;
Minds that are noble and intellects great,
Fit to command in the field or the state ;
Down to a level it readily brings,
Low as the slave, the commander or king.
Taste not the wine, etc.

Taste not the wine, taste not the wine,
When it is red, then O taste not the wine ;
Evils like mountains if broken will rise,
Eyes filled with tears and the bosoms with sighs ;
When to your lips the bright goblets you bring,
Mind like the adder its venomous sting.
Taste not the wine, etc.

THE CLOSET.

My closet is my altar,
Where faith ought never falter ;
For God is always there,
To hear and answer prayer.

When I to Him draw near,
He banishes my fear ;
He buoys my spirits up,
And stays my anchor, hope.

On some still barren mountain,
Or near some lonely fountain,
Was Jesus wont to pray.
At the approach of day.

Or, in some silent hour,
Perhaps some garden bower,
He might resort to pray.
Just at the close of day.

THE YOUNG HICKORY.

A beautiful tree of the hickory kind,
Has grown among hills in a northerly clime ;
It is sound from the heart if you scan it you'll see,
Not a parasite lives on that hickory tree.

It is straight as a gun and with foliage is crowned.
No lodging place in it for coons can be found ;
And I am persuaded by what we can see,
It has grown from a germ of the hickory tree.

Its merits are known and the call has gone forth.
To the east, to the west, to the south, to the north.
That all with a will may unite if they choose,
And shelter beneath it and safely repose.

The banner's unfurled, come ye patriots join,
Unite in one phalanx in unbroken line ;
You need not log cabins to coax you to come,
Nor need you the music of bugle or drum.

You have only to know that our own ship of state,
Will be guided by one who is wise, good and great ;
Such a man is Frank Pierce for the head we will bring,
For his mate if you please we'll have William R. King.

A DUTIFUL SON.

Is there anything more beautiful, when a man has lost his mind.

To see a son so dutiful, so patient and so kind ;

When walking in the street of late, an old man passed me by.

His body was erect as youth, but looking at his eyes

I saw the fire was going out, his journey's end seemed nigh,

I asked him of his hopes or fears, he answered with a sigh :

My mind is gone, my health is good, my food I relish,
life with me

I cherish still, and cling like one still fighting with my destiny.

Sometimes he jests and one might think his reasoning powers were good ;

The reason why I cannot tell, the future do not fear,

With all my frailties bear them still, I still would linger here :

He wandered 'round from street to street, no danger seemed to fear.

His son goes with him where he goes, when stopping lingers near.

THE MUZZLE.

As I was out walking one late winter day,

From a friend's, towards home, I was wending my way ;

It was not very light nor was yet very dark,

When I heard the known sound of a savage hoarse bark.

I looked for to see if could aught do me harm,

When lo ! a great bull dog, good cause for alarm,

Was making his way to the spot where I stood,

As if quite determined to do me no good.

As he bounded toward me increasing my fear,

With a will to devour or to wound he drew near ;

When lo ! and behold I had nothing to dread,

For a muzzle was well fitted on to his head.

I thought of the message I lately had read,
Of our own City Mayor so much cause of dread ;
To the venders of liquor he ought to have known,
They are all doing well he should let them alone.

But rumor says more than his message does tell,
That his own Police Officers love it too well ;
The venders I'll warrant have nothing to fear,
For they all are well muzzled, election draws near.

I would not inquire what they already know,
They are sowing broadcast seeds of misery and woe ;
Nor need I to tell what they sometime may dread,
That the curse of the injured may fall on their head.

That they have a conscience, O what an idea,
That could ever be moved by a prayer or a tear ;
As well plead with Satan while entering the snake,
Not to tempt mother Eve, their's no conscience to wake.

But one thing is certain there's nothing to fear,
From our brave City Officers far off or near ;
No fear from their barking nor dread from their ire,
The muzzle makes harmless though made of fine wire.

ALPHABETICAL SONG.

See us, though little children now,
We love to come to school ;
And when we tell you what we learn,
You'll say we are no fools.

In order here we learn to sit,
To count and read and spell ;
And how the letters stand for words,
Please hear and we will tell.

A stands for Adam and for all,
B stands for Billy Brown ;
C stands for Charles and Carlos too,
D stands for David Drown.

E stands for eagle we can see
On yonder dome so bright ;
And F it stands for Frank and fun.
And also stands for fight.

G stands for George and gingerbread.
H. hand and head and heart ;
I stands for ignorance and ills.
Which idleness imparts.

J stands for Jane and James and John.
K, kittie, Kate and kite ;
L stands for lady and for love.
M. morning, moon and might.

N stands for names and night and noon.
O for an ostrich stands ;
Whose feathers are on bonnets worn.
By ladies in our land.

P stands for Polk, the President.
Q for the Queen of Spain ;
R stands for rules and for right.
And also stands for rain.

S stands for snow, which looks so white
On a cold winter day ;
It stands for sun which shines so bright.
And melts the snow away.

T stands for teacher, truth,
U helps umbrella spell ;
V stands for village, voice,
And W for well.

X stands for Xerxes, once the great.
Y. youth which beauty won ;
And Z for Zachariah stands.
The father of St. John.

We've learned to count one, two, three, four.
Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten ;
And many things to make us wise.
When we grow up to men.

And more we learn that God on high
Made all things which we see ;
The skies, the stars, the beauteous earth
And air we breathe so free.

THE DROUGHT.

O, what a melancholy sight,
When seeing vegetation blight ;
As when autumnal frosts arrive,
The verdant fields no more did thrive.

The rippling streams had ceased to flow,
The gay and beauteous flowers to grow ;
The beasts that grazed on dale and hill,
There roamed in vain, they hungered still.

Some fields of corn that promised well,
For want of moisture prostrate fell ;
And every vegetable green,
Showed how severe the drought had been.

Some trees had shed their foliage too,
And many leaves retained but few ;
Much fruit has withered, all can see,
For want of moisture in the tree.

Domestic springs supplied no more
The wants of man as heretofore ;
The cistern empty long remained,
Because of no more falling rain.

The heat oppressive did engage,
To bring on premature old age ;
Prostrated many a robust man,
Though strong and healthy then grew wan.

But whom the prophet did implore,
And deigned to hear in days of yore ;
Vouchsafed to show His gracious power,
And sent us down refreshing showers.

Earth now begins to smile again,
Shall man from gratitude refrain ;
Ah, no, let praise ascend to heaven,
For every mercy He has given.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

The story of the cross is one
On which I love to dwell ;
Though it be old and often told,
'Tis always new to tell.

The story that the Saviour died
Upon the cursed tree ;
That He has shed His precious blood,
That He has died for me.

If I a hope like this may claim,
An anchor it will be ;
To guide me through this vale of tears,
Through life's tempestuous sea.

'Twill guide me to that haven where
The weary soul finds rest ;
Where storms or tempests never reach,
Nor doubts or fears oppress.

There I shall sing the glory of
The cross so dear to me :
The song it will be ever new
Throughout eternity.

A LITTLE CHILD'S DEATH.

Although she's bid farewell,
Left earth and all below ;
Let heavenly grace dispel
Each murmuring thought you know.

'Tis God who wounds the heart.
He knows the grief you feel :
Express to Him the smart,
Nor doubt that He can heal.

In Him you'll find a friend.
And one that's ever near.
Peace to the soul He sends,
All those who love Him here.

Revives the drooping mind,
Knows what for us is best ;
Eternal, just and kind,
Reveals Himself at last.

A FAREWELL.

As you progress on your journey,
Through this life from day to day ;
May your star of hope grow brighter.
Drive all doubts and fears away.

Until with the Son of righteousness,
Its rays shall blend above ;
And where you shall see eternal day,
No passion feel but love.

DEATH OF 1857 AND BIRTH OF 1858.

Old Time has lost another son,
His days are passed, his hours are done :
'Tis midnight, and I hear the bell
Proclaim his death, his funeral knell.

Sad thoughts now flit across my mind,
Reviewing scenes now left behind ;
How many of a gloomy cast
Have happened in the year just passed.

How many to their graves have rushed,
How many princely fortunes crushed ;
Whose hopes were bright a year ago.
Are as the hopeless laid as low.

But why thus dwell on scenes gone by ?
For what is passed we need not sigh ;
The clock has struck the year's last knell,
Then we should willing say, farewell.

The clock strikes one, what do I hear ?
It tells us of a new born year ;
Though time's last only son is dead.
Another liveth in his stead.

May every face put on a cheer
To welcome in this new born year ;
And every mind while this shall last,
Show wisdom treasured from the past.

Though Time has long been old and gray,
He would not have us sad but gay ;
So all my friends with heartfelt cheer,
I greet you with a happy year.

THE HAVEN OF HOPE.

There is in Heaven a hope there is,
A great physician there ;
He knows the sorrow stricken soul,
Such patients treats with care.

The wound when too deep cannot be cured
By any human skill ;
The great physician He can heal.
But trust Him and He will.

As seamen trim their sails at night,
Wait patiently for day ;
So we must do with all our might,
Our duties on our way.

The ship when driven by the wind,
On angry billows tossed ;
Did not the anchor hold it fast.
The crew and all were lost.

So faith the cable holding strong,
The anchor hope secure ;
And if the cable does not break,
Safe haven will be sure.

Look through the dark on yonder shore,
God keeps a burning light ;
Our loved ones there help trim the lamp,
And keep it shining bright.

When we at last outride the storm,
Steer safely toward that shore ;
Eternal day dispel the night,
We'll need a lamp no more.

Those we have loved will greet us there,
On that bright shining shore ;
And what a glorious union be.
To meet and part no more.

AN ACROSTIC.

Creator of all things on high,
How great and good Thy Majesty !
Low in Thy presence we should bow,
Oh, condescend to hear us now.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
May we not hope that in Thy word,
Comforting promises are given,
Designed to lead our soul to Heaven.

As we through Christ approach Thy throne,
Vouchsafe our cause to bless and own ;
If Thou wilt for our wants provide,
Sure we shall need no more beside.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO COME TO CHRIST.

O ye who feel your guilt so great,
Dare not approach the mercy seat ;
Who cannot see the throne of grace,
The Saviour calls and thus He says

Come unto Me, obey My voice,
I'll make your mourning heart rejoice ;
Come, lay your burden at My feet,
And you shall find your joy complete.

Believe My word, and you shall find
That I am merciful and kind ;
No evil shall your path beset,
I will your former sins forget.

AN EPITAPH.

When trouble filled my breast with grief,
Thy presence always gave relief ;
But now thy voice no more I hear,
Thy smiles have ceased, no more can cheer ;
Thy spirit now has fled away,
And sorrow shades my brightest day.

FAREWELL WINTER.

Farewell winter, cold and dreary,
Surely thou hast been severe ;
Of thy presence we are weary,
Glad to find that spring is here.

At thy presence nature passive,
Yielded to thy cold embrace ;
And thy mantle's weight oppressive,
Hid from view her lovely face.

Human nature shrunk before thee,
Nor thy conquest could defeat ;
Thou didst prostrate health and beauty,
Causing many a friend to weep.

Many a lovely form has wasted,
Many a rosy cheek grown pale ;
Many to their graves have hasted,
And have passed the gloomy vale.

Welcome vernal suns and showers,
And ye balmy winds we hail ;
Welcome verdure, welcome flowers,
You to cheer us never fail.

And ye feathered songsters, welcome,
We your presence gladly greet ;
Better music hear we seldom,
Few indeed are songs so sweet.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

Beings of intellect and life,
While in their youth and prime ;
By accident may take the path
Of glory or of crime.

The barque of fate on time's vast sea,
If skilful hands shall guide ;
They may outlive its many storms,
Nor feel the adverse tide.

Patience must guide the helm with skill,
Prudence unfurl the sail ;
While perseverance swells the breeze,
But never to a gale.

Hope is the anchor that sustains
The soul when troubles lave ;
And faith buoys up the sinking mind
To walk upon the wave.

The laws of God must be obeyed.
While industry and skill.
The house for ripe old age will rear,
With plenty, too, will fill.

Like as the corn in spring a germ,
In summer rank and green,
And in the autumn full and ripe,
Is harvested and clean.

So in the end, the good old man,
In works and grace has grown,
With patience waits to be transferred
From earth to heaven his home.

Were he a patriot, his name
Among the statesmen shine ;
Were he a clergyman, his name
Will live as a divine.

Whatever was his work in life
If to do good his aim,
Posterity will not forget.
But even bless his name.

But he who on the raging waves
Of life shall heedless start ;
Without a compass or a helm,
Nor mindeth wisdom's chart.

Unfurls his sails before the wind.
Nor sees the buoy and rock ;
May learn too late there's no retreat,
He feels the fatal shock.

His keel is broken hopelessly,
His bulk no power can save ;
His anchor, chart, and compass too,
All sink beneath the wave.

His mortal frame wrecked by disease.
No earthly power can save ;
The haven which he thought to find
Is but an early grave.

He leaves no hallowed name behind,
His acts the virtuous hate ;
All youth should aim such life to shun,
And not to imitate.

THE WELL OF SALVATION.

Come, come to the fountain whose waters are pure.
Fear not there is plenty. 'twill ever endure ;
The cup you may drink from is worth more than gold.
It never will tarnish, will never grow old.

All, all who have tasted those waters agree
In bidding you welcome, because they are free ;
They are good for the soul that rejoices in God.
They are good for the sinner that smarts from the rod.

It is fed from a spring that has never been dry.
Its source is from Heaven's exhaustless supply ;
Then come to the fountain, Oh come while you may,
Come drink that you faint not through life's dreary way.

Do you ask for the name of that crystalline fount ?
'Tis the well of salvation on Calvary's mount ;
To all who partake the assurance is given.
Of faith and the hope that their home is in Heaven.

'Tis a voice from on high that has given the call.
Come, echo the sound, to your friends and to all ;
And when life is ended and troubles are o'er,
We may go to the source where we'll thirst never more.

Our robes dipped in glory which God shall approve,
Our souls there will bask in His sunshine of love ;
There day is eternal, no night shall we know,
Come friends, one and all, will you go, will you go ?

Methinks I now hear you respond to the call,
Dear brothers and sisters and neighbors, ye all ;
Wives, husbands and children and parents if so,
Come now while you may, will you go, will you go?

AN ACROSTIC.

Most pleasant hours we two have spent,
All through the winter cold and lent ;
Recording thoughts coined long ago,
Yet some more recent dates will show.

As on life's journey you proceed,
Draw happy thoughts on which to feed ;
Each retrospective view you take,
Let this the picture help to make.

As pleasant shades may blend between,
If all the bright hues mix with green,
Do not forget when I am gone,
Ever kind wishes you have won.

Do what you may, go where you will,
Each day while memory last may still
A place within your bosom be,
Not quite too full to think of me.

LETTER TO KENDALL WRIGHT.

I know not your face though I've heard of your name,
And were I but in a poetical frame,
I would tell you some news with its wherefore and why,
About what did occur on the Fourth of July.

For the want of ideas my cranium void,
Were it not for your sister I'd not be employed ;
To write to one absent who ne'er wrote to me,
Of course one who cares not my scribbling to see.

But to gratify her to my task I'll proceed,
And tell you what now seems to have been decreed ;
You perhaps recollect the white house and green blinds,
That which H. had so vividly fixed in her mind.

She says she has told you that in her mind's eye,
She has seen a tall man with light hair and blue eye ;
But she now knows her fate and her cake is all dough,
Though the phrase may seem vulgar you'll find it is so.

Though she beat well the bush as I lately have heard,
Her sister though younger is catching the bird ;
And if for herself no one else has been made,
Then as fortune will have it she'll be an old maid.

On the Fourth of July all was joyful and gay,
All seemed to esteem it our country's birth-day ;
And many did celebrate, lasses and lads,
But P. with her sweetheart went home to her dad's.

If truth has been told which I doubt not all,
The tall man has made her a number of calls ;
If diseases are known by their symptoms as said,
I should not be surprised if he sometime should wed.

If P. were aware I am writing to you,
I suppose she'd deny it and call it not true ;
If for this I in future am called by name,
On to W. and Mrs. W. I'll lay all the blame.

For if they had not told me they wished me to write,
I should never had made an attempt to indite ;
So tell your dear mother that H. is to blame.
If she thinks I've done wrong in inscribing P's name.

A widower near I think H. has in view,
And it may all be so, but it may not be true ;
I tell her if she don't get on her cap right,
I shall rival myself and her prospects shall blight.

But she fears not my threats nor does she seem much
alarmed
At my prospects as rival to do any harm ;
But sir, do you not think should I write him a line,
Composed of sound logic and thoughts as sublime

As this scrawl is composed of, would he not believe
I possessed some fine talents, though he be deceived?
But I care not for that since you see I'm afraid
To be called by the name of, what? why, an old maid.

I suppose you'll be glad, sir, to find soon an end,
So I close with regards to yourself and your friends;
With requests you excuse what my gossiping tells,
And, dear sir, for the present I bid you farewell.

A HUMAN TENEMENT.

I saw a noble tenement erect,
Made by the Great Almighty Architect;
Its every part was made so strong and well,
Within the spirit of a man did dwell.

It needed some repairs from day to day,
Materials were always in the way;
Prepared by Him who made the whole with care,
The tenant only need to make repair.

When e'er he ceased such duties to fulfill,
And disobeyed the Almighty Maker's will;
The spirit suffered with the structure too,
As all who disobey God's laws must do.

When e'er the lungs inhaled unwholesome air,
The contact soon those organs would impair;
The stomach when partook unwholesome food,
The heart but ill the consequence withstood.

The fluids which by these should be made pure
Became unhealthy as God's laws are sure;
The arteries conveyed that current 'round,
Until disease in every part was found.

The muscles they ere long began to feel
More like the drooping willow than to steel;
The nervous system soon began to find
A sympathy and that effect the mind.

The ear grew deaf, no sound was heard within.
No light was felt because the eyes were dim ;
All that could make that spirit life enjoy,
All now was burdensome all now annoy.

Gladly at last that spirit quit its home,
Left it to moulder back to earth alone ;
Soared far beyond those stars that shine so bright,
To find a home in everlasting light.

Now in the heavens it roams away so far,
That to its view this earth is but a star ;
Yet with a spirit's telescopic eye,
May he not view the scenes now passing by.

Now if his vision may extend so far,
As to behold the scenes on this small star ;
How vast that mind unfettered now by clay,
Beholds new scenes in one perpetual day.

Music unearthly does not tire the mind,
Angels and saints in concert all combined ;
Heaven has no shades like earth to make it night.
For God's own glory is eternal light.

O, thou my spirit tenant of this clay,
When thou art done with earth soar thou away ;
Borne by some kindred spirit, heavenly dove,
To join that choir and sing redeeming love.

OBEDIENCE TO LAWS.

I go for strict obedience
To all good wholesome laws ;
The constitution as it is,
And union as it was.

Fight then, if fight ye must, ye braves,
To win that boon ye die ;
I'll bless you while I live, and God
Will bless you from on high.

I never shall expect to see
Your face, or voice to hear ;
But should I learn for this you fall,
Your memory I'll revere.

SOLILOQUY.

Soon this mortal flesh shall be
Food for worms beneath the clod ;
Will my soul, when thus set free,
Dwell forever with my God ?

O my soul, art thou deceived ?
Must thou give thy hope away ?
Hast thou not on Christ believed,
Who's declared Himself the way.

LETTER TO AN OLD NEIGHBOR.

Here I sit myself down all alone this old widder,
To write a few lines to my friends far away ;
And did I not think you were real friends, Kidder,
I should not have courage to write you this day.

But friends I have tried and have cherished so dearly,
Those trustworthy friends both in word and in deed ;
When I asked you a question you answered me cheerly,
A question improper or question of need.

I suppose that the friends you have left here behind you,
Keep you posted concerning the news of the day ;
So I don't suppose news if I write aught will find you
At all uninformed, though you live far away.

My neighbors are kind, all without an exception,
All treat me as kindly as I could desire ;
With little unpleasant to cause me dejection.
I have much to be thankful for, much to admire.

There not very many but sometimes find crosses,
That seem quite too heavy to raise from the ground ;
But thanks be to God He provides us a Simon,
In whose aid and whose charity help can be found.

My neighbors and friends call in often to see me,
My niece, Mrs. B., and her husband and child
Yesterday came to see me, we had a nice visit,
Little Henry was good as could be all the while.

A PET CAT.

Dear Billy is dead, that clever cat.
His troubles now are o'er ;
He cannot catch the mice and rats.
As he has done before.

No more he'll sing his fine duet.
With Kitty Spot, mee-ow ;
No other cats can sing so well.
I think they don't know how.

It was not for want of milk or meat.
That Billy came to die :
But he was sick like other cats,
That was the reason why.

'Twill do no good to call for him.
He wont come back I know ;
For he has gone to pussy land.
Where all good kitties go.

FLOWER GIRLS.

Nice young ladies, good they are,
Misses Stetson, Lane and Thayer ;
Heaven will bless them that I know,
For the kind hearts that they show.

Why then fail to trust in God,
For the promise of His word :
Angels He has sent this day.
Ay, to lighten up my way.

Need I fear the future then,
Since I find so many friends ;
He who made those fragrant flowers.
Only He can fill the bowers.

With such beauty only He.
Emblems of such purity :
He alone inspires the heart.
Deeds of kindness to impart.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELLY.

Chosen of God to pass away
From earth to realms of endless day ;
No more to suffer but to rest
Among the happy always blest.

When I have seen that lovely child,
I thought her extra good and mild ;
I little thought that I should stay,
Till she, that loved one, passed away.

Why is it so, the young must die,
And leave the old behind to sigh ;
To sigh that life is not yet done,
No immortality begun.

It is so and God willed it so,
That loving children hence must go ;
Their days here measure but a span,
Ere they are called to spirit land.

Their angel spirits linger near,
To comfort those remaining here ;
It wont be very long till we
Shall join them in eternity.

DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

Parents, though the wound you feel,
 Seems too deep for man to heal ;
 God has willed your child should die,
 Should we ask the reason why ?

When your darling called you nigh,
 Smiled, and sung his by low bye ;
 Were not then the notes he sung
 Heavenly music here begun ?

Though your loved one is not here,
 Now in your celestial sphere,
 He's a glorious cherubim ;
 Weep not then, weep not for him.

Though God called one loved before,
 He'd a right to call for more ;
 Yet, do not His works all tell,
 That "He doeth all things well."

THE GRANITE STATE.

Oh, say not of New Hampshire,
 That she dedecorates
 The New England confederation :
 Her sons are among those,
 Acknowledged as great,
 Even greatest, now known in the nation.

Perfidious peregrines,
 Though they do stigmatize,
 And egregiously egotize also ;
 And though some pettifoggers,
 In retailing lies,
 Do with phantasm pique to re-echo.

Their assertions are invalid,
Vain, postulation,
For in science and arts, her position
Is equal to any state.
Now in the nation,
Her morals exceed in precision.

Nor can there be found,
Braver men in the land.
Than are found 'mong her patriotic statesmen ;
Her democracy are,
An inviolate band,
Unfoiled by vain dissimulation.

Their fathers were valiant,
And fought with their might.
For the cause of their country and freedom ;
They would rise in one phalanx.
If now called to fight,
To repulse any foreign invasion.

THE CONSTITUTION AND FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Once the goddess of liberty came from above,
With a plant in her hand, as a pledge of her love ;
To the patriots only she trusted the care,
For to foster and nurse it and fruits of it share.

By those patriots care, it has flourished and grown,
And the shade it affords us our country has shown ;
From the east to the west where its branches are spread,
From the north to the south is its influence shed.

Curse, cursed the hand that the first blow shall aim,
For to lop off its branches, its beauty to maim ;
Ere the hand shall inflict such a wound would show,
Be it petrified, palsied or leprous as snow.

The fanatic and fire-eaters seem to agree,
That they like not the shade of this liberty tree ;
Like the mice in the fable, some black and some white,
Though their teeth are but small, each can nibble a mite.

One can scarcely believe that such a man can be found,
But it is true, they are trying to cut the tree down ;
They are patriots still that can bind up the wound,
It will flourish and bear fruit, its heart still is sound.

Peace, yea peace to the ashes of those who unfurled
First the stars and the stripes to the view of the world ;
And yet thrice be the curse on the head that would mar
Its beauty, proportion, or blot out a star.

What although on some branches of liberty's tree,
That there may be some leaves all are sorry to see ;
Which are blighted or mildewed and seem not so fair,
Yet the tree still will bear fruit if nourished with care.

And what though on some stars some dark spots may be
seen,

Was there ever perfection in what there has been ?
So the Queen of the night has dark spots on her face,
And yet, who, who would ask her to hide in disgrace.

And the sun in the heavens, perfection of light,
He has spots on his face too as dark as the night ;
And as soon would I ask him to veil his bright face.
As to cut down this tree or this banner disgrace.

Then come rally your forces ye sons of the brave,
Be the whole of the union your motto to save ;
Know no north and no south, and no east and no west,
Like your fathers, the nation your memory shall bless.

Build a wall all around and sufficiently high,
On the tower in the midst, point the spire to the sky ;
Place an impartial watchman whose keen eye can scan
The whole land as a small farm, Buchanan's man.

He may need an assistant to sit by his side,
That should he be disabled, can wisely preside ;
The ship of State honorably help guide with skill,
And if any man can do it, Breckinridge will.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAMING
THE LIGHTNING.

Neptune had sent his chariot high
Which passed between the earth and sky ;
Naught could approach it from behind,
Because the steeds were made of wind.

The lightning took possession there,
And hurled his missiles through the air ;
Proclaimed in thunder tones his worth.
And shot his fiery darts to earth.

All nature shrank when he appeared,
Mankind had no defense and feared ;
No lasso strong enough to find,
To make attempt was found no mind.

And when he chose his mighty power
Was seen and felt at any hour ;
Made homes of many desolate,
With no redress early or late.

In later days, a wiser mind
Assumed his secret power to find ;
To coax him ere he was aware
He sent a kite up in the air.

That he might carefully be led,
The power that held it but a thread ;
Prepared to greet him was the sage.
And slyly caught him in a cage.

His power not conquered soon was found,
He threw his captor on the ground ;
Not kill him, when the shock was o'er.
He had more courage than before.

Then Franklin, with wisdom and skill,
Made him subservient to his will ;
And having tamed him when confined
He educated to his mind.

In every branch not perfect quite,
But Morse he taught him how to write ;
So at a distance one can send
In haste a message to a friend.

He helps the sick rise from their bed,
And brings to life some seeming dead ;
Can fire a cannon any day,
Though stationed thousand miles away.

Others have made him useful too,
And taught him many things to do ;
He has the power when guided right
To make the darkest city light.

So much like daybreak in the spring,
The birds awake and gaily sing ;
He sends the news so far away,
Night may be here, where he is, day.

With other things among the rest,
He daily feeds the hungry press ;
If aught is worthy they can find,
Distribute for the hungry mind.

Franklin from playing with a kite,
Has guided many minds to light ;
Helped ignorance to dissipate,
And greater minds to grow more great.

'Tis well to celebrate his birth,
And teach the youth to know his worth ;
If all cannot rise to his fame,
Yet most can win a worthy name.

OLD WINTER AND SPRING, OR THE UNION OF PARTIES.

Old winter is leaving, we'll bid him good bye,
We are glad he is going, for spring is so nigh ;
It has often been said and we know it full well,
That they cannot together in harmony dwell.

Democratic republics might quite as well aim,
To dwell where a monarchy rules the domain;
Or to live in republics as well might a king,
As for old rigid winter to live in the spring.

They are not like the parties we hear of of late,
Who so happily wed in the "Old Granite State;"
The groomsmen was quite prepossessing and Hale,
The bridesmaid, more delicate, wore a thick veil.

We hope the result of the marriage will prove,
It was not made from selfishness but from pure love;
That the union was formed and the pledges were given,
Such as sanctioned on earth and approved of in heaven.

Many things that king Solomon never did dream,
Have happened in these days of railroads and steam;
Many things that look novel that's certainly true,
Though the king did declare that there was nothing new.

Having ice for a match though a gun can be fired,
Yet the fact does not prove that the object desired;
By such opposite means can be always obtained,
Any more than some unions great victories gain.

Some things can be done quite as well as can others.
But winter and spring cannot live well as brothers;
As well for this wedding make wine out of cherries,
Or good wedding cake out of nothing but Berrys.

MY NEIGHBORS.

Each neighbor of mine is as good as the rest,
The poorest or richest as good as the best;
If any have faults they are such I don't see,
I'll not hunt to find them, they're all kind to me.
The faults of a neighbor one of ten may find,
Are but those of one's fancy and coined in the mind;
If we look well within and but study with care,
We will find in our own eye a large beam is there;
Then pluck out the beam that your sight may be clear,
You may then look for mote in thy brothers near.

A BEREAVED FAMILY.

Our sister whom all loved has passed away,
Passed from her home nor will return for aye ;
Her husband weeps that she has gone before,
Her children that they see her face no more.

Her lamp of love gave light to all around,
For at her duty ever she was found ;
Ready to do some kind act by the way,
To make some one more happy every day.

Like the wise virgins when the bridegroom came,
Her lamp was trimmed and when He called her name ;
She waited not but passed from earth away.,
To live with God where is eternal day.

Narrow and short her pathway to the grave,
Scarcely her boat was launched upon the wave ;
Ere she was landed safely on the shore,
The land of peace, the land forevermore.

Her many friends will miss her now,
But all to heaven's decree must learn to bow ;
Faith bids them dry their tears, from grief refrain,
And bid them hope that they shall meet again.

WISHES.

May the winter be cheerful and pleasant my friend,
As the season of springtime and roses has been ;
Real friends and pleasures in plenty combined,
Yielding health to the body and health to the mind.

Be the friends you confide in ever faithful and true,
Giving aid when you need and advice that is true ;
Life will soon pass away, but a life rightly spent
Yields a fund of enjoyment and few things to repent.

New beauties of nature develop for aye,
New hopes are inspired as we're passing away.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO.

Every little son and daughter,
Like a little quiet rill,
Can do something good and ought to,
Has some duty to fulfil.

With the sunshine of their graces,
How they strew our path with flowers ;
With their pleasant smiling faces,
Gladden hearts like summer showers.

How I love to see them happy,
When on me they cast their eyes ;
Then I feel an inspiration,
As from angels from the skies.

Jesus Christ, the blessed Saviour,
Once was but a little child ;
Oft He blest the little children,
Spoke to them so kind and mild.

Children then could sing hosannas,
Strewed His path with palms and flowers ;
Children now can sing as pretty,
None can do more good than ours.

Every day learn some new maxim,
Learn to do some little good ;
Learn to do themselves to others,
As themselves wish others would.

DEATH OF A SENATOR.

A man of noble mind and spirit bland
Has gone ; we feel his loss among this band ;
Nor shall we mourn alone our country'll feel,
His death inflicts a wound not easy healed.

He was as mild as summer's rising morn.
His graces have the halls of state adorned ;
Friend to his friends in every time of need.
And many hearts will clad in sorrows weed.

His eloquence has often gained applause
From many, pleading for his country's cause ;
But now his voice has ceased, his work is done.
His memory will be cherished though he's gone.

Nor will his deeds of mercy be forgot.
His fame of merit lives though he is not ;
For him his friends a badge of mourning wear.
For him affection sheds the falling tear.

But there is left one consolation still,
Which will the mourner's heart with comfort fill ;
It is the hope that God revealed His grace.
And now receives him to His own embrace.

For him religion smoothed his dying bed,
And soothed his heart as down beneath his head ;
Hope, like an anchor to the soul of man.
Sustained by faith does that which naught else can.

It triumphs o'er the grave and conquers death.
And gives the christian joy to yield his breath :
Reveals to those who live its mighty power
To 'suage the terrors of a dying hour.

OUR BEACH PARTY.

AUGUST, 1868.

A band of friends from grave to gay,
Met on the banks of the Nashua ;
Their destined place, Nantasket Beach.
Their object, health or fun for each.

They took their seats within the car.
And knew no cause their hopes to mar :
As o'er the rail they swiftly sped.
The iron horse their chariot led.

As on they passed through fields of green,
Farms too of fruit and grain were seen ;
Some pleasant villas met the eye,
Were only seen, soon passing by.

The horse well trained by men of skill,
Arrived at Boston, there stood still ;
Some walked through Boston, chose and would,
Some rode, as all who wished to could.

Arriving at the ocean's side,
Rose Standish, in her modest pride,
Proud of her precious freight she seemed,
As through the briny waves she steamed.

On reaching Hingham's wharf, she too
Curbed her strong horse which led her through ;
The horse that rides upon the flood
Now yields to those of flesh and blood.

All had a pleasant joyous ride,
Until they reached the ocean's side ;
Rock bound, to which Jehovah said,
Thus far shall thy proud waves be stayed.

Some pitched their tents upon the shore,
Where they could hear the ocean roar ;
While others in the house found rest,
And all felt satisfied and blest.

The Centre House, our union home,
There all could congregate or roam ;
Where all our wants could be supplied,
From there behold the land or tide.

The landlord had his larder filled,
Polite himself and cooks well skilled ;
Not Loring, who in law was famed,
But one well worthy of the name.

Each waiter, too, with pleasant face,
Performed their office with a grace ;
Shall I rehearse the bill of fare,
Which, in its turn, well cooked was there ?

Nice chowders made of fish or clams,
And mutton chops or soup of lambs ;
Best fried potatoes that could be
In quality and quantity.

Baked beef and steak cooked brown or rare.
Fried fish of various kinds to spare ;
The best of lobsters and boiled clams,
Cold meat sliced up of beef or hams.

Boiled beets and cabbages, and beans,
Boiled beef and pork, both fat and lean :
On Sundays we had baked beans too.
Clams fried in batter ; that is true.

Fried fish with names I did not learn,
Meat hash and fish balls in their turn ;
Bread from the baker, white and brown,
Both good enough for king or clown.

Sometimes we had warm biscuit too,
Butter and cheese, and doughnuts new ;
Plum cakes and cookies, custards nice,
Plum puddings made of bread or rice.

Pies made of berries, apples, meat,
Enough, and good for all to eat ;
For drinks, good coffee and good tea,
Good milk and sugar as could be.

THE AMUSEMENTS.

Next morning, as the sun rose bright,
Fatigue had passed away with night ;
So all those present wished to know,
What they should do, where they should go.

The means are ready said a voice,
So every one can have a choice ;
A boat and skipper would not fail,
So all who wish could have a sail.

Those rising early, if they wish,
Might go to sail and catch some fish ;
Or later, have a pleasure ride
Upon the flood or ebbing tide.

Some had a choice for rolling ball,
And those could do so, some or all ;
While others, if they would, could play
At dominoes or at croquet.

Some played at coppers or at quoits,
Or any new or old exploits ;
Young men and maidens flirted too,
As all expect that such would do.

And when their bathing clothes they don,
Each suit appropriate as ton,
Then skipping to the ocean side,
They lave themselves beneath the tide.

And when the evening shades drew nigh,
The sun had left the western sky.
All gathered in a public hall
And listened to the music's call.

Some tripped the light fantastic toe,
While some were marching to and fro ;
Sometimes they played at euchre, too,
Or gammon as they chose to do.

Sometimes they had some serenades
With instruments of different grades ;
All had their choice, some might prefer
Accordeon or dulcimer.

Of vocal music, first-class too,
We had fine songs, both old and new ;
Poems were read and hymns were sung,
And declamations by the young.

If any, scrupulous of games,
Chose not to join, 'twas all the same ;
And every one had perfect right
To do what pleased them, day or night.

The soldiers pitched their tents in sight,
Though not preparing for a fight;
Some of our party thought it new
To go and see them at review.

They formed a party for a sail,
Nor deemed it possible to fail;
The wind was fair, the boat did glide
Most lovely o'er the deep blue tide.

Just time for one review to see
Of batteries and cavalry;
As day was nearing to a close,
To leave the field of course we chose.

Lest we should not get home till dark,
We sought the beach to re-embark;
The wind was fair for several miles,
Then almost ceasing for a while.

It moved so slow, it looked to be
That scarce a motion one could see;
We seemed as nearing home at last,
But all at once our keel was fast.

By dint of skill and muscle strong,
She soon was off and moved along;
But ere she reached the wished for shore,
She struck, and faster than before.

Two boats approached, took us aboard,
And all the needed aid afford;
We reached the land, 'tis surely true,
But not the shore, that any knew.

We disembarked and tried our skill,
To climb the ledge and rugged hill;
The sun was down, the twilight deep,
As we commenced to scale the steep.

And when a summit we obtained,
Go forward and descend again;
We passed through thistles, mud and mire,
As thick and high as one desire.

Ledge after ledge we climbed up high,
Until, though dark, we did espy
A path which man and beast had trod.
With thanks we raised our hearts to God.

The Rockland House, our beacon light,
Inspired our hearts on that dark night ;
The Centre House, our wished for goal,
We reached in safety every soul.

Some of the party we left there
Had gone away to Hingham fair ;
Some there, engaged in games or talk,
While others chose to take a walk.

So day passed pleasant after day.
Scarce noted, till it passed away :
Two Sundays we had preaching too,
With sacred music, something new.

Those who would lead our hearts to God,
Miss Brown and Mrs. Hannaford ;
They preached with energy and power,
Thus passed the closing Sabbath hours.

SOME OF THOSE WHO MADE UP THE PARTY,
WITH THEIR PROFESSIONS.

Among the company were those
Who represent the trades they chose ;
Not workmen they, with half a trade,
But finished work of highest grade.

Is lumber sought with which to build,
There's Proctor can the order fill ;
For pattern makers, Sprague and Hale,
To make good fits can scarcely fail.

Weston and Stevens, so well skilled,
First-class brick house or church can build ;
A carpenter named Hill is good
To finish up a house of wood.

Are paints and varnish to be used.
Atwood is ready if you choose ;
If safety locks are to be made,
Marshall and Wardsworth have the trade.

Marshall, the second, plates with care
The locks or nicest silver ware ;
Russell and Colburn, those who win.
At making stoves or vending tin.

If furniture is wanted too,
Fletcher can make that nice and new ;
Whate'er he does, he does it well.
In writing poems he excels.

Whatever else is wanted more,
Mullin makes carpets for the floor ;
And when one music does prefer,
He plays well on the dulcimer.

Whipple, McGarrett, also Woods.
Make cards and finish paper goods.
Wright, to invent has mind and means,
Piper and Johnson make machines.

French presses, having bleached with care.
The hats and bonnets ladies wear ;
For mills if wanted overseers.
Were two whose names were Holt and Spear.

To oversee the work and plan
Of iron, Wellman is the man ;
One Fletcher guides the hammer strong.
That moulds the bars if stout or long.

Vincent and Woodward, people's weal.
They forge the iron or the steel.
Can shoe a horse or share a plough.
Make anything most any how.

If trusty watchmen should be found,
Such were one Babcock and one Drown ;
If one for shoes should be in search,
A man makes boots and shoes named Murch.

Crowell, the wheelwright, he was there,
Peasley, who drives the coach with care ;
Would any be with milk supplied,
The Bowerses would that provide.

A clerk, whose business is to win
The custom of the fair, is Flinn ;
And Sampson keeps saloon, I think,
Can furnish food, perhaps some drink.

McKean and Kimball, both are they,
And active merchants of the day ;
Burbank, a trader of the past,
With competence retires at last.

If you would learn to write with ease,
Hendrick can teach you if you please ;
If jewelry you want, I'm told
He makes them very nice of gold.

You want goods moved or bills expressed,
Find Shedd and Marsh among the rest ;
To dye and dress, if he's employed,
Make clothes look nice one Murgatroyd.

Is one in search of wedding cakes,
Would find a man nice frosting makes ;
To Osborne we can well refer,
As a first-class confectioner.

There's Eayrs the first, who owns a mill,
Grinds medicine, to infuse or pills ;
And Eayrs the second has the mind
To pulverize and make it fine.

And Eayrs the third compounds the same,
And gives to each its proper name ;
Each does his part, that men of skill
May cure the sick, who can or will.

Spalding can do, and 'tis no harm,
Or teach a school or till a farm ;
And more, though some might think it queer,
But he's a civil engineer.

Lenfest and Riley, they both know
The printer's trade, that they can do.
Parker, our honored friend, was here.
His pleasant face adds to the cheer.

If he makes garments for a man,
He fits them well, for well he can ;
Or more extensively he trades,
And deals in garments ready made.

If in his judgment men confide,
With dignity can he preside ;
And wisely his conclusion draws.
If rolling ball or making laws.

'Tis not a wonder of the age,
That long experience makes one sage ;
But 'tis a wonder of the day,
To talk to people far away.

Talk with the fingers, too, is one,
When news goes faster than the sun ;
Few men such feats do undertake,
But such a man was there, young Blake.

We have not of the ladies told,
Who graced the party, young and old ;
They might with favor well compare
With equal numbers any where.

Small lads and lasses both were there,
Helped make the picture bright and fair ;
If any had much fault to find,
The cause must be an acid mind.

ALEXANDER AND HIS WAR HORSE.

A war horse fiery, large and gay,
Was brought the king from Thessalia ;
Which Phillip deemed so wild and strong,
He thought to send him back ere long.

The noble beast stood prancing 'round,
Distended nostrils breathing sound ;
While with his feet he tore the earth.
And seemed to say none knows my worth.

Bucephalus thus on the track.
No groom or courtier dared to back ;
Prince Alexander raised his head,
And to the king his father said :

Give me the chance and I will try.
I read his spirit in his eye ;
I know he is a noble steed.
I'll curb his fire and win the meed.

You bow assent, now fear no ill,
Trust me, I have the power and skill ;
I'll ride in triumph o'er the plain.
And safely come to you again.

He took him gently by the rein,
Breathed in his nostrils, stroked his mane ;
Seeing his shadow was his dread.
Toward the sun he turned his head.

Throwing his cloak upon the ground,
He gave one light successful bound ;
As he no power or skill did lack,
He firmly seated on his back.

He found his mettle somewhat gone,
At first he gently urged him on ;
Then with his spurs he pierced his side,
And like the wind that youth did glide.

And when the first great course was run,
The praises of the courtiers won ;
Thus Alexander called the Great,
Triumphed over courtiers of the state.

In future led his armies on,
In triumph all the victory won.
Until his conquests were complete,
All crowned heads knelt at his feet.

Bucephalus his master bore,
O'er many a battle-field of gore,
Always to triumph was his fate,
Brave Alexander called the Great.

GREETING OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.

I am glad to meet you here to-day,
For quite a while I've been away ;
I loved in former times, 'twas dear,
To meet my Sunday-school mates here.

The old house too I loved it all,
Though plain its style and plain its walls,
The sun could shine as brightly too,
Through the old windows as the new.

All things grow old and so had this,
And art had changed this edifice
To one of beauty all can see,
And comfort so it seems to me.

I hope this school will all improve,
And grow in knowledge, truth and love ;
And all who worship in this place,
May grow in wisdom and in grace.

May prayer like holy incense rise,
And heavenly praises reach the skies ;
That God may grant a listening ear,
And bless you all who worship here.

I'm glad to meet you here to-night,
In prayer and praises to unite ;
It gives new impulse, heartfelt cheer,
To meet our Sunday-school mates here.

A CHRISTIAN IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

Humiliation's vale is sought by few,
So far beneath the crowd and shady too ;
A christian sat therein or rather knelt,
And wept for sin, as grief for sin he felt.

Objects though near, were not within his view,
Old and respected, either rich or new ;
All else to him was scarcely worth a smile,
And he would not, that aught his mind beguile.

To heaven alone, he raised his weeping eyes,
And sought companionship beyond the skies ;
Nor sought in vain, for there the Saviour's face,
His faith beheld of beauty, love and grace.

Received the promise which to man is given,
The humble soul may hope for joy in heaven ;
Who, like a child himself shall humble be,
Shall be exalted in eternity.

Thus as he bowed before his God, his head
A heavenly blessing on his soul was shed ;
And when his life was finished, closed his day,
Then peacefully from earth he passed away.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT.

Here on this Thanksgiving night,
Silently sitting alone ;
Thoughts that have slumbered take flight,
Back to the days long ago.

My father and mother were there,
For children the table was spread ;
With plenty of Thanksgiving fare,
And blessings on each one were shed.

License was granted such days.
Visits or welcome to friends ;
The old fashioned fire was ablaze,
To cheer when the light and heat blend.

Those were the days of lang syne,
Such scenes have all passed away ;
That father and mother of mine,
Sisters and brothers for aye.

My husband he too is no more,
My hair growing gray and my sight
Dim, for my age is three score.
'Tis well to feel lonely to-night.

O, no, I am not quite alone.
For God is my father and hope ;
I will praise Him for what He has done.
For blessings in future look up.

LOOKING TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE.

A blessed thought that when this body dies.
We have a glorious mansion in the skies ;
We leave this pain engendering body here.
And put one on that never knows a tear.

We dread the suffering which we must go through.
And fear to step down in the water too ;
The river looks so deep and cold and drear.
Faith sometimes falters and we yield to fear.

So Peter doubted walking on the wave,
And cried, I perish Lord, unless Thou save ;
His Master heard his prayer, reached out His hand,
And he was borne in safety to the land.

So the disciples on the angry deep,
Trembled with fear while Jesus was asleep ;
Earnestly prayed he heard the sea becalmed,
And they were borne in safely and unharmed.

THEN AND NOW.

I well remember Jackson's day.
How he was called a traitor ;
And every man then known as Whig.
A perfect Jackson hater.

The party called Republican
Have followed the Whig's tracks on ;
But those now called Democracy
Were led by Andrew Jackson.

The Mammoth Bank, their idol then,
They worshipped as a god, sir ;
But Jackson's will more potent then
Than Aaron with his rod, sir.

He with a blow cut off its head,
Its bowels he laid open ;
Exposed its rottenness of heart,
It was not worth a coupon.

He was denounced as traitor then.
A scoundrel and a donkey ;
They hung him oft in effigy,
But he cared not, nor shrunk he.

The Union it shall be preserved.
Said he, by the eternal ;
He cut off treason's hydra-head,
Destroyed its life infernal.

I saw him with his head made bare,
His silver locks were flowing :
Nor did he look as donkey-like,
But one as wise and knowing.

The party who did spurn him then.
I think that it must be so.
Are hating Andrew Johnson now.
And curse him for his veto.

The constitution is the chart,
And compass for his guide, sir ;
The ship of state with such a hand.
In safety it may ride, sir.

Methinks he'll not desert the wheel.
If only he's sustained, sir ;
Until the haven safe and sound.
The Union is attained. sir.

Then lend a hand and strengthen his.
Now while the wind is blowing ;
For when his sun shines clear and bright.
His foes will own he's knowing.

A WALK IN THE CEMETERY IN MERRIMACK.

I took a walk one pleasant afternoon.
The day was beautiful in sunny June ;
Involuntarily my footsteps led
Towards the silent city of the dead.

I read the names of many I had known.
When youth and beauty in perfection shone ;
The infant child, the youth, the middle age.
The more advanced, and silver-headed sage.

Some sleeping there I've dandled on my knee,
And some with whom I played with childish glee ;
And one quite near my age with prospects fair.
She too has passed away, and long slept there.

Many an ancient sire, and matron too,
Friends of my parents, faithful, kind and true ;
There doctors, lawyers, merchants, landlords rest.
Farmers, mechanics, worthy memories bless.

And one lies there of revolution fame,
I need not in this place inscribe his name ;
For that is written with that patriot band,
Who with united hearts and willing hands

The Declaration signed, to nations shown
Our independence of a British throne ;
And Matthew Thornton will be one of fame.
As long as Union is our country's name.

And one lies there whom I have often met,
Whose loss, who knew him well, may well regret ;
In health he mingled with the busy throng,
Attending to his duty, shunning wrong.

A cordial greeting always for a friend.
A smile, with which good feelings seem to blend ;
Were any sick, he led their thoughts in prayer,
Talked of God's love, His providence and care.

And when together Christians used to meet,
He loved to speak of God, His praises speak ;
A father's love was strong within his breast,
A husband with affection was blest.

Nor was his love confined to narrow sphere.
The welfare of his country, too, was dear ;
I've heard him oft lament, and seen him sigh,
The ruin of his country was so nigh !

But ere the lightning from the warring clouds
Was seen, or thunders heard from cannons loud ;
Just as a lamp goes out when oil is gone,
As sudden was his life and labors done.

No more within his home his voice is heard.
To give advice or speak a useful word ;
The only hope to them can now be given,
When they shall pass away to meet in Heaven.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

I'm not expecting at this time of day,
To earn a penny and receive the pay ;
I thought long time ago that one like me,
If idle so long still idle might be.

My knowledge scarcely equal to my years,
Adds to my doubts, increases much my fears ;
And as I think that other people might
Do better far than I can do to-night.

But fear to speak lest they who are more wise,
Should smile or might unduly criticise ;
Thus many thoughts original through fear,
Are left to die nor reach the public ear ;

There's many a gem lies buried in the ground,
And many a talent in a napkin bound ;
And there remain unused through many years,
Does good to none because of needless fears.

This is my theme to draw your talents out,
That all who can may look themselves about ;
And see what good each in their turn can do,
What new ideas to their fellows show.

Thoughts of great value to the world of times,
Have had their origin in feeble minds ;
Most men in one thing only do excel,
Some do excel in none do many well.

We know a child says what he knows by heart,
And without fear his knowledge can impart ;
And why does such the older as he grows,
Refuse through fear to tell you what he knows.

Shall I expect to tell you what is new,
Speak to the children tell them something do ;
Tell them some story which you may have read,
Your own experience or what others said.

MY SEVENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

NOVEMBER 24. 1883.

Another round of seasons come and past,
Another shadow following the last ;
Adding to my life's journey one year more,
To-day they count the number seventy-four.

Yes, seventy-four, how few there yet remain
To talk of scenes we ne'er can see again ;
Dim as a picture in a distant view,
Yet true to life, and to our visions true.

Thanks to the Father who has taught me so,
I need not look to scenes of long ago ;
But taught me to look forward in the way,
Where scenes grow brighter in eternal day.

Hope be the anchor that may stay my soul,
Faith be the helm to guide me to that goal ;
Love make the wings by which my soul may soar,
Until I reach my home forevermore.

There I shall meet my friends long gone before,
Those I may leave behind on this life's shore,
Will not be long before they too will go,
Where they no pain or sorrow more will know.

We'll know each other there, I think we shall,
Never again be doomed to say farewell ;
Never again shall we behold the night,
God's glory there will fill all space with light.

Then welcome be the car that bears me o'er,
From this hard rock bound to that peaceful shore ;
My spirit only will it bear away,
This suffering body leave behind for aye.

The earth will then within her bosom fast,
Find it a resting place, one that will last ;
Nor will she give it up from her embrace,
Till she among the spheres shall lose her place.

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